★PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

15¢

August

BETTY HUTTON
BY PAUL HESSE

A story from
the heart of
GREER GARSON
by
Louella O. Parsons

M-M 2/47 3Y R
MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

Janet Blair IN "TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT"

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Give your lips the dramatic appeal of the Color Harmony Shade for your type . . . glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.* One dollar.

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE

BLONDE ***BRUNETTE*** ***BROWNETTE*** ***REDHEAD***



FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

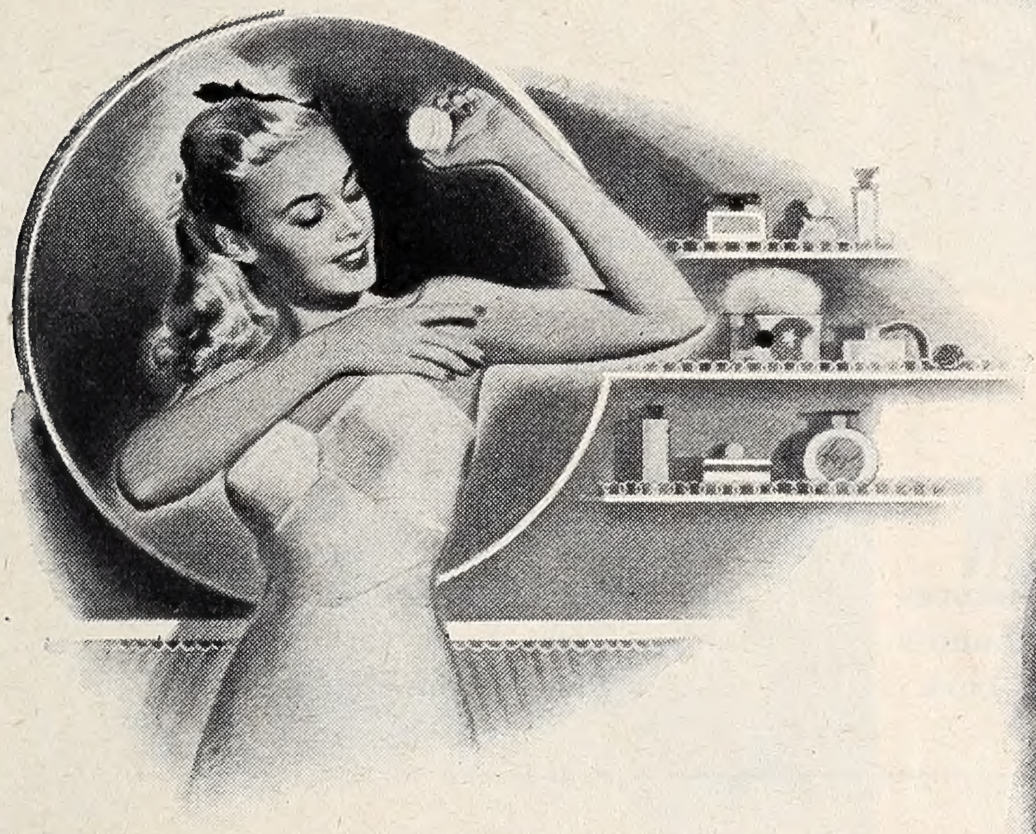
Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

Max Factor - Hollywood

Dates depend on Daintiness–

guard that bath-freshness with Mum

Wel-ll! That man you've had your eye on finally up and asked for a date! You've got to *look* irresistible—and you've got to *feel* it! So time out for action—for a refreshing bath. But be sure to follow it up—fast—with Mum! A bath's fine for removing *past* perspiration—but to guard your *future*—to avoid risk of *underarm odor*—rely on Mum!



Mum's a wonder for speed! Smooths on in half a minute yet keeps your charm safe all day or evening long. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor from forming. You'll find gentle Mum won't irritate your skin—won't harm fine fabrics. You can trust Mum!



Product of Bristol-Myers



Lucky girl—to have beauty *and* talent! But even that combination won't guarantee romance if the tiniest trace of underarm odor whispers about you! Don't be the girl men never date twice. Use Mum—every day—after baths, before dates. Then you're sure of charm . . . sure of daintiness . . . through an evening dance or a day-long date. Ask your druggist for Mum today!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

PMM

1

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
TWENTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP
1924-1944
MGM
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

King Vidor, who directed "The Big Parade", the first outstanding MGM picture twenty years ago, now delivers to the same company, as an Anniversary gesture, his mighty production "An American Romance".

★ ★ ★ ★

This film is the flesh and blood story of the American dream come true.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's about a guy called Steve Dangos, a young immigrant who came to this land of freedom with his bare hands and a shining hope. (Brian Donlevy gives all his sincerity to this role.)

★ ★ ★ ★

It's also about a girl called Anna O'Rourke. Who shared in the struggles, the tribulations, the dreams of her man, as he made it the hard way, from iron mine worker, steel puddler, factory worker to great industrialist.

★ ★ ★ ★

While their story is intimate, personal, glowing, it is also symbolic of the fight, the love, the surge, the drama, that has made our way of life the wonder of the whole, wide world.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is the *big adventure*, told in wonderfully human and exciting terms—in a robust screen play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is dramatic fiction. It is also the truth. For this story in its scope parallels the life stories of many men who have helped to make America great.

★ ★ ★ ★



King Vidor has found the movie material that many directors have been reaching for ever since the beginning of films. What he has done with it is magnificent.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is photographed in perfected Technicolor. Red-brown earth tones of Mesabi; fiery reds and yellows of Steel Town; the bluish-gray colors of the automobile factories; the bright sky-blues of America's conquest of the heavenly skies above, follow in storied sequence.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" has caught the mighty cadences of the American dream. Something of you, yourself, is surely in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Presented with pardonable pride by

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S FIRST MILLION MOVIE-GOERS

Presents for August

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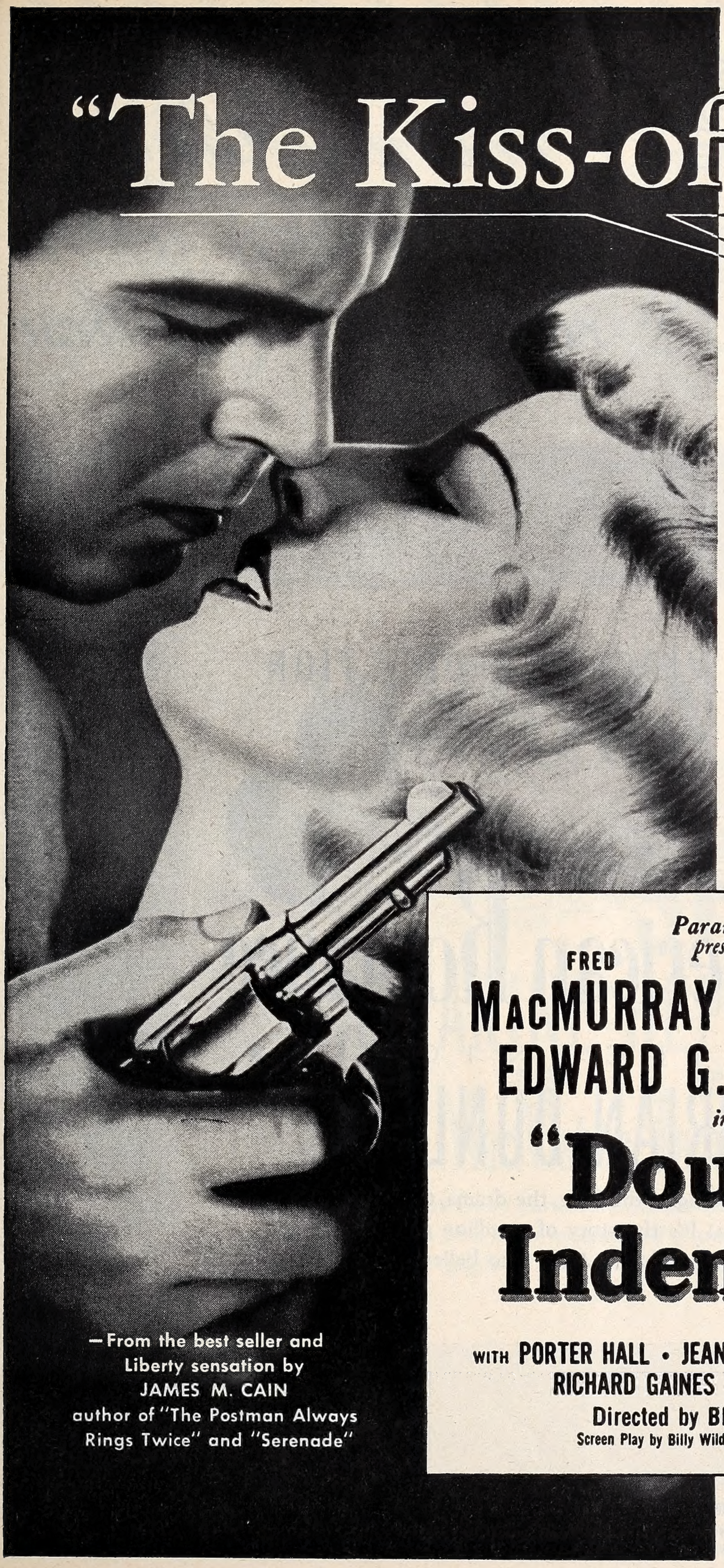
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"The Kiss-off!"





"Yes, it was the kiss-off for both of them. They had gone too far... they had tried to get away with murder and they found they couldn't get away from me!"

Paramount presents

FRED MacMURRAY · BARBARA STANWYCK

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

in

"Double Indemnity"

WITH PORTER HALL • JEAN HEATHER • BYRON BARR
RICHARD GAINES • JOHN PHILLIBER

Directed by BILLY WILDER

Screen Play by Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler

—From the best seller and Liberty sensation by JAMES M. CAIN author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Serenade"

TWENTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

1924-1944

MGM

And now the gala that began with continues with these

KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION



AN

American Romance

IN TECHNICOLOR

starring **BRIAN DONLEVY**

Here is the fight, the love, the drama, the adventure that is America! It's the story of a million guys like Steve... and a million girls like Anna who believe in their dreams!

with ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY • Photographed in perfected Technicolor
Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
LISTEN IN: "M-G-M SCREEN TEST" ON THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY THRU FRIDAY, 9:15 P. M., EWT

Anniversary Celebration

The White Cliffs of Dover

Magnificent M-G-M Triumphs...

DRAGON SEED



KATHARINE HEPBURN

Walter — Aline — Akim — Turhan

Huston · MacMahon · Tamiroff · Bey

Not since "The Good Earth"... a picture such as this! The mighty drama of a brave people and a great love... flaming from the pages of the novel that thrilled millions!

with HURD HATFIELD • J. CARROL NAISH • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HENRY TRAVERS • ROBERT BICE • ROBERT LEWIS • FRANCES RAFFERTY • JACQUELINE de WIT

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET

Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Old twosome in an encore: Anne Shirley and divorced husband John Payne at Mocambo



New twosome: Bob Walker and Emile Hensel take in the town talk at the Clover Club



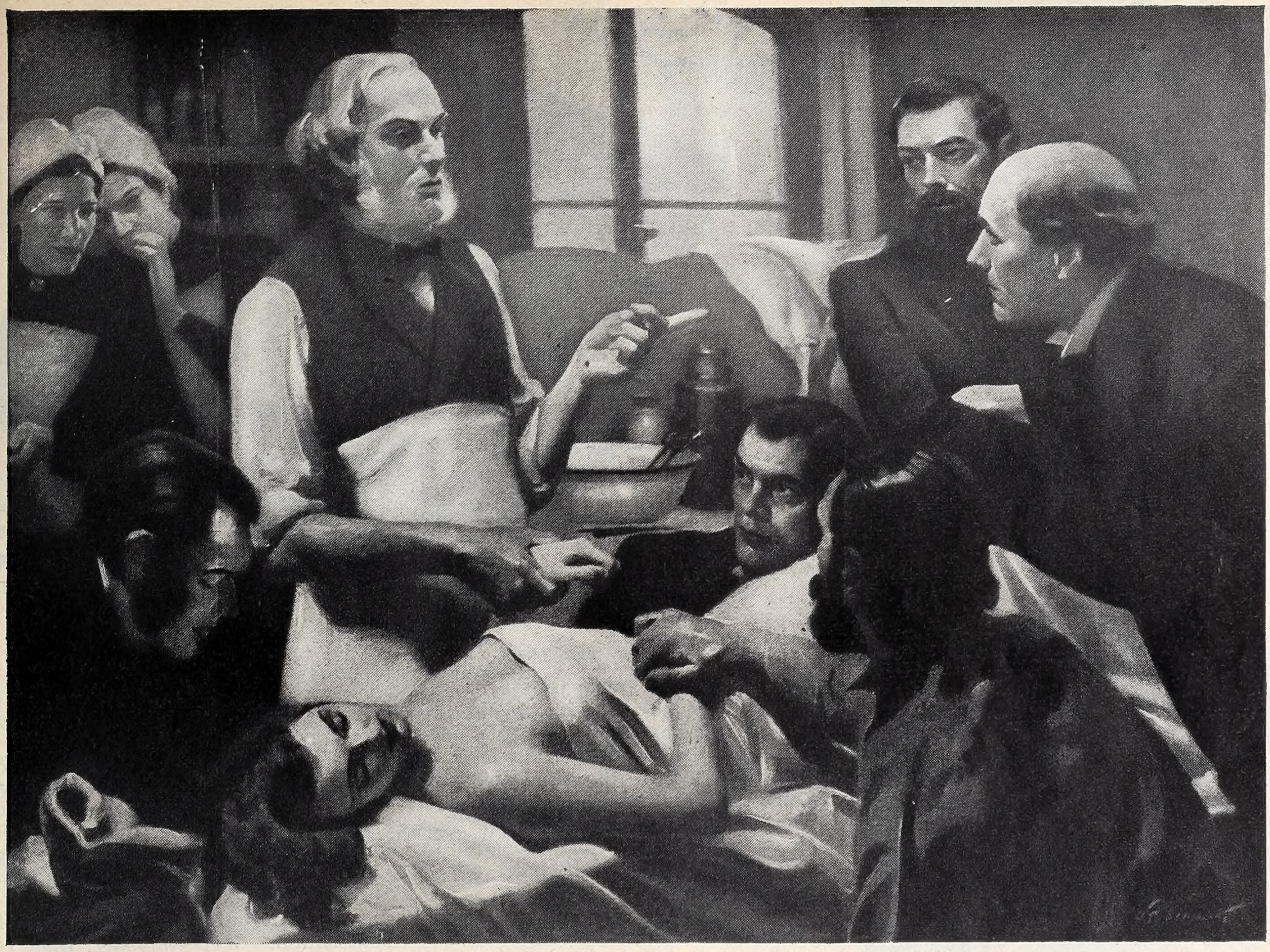
Steady twosome: Betty Grable and husband Harry James go into their dance at the Clover Club

SINATRA SUBJECT: Frankie-boy is very much back in Hollywood. Had an awful time when he first arrived because of that strep throat which laid him low in a New York hospital. (Almost put the staff and nurses of the hospital to bed too—they had to cope with the worried bobby-sockers who stormed the corridors!) Frankie took just one quick look at the new house he and Mrs. S. are fixing up in the Valley (it won't be really ready for some time) then dashed to do his radio show—and then kept dashing until he got to Palm Springs to bake out in the sun.

Hollywood expected to get its first glimpse of Mrs. Sinatra at that big fashion show which Lilly Daché staged for the patriotic VACS—but Nancy's chair remained vacant all afternoon. However, lots of Hollywood folks have met her and Lana Turner gave a dinner party for her. And everyone thinks she's cute.

* * *

Date Rate: The two who are playing the field the hardest are Judy Garland and Bob Walker. They have an occasional date together. But Bob dates a lot of gals and Judy dates a lot of guys. And even though her divorce from Dave Rose is going through, she still doesn't seem too happy. Old Cal has a very good suspicion that Judy's heart belongs to someone who is supposed to belong to somebody else! . . . Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner act as though they were going steady for the first time, instead of two people who used to be married to each other. Mickey would like to start all over again with the words "I do"—but Ava has other ideas—at this writing, anyway . . . Steve Crane is being awfully careful not to be seen out alone with any femme. If he takes a gal out (*Continued on page* 8)



"Scoff, if you will, Gentlemen, but this woman will live!"

SLOWLY, and with the fierce conviction and undying faith that had marked him from the beginning, Lister, his scalpel laid aside, the last dressing completed, addressed his critical audience.

In the eyes of one or two he saw hope and faith to buttress his own, but on the faces of others—some of them the leaders of the profession—he read only doubt and disbelief.

He could almost hear the sneers of the attending nurses whispering in the background while they viewed the pale and lovely woman on the table. Lister knew that they regarded his fanatical insistence on cleanliness, the repeated dressings, his evil antiseptics, as the vagaries of a madman . . . that they were awaiting the "dead-cart" to carry the woman away, just as it had carried away countless others, when blood poisoning followed compound fracture.

But Lister knew, also, that his radical methods, his antiseptics aimed to keep germs out of wounds, before, during and after every operation, must, with God's will, triumph.

And triumph they did . . . the woman lived!

So, patient by patient, case by case, day by day, Lister piled up evidence in support of his antiseptic theory which was to rid the world of untold suffering, and reduce the hideous fatalities that time and time again followed even the simplest surgical operations.

Quick Germ-Killing Action — Safely

It was for the great Lister that Listerine Antiseptic was named, meeting the requirements of a fine antiseptic . . . a solution with a rapid germ-killing power, non-poisonous in character, and absolutely safe to use.

Today, in literally millions of homes, Listerine Antiseptic is the trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies "until the doctor comes." Make it a "must" for your medicine cabinet. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

GOOD NEWS! Most stores have received recent shipments of Listerine Antiseptic for civilian use. You should now be able to obtain it in some size at your favorite drug counter.

For countless little emergencies

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC



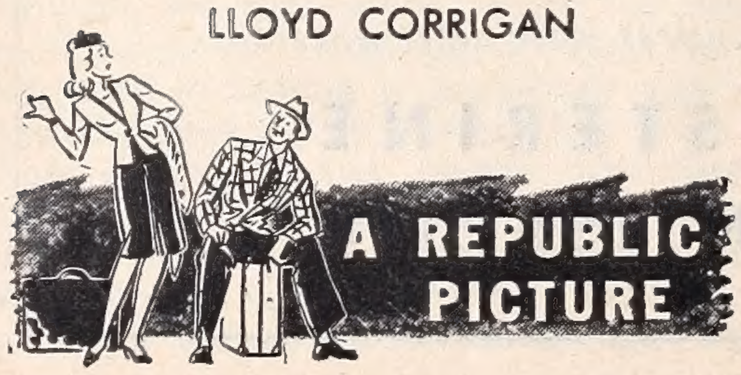
Ladies and Gentlemen—
It's a Sweetheart of a Picture!

Yes! It's gay with that youthful romantic spirit! It's reckless with the kind of abandon that makes for swell fun when you join in the joy! It's a grand cast in a grand screen treat!



Starring
Robert LIVINGSTON
and RUTH TERRY

with HENRY HULL
GRANT WITHERS
THURSTON HALL
LLOYD CORRIGAN



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The Durbin who has Hollywood talking: Deanna at the home of Joe Pasternak (left) with her new romance Felix Jackson

(*Continued from page* 6)

there's always someone else along. He wouldn't risk any publicity at this point that might hurt his chances in the fight for part custody of his baby girl. But Lana's been dating Peter Lawford on "twosomes" a lot. But there are those who think Peter is just stooging for John Hodiak—though he may not be aware of it.

Two Tidbits: What's come over Ginger Rogers? A lot of her pals would certainly like to know. What's more, they're even worried about her. It's this way. Ever since Jack Briggs left for overseas, Ginger has been drawing more and more within a shell, so to speak. Sees her friends less and less and sometimes goes for a week at a time refusing to even answer the telephone —except for business, of course. Now Ginger is the type who always loved to have a few people around evenings—playing records, singing songs, playing games—putting on miniature "jam-sessions" or just gabbing. Things were informal enough around the Rogers house so that a certain few thought nothing of even dropping in unexpectedly for a visit. And that's something you almost never hear of in Hollywood—"dropping in."

A little Southern girl who married a chum of Briggs's at about the same time Ginger married Jack is living in the big house with her—and of late she is just about the only one Ginger sees! Yes—they'll tell you Ginger used to be a lot of fun—and fun-loving. But with the world full of girls and women who are lonely for their men far away, just loneliness doesn't seem to furnish enough excuse for Ginger's being as dull and as much of a recluse as she's become. And nobody can figure it out.

Maybe you thought we were kidding when we told you that Errol Flynn, of all people, was seriously going in for art. When Errol says, "Come up and see my etchings"—he means it. Except that he doesn't mean etchings—he means paintings. Fine paintings. And he has personally acquired a few very valuable canvases that he treasures. Not only that, but he and his pal John Dekker recently purchased an art gallery. And some people in Hollywood nearly fainted when they got an engraved invitation to its swanky first exhibition. Well—anyway, they realized Errol is really serious about the whole thing.

Item-izing: The Jimmy Browns should be welcoming their second bundle from heaven about now . . . Lois Andrews, who was wishing out loud a few months ago that George Jessel wouldn't come around so much, is around everywhere with him again . . . Shirley Temple (is *she* beautiful these days!) is due for a long camp tour—and may even do some stage appearances before the summer is over . . . Lana Turner walked into the Clover Club one night in a long, low-cut black dinner gown that showed all her emotions. It was the boys' turn to swoon—and they did! . . . Perry Como and Dick Haymes are supposed to be "threats" to Sinatra. And both "contenders" are at work under the same studio roof over at Twentieth Century-Fox. People are wondering if they'll "gang up" on Frankie—or develop a feud between the two of 'em . . . Ginny Simms better keep that promise to lose some weight.

On the Ball: Lucille Ball is one gal who has definite ideas about what she thinks people want a movie star to look like and dress like—and she'll tell you so at the drop of a bangle. She thinks movie stars should wear bangles, too—lots of 'em. And she does. And big

(*Continued on page* 10)

WORKING GIRL



NAME: **Bette Davis**

OCCUPATION: **Actress**

EMPLOYER: **Warner Bros.**

NATURE OF DUTIES: **Helping to maintain the Warner standard of great entertainment.**

REMARKS: **We at Warner Bros. have been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, "work" is the word — with a very large "W"!) But we've never been so proud of Bette as since we (and she) finished making MR. SKEFFINGTON!**

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the enthralling story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together . . . and apart. A love story? We think that even when you've seen it, you won't be sure!

But you *will* be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is one of the finest motion pictures ever made — by anybody, anywhere . . . and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists!

You'll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON can be counted on always for the *best* in entertainment!

WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER

Executive Producer

BETTE DAVIS GREAT AS ONLY SHE CAN BE, IN "MR. SKEFFINGTON"

with

CLAUDE RAINS

RICHARD WARING

GEORGE COULOURIS

MARJORIE RIORDAN

Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN · Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein From Story by "Elizabeth" · Music by Franz Waxman · Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Mocambo sees the Joe Cottens and vice versa

Old friend of the movie-goers, Van Johnson, with an old friend of the family, Mrs. Keenan Wynn, at La Rue

(*Continued from page* 8)

hats. And extreme clothes. And very fancy hair-dos. And Lucille goes in for all these things in a big way. Some—in fact, most—of the gals around Hollywood don't quite agree with her and lean a little more toward the conservative side. But not Lucille! She wears all the feathers, flowers and jewels she can get on her and *loves* it! They say that when Lucille goes to a theater, the person behind her never says, "Madam, will you kindly remove your hat?" He usually says, "Lady, will you please remove everything?"

Chit-Chat: Hollywood was mighty proud of Clark Gable getting his Majority—but then, the town has had reason to be proud of him right along. And we're fairly bursting with pride over Jimmy Stewart's fine record—to say nothing of Henry Fonda, Ty Power, Vic Mature and so many others who have done and are doing splendid jobs here and overseas . . . Have you heard about Boris Karloff's wanting to rent a new home and asking the owner, "How much will you charge to house a haunt?" . . . Rita Hayworth is so busy with plans for the baby she expects around Thanksgiving that she isn't even thinking about pictures. She was so good in "Cover Girl," though, that everyone hopes she'll follow it with another fine performance quickly before she has to retire from the screen for a while . . . From Fanny Brice to Marilyn Maxwell is quite a jump, but John Conte, who used to be Fanny's boy friend, is now Marilyn's devoted swain. And she's listening with both ears . . . Jane Wyman got a letter from a girl friend back East that was full of juicy gab and gossip and it ended like this, "I am confiding all this to you because you're my dearest friend—and because I have such a big mouth."

Pay-Off: At this point nobody is sure what will happen—or if the case will ever get to court, but believe me, Hollywood had a chuckle when Twentieth Century-Fox up and sued Jennifer Jones for over six hundred thousand dollars for not appearing in a certain picture for them. Old Cal can't imagine what the studio would get even if they win the suit—because even though they may think she's worth that vast amount of money to them after winning the Academy Award, little Jennifer only earns four hundred dollars a week from David Selznick who "owns" her. And, to this date, we haven't heard of her even getting a slight bonus from her big boss.

Jennifer may not be complaining about her comparatively small pay, but Joan Fontaine surely is—and to lots of people. That's the main reason she made all those announcements about "retiring" from the screen for a couple of years. I don't think it was "illness" so much as discontent with her contract which she wants to break. You see, Selznick gets over a hundred thousand dollars for Joan when he lends her to other studios (which he's been doing for a year) but Joan only

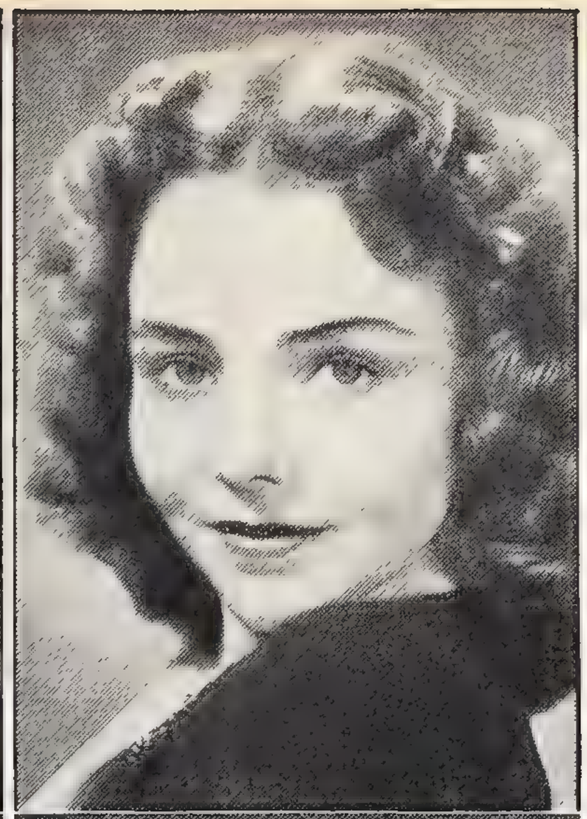
(*Continued on page* 12)

DAVID O. SELZNICK

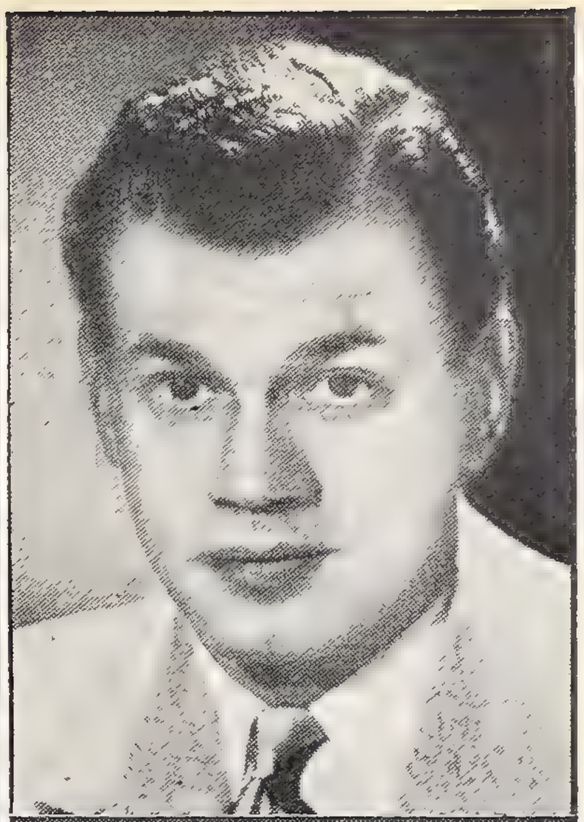
presents:



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



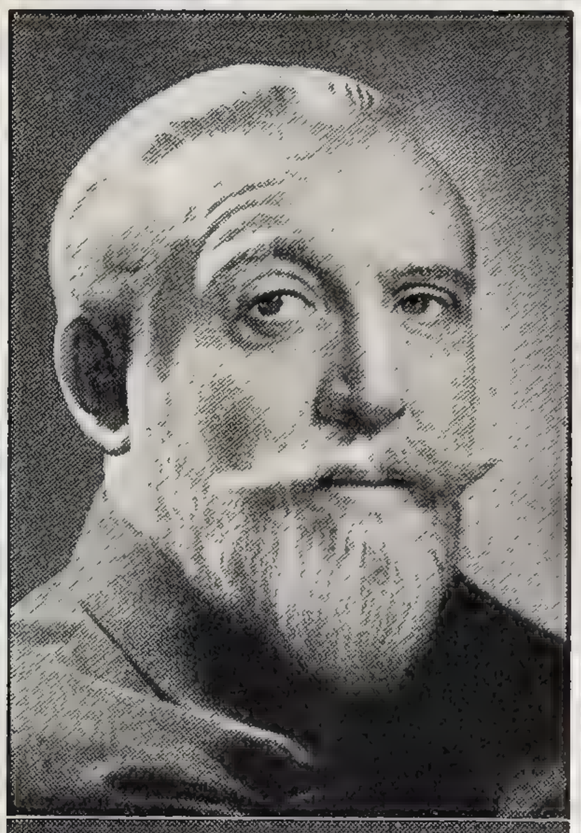
JENNIFER JONES



JOSEPH COTTEN



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



MONTY WOOLLEY



LIONEL BARRYMORE



ROBERT WALKER

The screen's most distinguished cast in

"Since You Went Away"

The producer's first picture since
"Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca"

DIRECTED BY JOHN CROMWELL . . . RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

P
M
M



Tampax may be worn in lake, pool or ocean!

Should you ever feel lonely or out-of-place at lakeside or seashore during "those days of the month" inquire about *Tampax*. For the Tampax method of sanitary protection provides *internal absorption*, without any outside pad or supporting belt . . . Just give a little thought to the foregoing facts and you will realize how suitable Tampax is for use in the water!



Tampax is made of long-fiber cotton highly compressed for quick and dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax and the wearer does not feel it when in place. In fact Tampax does not hamper you in any way . . . Odor can't form with Tampax. Chafing is impossible. Changing and disposal are easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax. It is sold at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Three *absorbency-sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Talk: Constance Dowling with Helmut Dantine at Mocambo

And more talk: Hillary Brooke, Sue and Alan Ladd take in the Ice Capades

(*Continued from page* 10)

gets twenty thousand a picture. And even though she received a big chunk of War Bonds from her boss for a Christmas present last year, she hasn't received any bonuses, either. Stars aren't allowed to get "raises" in salaries these days—anymore than anyone else, so some studios reward them with bonuses once or twice a year. Joan is an Award winner, too, in case you've forgotten, and with expenses and taxes what they are, she'd just as leave remain idle until her present contract is up—and then make some real money for herself.

Boys and Girls: Most of the gals' names you find linked with that of Alan Curtis in the columns the poor guy doesn't even know—much less having really been out night-clubbing with them. But one gal who is really getting a lot of attention from him these evenings is pretty little Sheila Ryan—and if you ask us, this will be a big year for her in a movie way. Wait and see. . . . And Betty Hutton wishes people would stop pinning romances on her that she never heard of too! Betty has been heart-whole and fancy-free for a long time now. And she wishes she weren't. She's lonesome and admits it. She'd love to fall in love. Now, boys! Don't crowd! Wouldn't be surprised, though, if Betty suddenly gets a big rush from John Calvert, recently signed up at Columbia studios. He has an awful crush on her and he's going to try! You'll be hearing plenty of Calvert, too. He's a swell new romantic—heavy type. Tall, dark and sexy. When he went into the studio photograph gallery for his first sittings, the cameramen nearly went nertz looking through the lenses at him. They decided he looked like Walter Pidgeon; George Raft, when he smiles; Doug Fairbanks, Jr., from a three-quarter view; and a few other people—and they kept turning his face this way and that. Finally, they decided he looked like John Calvert, which was all right too—and then they made a lot of pictures!

Of People and Places: Ann Sheridan should be returning from her overseas entertaining jaunt just as you read this. And Reggie Gardiner really ought to put his impressions of the trip he and Kay Francis and Marsha Hunt made to the Aleutians together, between book-covers. So wonderful to hear his slant on the whole trip . . . Garbo was a sensation at a big party that Lady Mendl gave. She was flitting all over the place! And all done up with her hair beautifully coiffed and wearing a smart black dress. And a real string of pearls. She's been going around a lot with columnist Harry Crocker—but old Cal doesn't think it's a heavy romance.

(*Continued on page* 14)

Take it on the Up-Beat!

A happy hit parade of gags, gaiety and glamour in a sparkling music-filled story that will send your spirits soaring! All this and song-hits, too!

FRANK **SINATRA** · GEORGE **MURPHY**

ADOLPHE **MENJOU** · GLORIA **DeHAVEN**

WALTER **SLEZAK** · EUGENE **PALLETTE**

IN

Step Lively

WALLY **BROWN** · ALAN **CARNEY**

GRANT **MITCHELL** · ANNE **JEFFREYS**

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO RADIO PICTURES







Songs! 7 NEW SONGS AND SINATRA SINGS 5 OF THEM!

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen play by Warren Duff and Peter Milne

•

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

(*Continued from page* 12)
And, believe it or not, Garbo is just dying to meet—of all people—Jimmy Durante! So far she's asked four different people at M-G-M to introduce her to him!

Observation Post: You never saw two more attractive (or happier) people than Betty Grable and hubby Harry James dining at La Rue — the very night that someone had air-waved the "news" that they were about to separate. Someone came over to their table and told them about it and they were so mad they were fit to be tied! . . . Evelyn Keyes, with her director husband Charles Vidor, was there, too. And it looks to us as though Evelyn has dyed her hair pink! . . . Gene Kelly's wife could be as attractive as her husband if she'd do something about it all . . . Claudette Colbert has just bought herself a fashionable apartment house in Hollywood . . . Did you know that Bob Taylor has a contract with Metro that runs for seventeen years? And he gets paid a moderate part of it the whole time he's in the Army . . . George Raft is now dividing his time between Virginia Maples and Myrna Dell. Just when you think he's all for one, you find him in Mocambo with the other! . . . Simone Simon hasn't found a new steady since she and Robert Jordan iced . . . Connie Bennett should be making a statement about her marriage with Gilbert Roland about now that may surprise you—and then again it may not.

You can bet Myrna Loy isn't going to quit Hollywood just because that "Thin Man" picture she came to make is finished. The studio has just done her dressing room over so beautifully —all in pale blues and wine colors. And there are other signs. She's very happy in Hollywood now. Helmut Dantine may have something to do with it . . . The delay in the Elyse Knox-Tom Harmon nuptials is merely to give her time to embrace the Catholic faith . . . Sympathy has been pouring in on the Dennis O'Keefes, who won't be having that baby after all . . . With all his genius, Orson Welles wasn't able to get his wife Rita Hayworth as a guest-star on his own radio show. The price her agent asked for her services was too high—and the radio show's budget wouldn't permit it. But the real chuckle is that Rita's agent is Orson's agent too! . . . There were more gags pulled at Phil Baker's wedding to Imgaard Erik than there are in his programs! Ending with the bride and groom's leaving for their honeymoon in a pony cart!

About Town: Ever wonder why some of these Hollywood lovelies don't run headlong into Cupid on one of these overseas jaunts? Well, one of them really did and it's just like a movie, too.

Beautiful Anna Lee, English actress, boarded a plane in Africa while on a USO tour and looked straight into the eyes of Captain George H. Stafford, handsome six-foot-three Army pilot from Texas. This July 29 they'll be married if the Captain can arrange his leave. Miss Lee was recently divorced from director Robert Stevenson and is the mother of two small children.

Reverberations of George Raft's trip overseas to entertain our boys are reaching Hollywood in a weird off-key wail. Seems Georgie mistook Colonels for movie producers who can be shoved around. Colonels can't, he found, and George came home velly quickee.

Two angry red spots flamed from Hedy Lamarr's lovely ears that grew more and more painful as the days wore on. It seems Hedy cleaned her earrings in a cleaning acid that seared her ears. Such a time. For a while it was feared the infection might enter the ear, but after many sleepless nights they gradually began to heal. For heaven's sake, girls, don't try Hedy's cleaning methods with jewels.

And We Quote: "Hollywood doesn't realize Bey is synonymous with Mr. in English, so you see I could never really marry because my wife would be called 'Mrs. Mr.' "—Turhan Bey.

"I don't like to hear stories that are off-color. I won't listen to them."—June Allyson.

"I'm not an actor. I'm a pieanna player, that's all."—Jose Iturbi.

"I guess I'd best send it (the Distinguished Flying Cross) home. I'm mighty proud of it."—Major James Stewart.

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10c—25c SIZES



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That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

"I'm in love with a man almost fifty years old but I'm not sure marriage would work out for us."—Ann Miller.

"What, me join the Army when there's a war on? You're crazy."—Ray Milland to a heckler.

"I want to get married all right, but I don't seem to find the right girl that will have me."—Van Johnson.

Cal Wonders: If Hedy Lamarr had Betty Hutton's pep or Roz Russell's quick mind what would happen. Zippeeee! If Valentino hadn't died what kind of roles he'd be playing today. Or even if he'd be playing. If Greta Garbo had shown more friendliness we wonder if she'd be the town's forgotten woman today.

Or if Betty Grable doesn't practice more co-operation with the studio, we wonder if even those pin-up pictures can carry her very much further. Cal wonders how anyone so simple, so kind, so humanly unpretentious as Paul Lukas can be so impressive an actor. Could it be that Paul's release from communal living when he and his wife were forced to share their small Vienna flat with three other families, has something to do with it? If Rita Hayworth had gone through with her marriage to Vic Mature we wonder if she'd be as happy as she is is today as Mrs. Orson Welles. Or what would happen if Charles Boyer had Walter Pidgeon's height and Red Skelton's hair. Brotherrr! If all the glamour boys suddenly marched off to war and left none but Boris Karloff to play opposite Lana Turner what—we must be crazy.

If Bette Davis had Grable's chassis and the voice of Jean Arthur what would happen in those mad, draymatic things Bette plays so well? Would the boys whistle, weep, or chuckle? If Clara Bow had had some wise and kindly soul to guide her in her early Hollywood days would she be the shadowy little nervous thing she is today—unrecognized and unhappy? If Sydney Greenstreet could dance like Cesar Romero and make love like Boyer would Dietrich run him ragged? She would and you know it.

Oh My Gosh Department: Martha Raye has been told to expect twins or even triplets. Boy, page "Mr. Paganini." Martha is the wife of Nick Condos, a dancer.

Maria Montez and Joan Fontaine have struck up one of those rare friendships because, as Joan explains it, they have so little in common.

Frank Sinatra sent the little woman on ahead to decorate their new home (Mary Astor's house) with Frank planning to bring the new baby and little Nancy on to Hollywood several weeks later. Can't you just see Frankie strolling the train aisle singing the baby to sleep with "This Is A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening."

Where Are Those Little Gray Homes in the West? The housing situation continues the most exasperating problem the town has ever faced, but the lack



To the Mother whose daughter will soon be 12

"I wish my mother had told me about it" . . . Is that what *your* little girl will say, when she first faces "problem days"? Sooner than you realize, that certain time will come. And you, as her mother, should and *must* spare her the shock of being unprepared!

"How shall I begin — what shall I say?"

Perhaps you're not quite sure, yourself, of all the facts she needs to know. Let us help you! For 25 years we have studied the problem. Let us prepare your daughter *for* you—through the bright booklet, "As One Girl To Another"!

Disarming as a heart-to-heart talk, this *free* booklet explains menstruation in everyday language. It will bring your daughter closer to you, encourage her to bring you her confidences.

"As One Girl To Another" gives do's and don'ts for "difficult days." Tells about bathing—swimming—sports—grooming—social contacts. Helps develop poise. And provides a personal calendar for keeping track of those days.

Today, send for your copy of "As One Girl To Another." It's a *free gift* from Kotex* Sanitary Napkins.





All Her Days, She'll Thank You

. . . for making her first "days" more comfortable with Kotex, the napkin that stays soft while wearing—doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Give her Junior Kotex (in the green box), choice of so many young girls. Slightly narrower than Regular Kotex, the Junior size has every Kotex feature that makes such a difference in napkins. The same enduring softness. Flat pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby—(a patented "plus", to banish telltale lines). And the special Kotex safety-center for extra protection.

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Naïve nominee for the best Hymie Fink candid of the month: Margaret O'Brien

of somewhere to live, serious as it is, is not without its ridiculous side at that. For instance, when Joan Blondell finished the tour of her stage play, "Something For The Boys," she returned to Hollywood to find husband Dick Powell, whom she was about to divorce, ensconced in their Selma Avenue abode with her mother and the two children. Now here was a situation the farceurs could really go to town with. Everybody mad at everybody else and nobody moving out because they had no place to move to. The problem was eventually solved when Dick several days later finally took himself to the home of an actor friend who offered temporary shelter.

But the strangest situation of all and one Hollywood still doesn't know about is that of a well-known star and his wife who have called their marriage off but who can't and won't separate for two reasons. One is the housing situation that leaves the husband with no place but his boat for shelter and, what with the gas situation and commuting, that, too, is out of the question when he is working. The other reason for remaining in the same house is that by doing so the pair feel that the recent good will and morale built up by the star among boys in service will be preserved.

Returning a good deed for a good deed rendered was Van Johnson's privilege recently. Keenan Wynn, who made that trip through China and India with Paulette Goddard, came home to find himself, even as old Cal himself, completely homeless. The house had been sold from under him. Remembering how the Wynns had taken him in while he was convalescing from that almost fatal accident a year ago, Van invited Keenan and his wife to stay with him. So the three are making the most of Van's small apartment and thank their stars they have it.

Hedy's John: He sat at a far booth on the second floor of the Players eating his lunch, alone. It was Sunday with no picture commitments to keep him or his beauteous wife Hedy Lamarr busy.

A girl in brown slacks, a white bra and merest wisp of a chiffon blouse with nothing beneath it except the bra, kept passing and repassing his table. John never gave her a tumble. He just ate and looked miserably lonely.

Cal worried about it. Worried about the stories that are going the rounds about the Loders. The usual stories, of course, about marital difficulties. We recalled the strange uneasiness that prevailed in the hearts of their closest friends at the time of the wedding. Hedy's rebound marriage from George Montgomery, some were unkind enough to label it.

And now these recent rumors again and John eating here alone, so hungrily. A vision of Hedy as we'd glimpsed her only a few days before at Warners Studios flashed before our eyes, that new divinely becoming slimness. Perhaps that was it. Perhaps Hedy's dieting had driven a hungry husband from his hillside home of a Sunday to a restaurant for food. We felt a little cheered at the thought and hoped we were right.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES: Olivia de Havilland and Ingrid Bergman have become telephone buddies since their Alaska-Aleutian-Attu treks. They compare notes like mad. . . .

Joan Fontaine in an interview a year ago frankly stated husband Brian Aherne wasn't a great actor (or so we're told) and there began the lessening of respect that led to divorce. . . .

⚜

Mickey Rooney and ex-wife Ava Gardner are seeing each other again. Can't get her out of his dreams, it seems . . . It's fun to watch those four Irish cronies, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh and Jimmy Cagney, get together for their Wednesday night dinners at Romanoff's. Such laughter . . . Warners are going around on tippy-toes over their new star Eleanor Parker who was so good in "Between Two Worlds." There's even talk they may star her in the Bette Davis role in "Of Human Bondage". . . .

⚜

Susan Peters who has been so ill for so long won't be back on the screen for weeks. Bad luck for Susie who was going great guns . . . Notice the lad who does that adagio dance with Betty Grable in "Pin-Up Girl." He's Hermes Pan, dance director at Twentieth Century-Fox and has more appeal than most any actor on the lot. . . .

⚜

After viewing Sydney Greenstreet's wonderful portrayal of *the Examiner* in "Between Two Worlds" in which all the characters are dead, Cal couldn't help telephoning the actor. "Do you mean to tell me," we asked, "when we die, we're going straight to Sydney Greenstreet instead of heaven?" He snorted and hung up. . . .

⚜

Judy Garland isn't all smiles since Dave Rose consented to let her divorce him. She won't be entirely happy until her studio lets her free-lance . . . When John Garfield was told the three-day old son of Columbia's head, Harry Cohn, had been elected to the board of directors, he looked dejected, "And to think," John sighed, "my son is nine months old and hasn't even got a job." . . . Hollywood women find director John Negulesco and pianist Jose Iturbi more fascinating than many a movie star. . . .

We are witness to a strange phenomenon going on out here—the slow but steady rise of Van Johnson to Sinatra-

Why Gene Tierney wears Woodbury Sun Peach



GENE TIERNEY, STARRING IN "LAURA", A FORTHCOMING 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

✓ It gives a vivid summer glow . . . *stays* color-true, color-fresh . . . lends long-lasting velvet smoothness

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Or try exotic *Tropic Tan* for darker, bronzy beauty.
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YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost! . . . All 3 for $1.

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Even after the *first* Kreml Shampoo — you can notice a remarkable difference. It thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff. Your hair just *gleams* with its natural brilliant highlights. Notice how much softer, silkier it is — how it stays in place much longer!



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Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead, it has a beneficial *oil* base which is wonderful to help soften dry, brittle ends. Kreml Shampoo rinses out like a breeze. It never leaves any excess dull soapy film.

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

ism by local cuties. Van's been on the screen two years or so but lately the girls begin squealing the minute his name is flashed on the screen at premieres—and they so jam the lobbies waiting for a sight of him, the press can hardly get through. Even his M-G-M bosses can't account for all this adulation but believe us they're mighty impressed by it . . . When you see the girl who plays the maid in "Gaslight" you'll automatically ask your neighbor what her name is, she's that wonderful. But now that you know, you can be the one to tell everyone around you—Angela Lansbury, the girl who looks like a blonde Gypsy Rose Lee. . . .

⚜

Bob Hope had a cyst taken off his eye and went around in bandages pretending to be a Bing Crosby horse in blinders . . . Hear tell Claudette Colbert, who is visiting hubby Commander Joel Pressman, has joined in with other Army wives up in Salem, Oregon, in their club and social lives and is loving it. Bet they're loving Claudette, too . . . Something has happened to George Sanders lately. Hasn't insulted anyone in a long time. . . .

We're crazy about the way Dana Andrews looks at his wife when they're out dining. At Somerset House the other night we noticed Dana had eyes only for her and now that we think of it, he looked "love" at her. Even to skeptical old Cal it was thrilling. . . .

⚜

Captain Louis Hayward's honorable discharge from the Marines, after his long illness and heroism at Tarawa, puts him back into movies and we're all glad to have him back. . . .

Phil Harris got back from his Jack Benny tour of the Northwest in time to drive his wife Alice Faye and new baby daughter Phyllis home from the hospital—and singer Dick Haymes who substituted for Dennis Day (now in the Navy) on that same show got back just in time to drive his wife to the hospital to have a baby. . . .

Everyone agrees Gene Tierney, absent from town for a year, is lovelier than ever. . . .

⚜

With five glamour gals working on their lot at the same time, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Rosalind Russell and Hedy Lamarr, Warner publicists are going slightly wild trying not to show favor in the matter of publicity. If they come through it alive they'll be lucky.



Million-dollar guy Bob Hope, with his wife Dolores, rates cheers from England in a letter that rates $10

Speak FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Morale-Building Hope

FOR many years I have corresponded with an English girl whose firm belief is that one of our major contributions to winning the war is found in our movies. She says that it is only in the cinema that people are able to completely lose themselves and forget their losses.

One of her latest stories concerns a girl named Stella who was one of a party of five attending a movie cinema which was bombed while Bob Hope was laughing in "Let's Face It." A bomb fell through the roof and caused a large crater into which the girls fell. One little twenty-year-old wife of a sailor was killed; the second had both legs fractured; the third, Stella, who was a lovely exhibition dancer aged 18, had one leg amputated, the other leg fractured and injuries to her face. I quote: "She says they were in tucks of laughter when the bomb fell and she remembers exactly where the film had got to. Most remarkable of all is that she plans to go back to see the rest of the film when she gets up! I wish Bob Hope could know his gift for making people laugh has carried this girl through such a terrible ordeal."

I am writing this letter to share with you the high regard of these English women for Bob Hope and for all of our movies. They say: "We need the inspiration of your lovely scenery and to see life as it's lived where there are no bombings."

Mrs. L. C. Abbie,
Seattle, Wash.

$5.00 PRIZE
Van a Fall Guy?

AFTER receiving my June PHOTOPLAY I sat down to enjoy reading it. Then it came. Reading the review of "White Cliffs Of Dover" I thought, "No, no it can't happen *twice* to Van Johnson!" But it seems it has. Now the fans know he's a one hundred percent right guy and a gal would be nuts to turn him down so why all this losing *that* girl? *That* girl is Irene Dunne. Let's see now—Van got her in "A Guy Named Joe" but it took a lot of film before he won. Now it seems he is the fall guy in "WCD." Now I ask the film producers, honestly do you think the fans are going to go for his losing the girl in any picture? I think not. He reminds us too much of the American guy, the one that's fighting in Italy or the Pacific. He's clean-cut, freckle-faced and a combination of every gal's dream. From now on let him get the girl in the first scene so he can make love to her through the picture.

Reba Larimore,
Long Beach, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
A Gracious Gesture

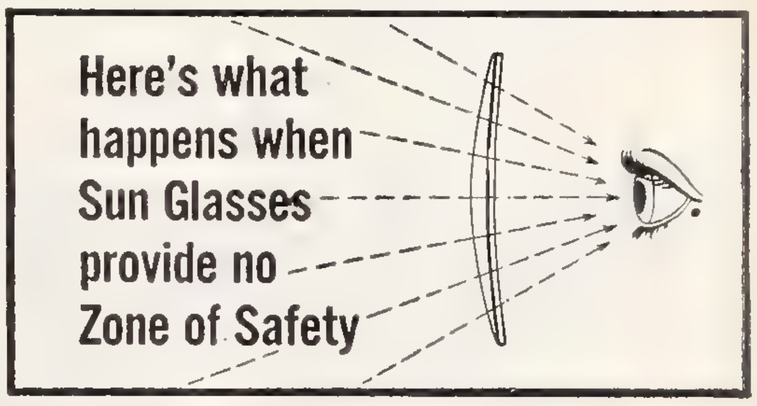
FOR some reason, unknown even to me, I have had the idea that Alexis Smith was a cold, aloof (*Continued on page 97*)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

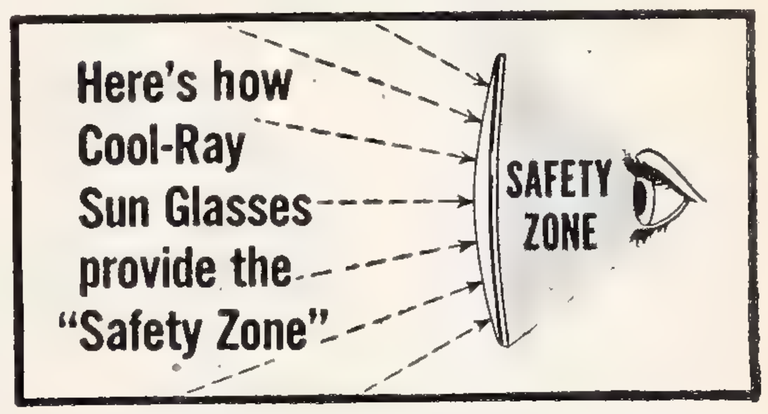
PLAY SAFE!

COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES KEEP YOUR EYES IN THE "SAFETY ZONE!"

SUMMER OR WINTER SUNLIGHT may be hard on your eyes, for some sun glasses—regardless of how "dark they are"—admit annoying and harmful rays.



BUT COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES—made by American Optical*—provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." For these A. O. glasses have lenses made from specially compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays and excessive light. The "Safety Zone" of Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keeps your eyes cool and comfortable.



A. O. COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES do something else. They admit plenty of "seeing" rays—light that lets you see more comfortably and without annoyance. **A. O. Cool-Ray Sun Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces—so the civilian supply is limited. They're $1.95 up.**



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SUN GLASSES
Provide "The Safety Zone"

American Optical COMPANY
*World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

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IT started as a FURLOUGH ROMANCE

— BUT!

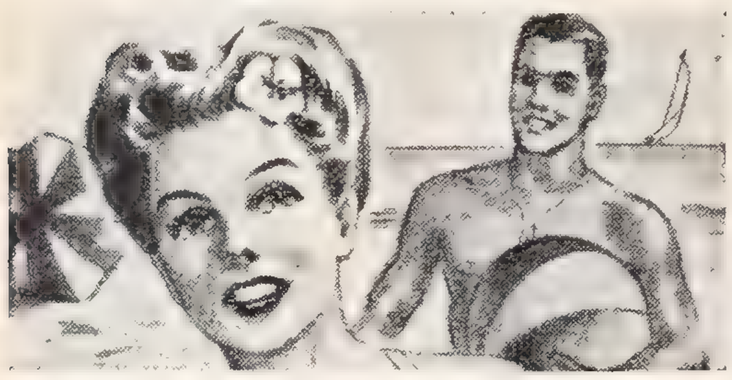
Lovely Hair made him want me for keeps

I met Jim when he was home on a furlough. What a wonderful time we had! Then, his letter came—



"You were so lovely that last day at the beach as the sun played hide and seek with the soft highlights in your hair.

I'd like to feel that the girl with the lustrous curls will be waiting for me when I get back."



How happy I was—and how I thanked Nestle Colorinse for taking away the dull, drabness of my hair and giving it richer color, sparkling highlights and a glorious silken sheen.

Colorinse can make *your* hair lovelier, too. Why don't you try it tonight?

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Nestle HAIRLAC



Spectacular: Katharine Hepburn and Turhan Bey in "Dragon Seed"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓*ACTION IN ARABIA*—RKO: George Sanders plays an American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascus camel market. So, with Virginia Bruce, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Swastika boys to incite the Arabs against the Allies. Gene Lockhart is the fat old traitor, Lenore Aubert a shapely shiekess, and Robert Armstrong goes along for the ride.

✓✓*ADDRESS UNKNOWN*—Columbia: Paul Lukas becomes so imbued with Naziism that he sends the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco to death and then drama and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, pour in upon Lukas in Germany from San Francisco and he is unable to explain them. Lukas is superb; K. T. Stevens, Peter Van Eyck, Mady Christians and Carl Esmond are good.

✓✓*ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE*—Warners: Mark Twain, the great humorist and writer, comes to life in the superb performance of Fredric March. His experiences on the Mississippi, in the raw frontiers of the West, in his happy marriage to Alexis Smith, in home life in New England and later in his travels around the world are richly told in this picture that's overly long but always interesting.

✓*AND THE ANGELS SING*—Paramount: The singing Angel sisters, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler, don't like to sing, but reluctantly consent to appear one night with Fred MacMurray's orchestra. But when Fred skips off with Betty's money, the foursome follow him to New York to try and retrieve it and from then on there's plenty of trouble and songs involved.

✓*ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE*—MGM: *Andy* Mickey Rooney *Hardy* is on his way to college when he meets twins Lee and Lyn Wilde, who, incidentally, wrap up the picture for themselves. There is too much plot for us to unravel, but you'll enjoy every minute of it. For good measure Bonita Granville is thrown in as Mickey's big dream and Herbert Marshall as the professor.

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE—Bogeaus-U. A.: Two outstanding performances by Louis Calhern and Akim Tamiroff occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story of five people who are plunged to death when the bridge gives way. Donald Woods is the priest who investigates the lives of the five victims, Lynn Bari isn't quite up to her role, nor is Francis Lederer; but Nazimova is excellent.

✓✓*BUFFALO BILL*—20th Century-Fox: A magnificent Western with color emphasizing the breathtaking beauty of the great West, this tells the life story of Bill Cody, played by Joel McCrea, with all its joys and defeats. Maureen O'Hara is his wife who leaves him, Linda Darnell the young Indian girl, Thomas Mitchell is Bill's newspaper friends and Anthony Quinn and Edgar Buchanan round out the cast.

✓*CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK*—Universal: Donald O'Connor meets up with Ann Blythe, member of a theatrical family who have always been allergic to the men in Donald's family, and the attempts of Helen Broderick and Helen Vinson to keep the youngsters apart form the basis of the story. Peggy Ryan, Patric Knowles and Arthur Treacher are all mixed up in the thing, but Donald himself is the whole show.

CHINESE CAT, THE—Monogram: *Charlie Chan*, the Chinese detective, has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. He does it through the key to the mystery—a Chinese statuette of a black cat. Joan Woodbury, Benson Fong, Ian Keith and Weldon Heyburn are *Chan's* cohorts in the story.

SHADOW STAGE

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✓*COBRA WOMAN*—Universal: Nonsense, but fun, with Maria Montez getting kidnapped on the eve of her wedding to Jon Hall, so Sabu, Hall's devoted friend, traces her to Cobra Isle where Marie has been taken to replace her wicked twin sister who's the cruel High Priestess.

✓✓*COVER GIRL*—Columbia: Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than in this gay, gorgeous musical comedy and Gene Kelly's dancing is superb. Rita, who works in Kelly's small night club, wins a cover girl contest and the attendant publicity carries her away from Kelly to Lee Bowman, Broadway producer. With Eve Arden, Phil Silvers, Otto Kruger and the Cover Girls.

COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE—Republic: Too much plot complication dealing with buried treasure and cryptic messages on a bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure. Because Roy Rogers and Guinn Williams find the bracelet, villain John Hubbard accused them of kidnapping the missing girl. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls.

CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE—RKO: Simone Simon, the cat lady, is playmate to a little girl, Ann Carter, who's entranced with the idea of a woman's turning into a cat. Naturally, Ann's parents Kent Smith and Jane Randolph are horrified at the idea. The previous picture "Cat People" was a far far better story than this little hocus-pocus.

✓✓*DAYS OF GLORY*—RKO: Two new vibrant personalities, Gregory Peck and Tamara Toumanova, are presented here, with Peck as the commander of a Russian guerrilla band. When her ballet troupe is overrun by the Nazis, Toumanova becomes one of them and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander's heart. Every detail of the film is cleverly and beautifully done.

DETECTIVE KITTY O'DAY—Monogram: Jean Parker and her beau, Peter Cookson, try to discover who murdered her boss while, at the same time, trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from arresting her for the deed. Jean, as *Kitty*, gives the role plenty of snap and sparkle.

FALCON OUT WEST, THE—RKO: When a Western ranch owner drops dead in New York, presumably from rattlesnake poison, the *Falcon*, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, gets in the case and trails the dead man's fiancee out West. The cast includes Barbara Hale, Minor Watson, Carole Gallagher and Joan Barclay.

✓✓*FOLLOW THE BOYS*—Universal: The idea of showing the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee and the stars who give their services to entertain the boys in camps and overseas comes to the screen overly long but immensely entertaining. The array of artists includes George Raft, Zorina, Orson Welles, Jeannette MacDonald, Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Donald O'Connor and many others.

✓*FOUR JILLS AND A JEEP*—20th Century-Fox: Because this story is based on the overseas adventures of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair it holds the interest far more than it otherwise would. Phil Silvers, sergeant attached to the girls throughout their journey, is very good, as is singer Richard Haymes and John Harvey, who provides the romance with Carole.

✓✓*GOING MY WAY*—Paramount: A charming, heart-warming picture, with Bing Crosby as the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing. He's sent to the rundown parish of Barry Fitzgerald to help straighten out its affairs, and Bing does a fine job. Rise Stevens sings magnificently, Fitzgerald is a joy to behold and Bing turns in a fine, sincere performance.

HAT CHECK HONEY—Universal: Three name bands, Freddie Slack's Harry Owens' and Ted Weems', the cuteness and pertness of hat-check girl Gracie McDonald and the antics of Leon Errol fail to give a lift to this dreary little weary. The plot deals with Errol's sacrificing his all for the future of his son Richard Davis who makes a hit with Slack's band and then walks out.

✓*HER PRIMITIVE MAN*—Universal: A lot of fun and nonsense, with Robert Paige as an author who has sold the idea for a book about head hunters to Publisher Robert Benchley. When Louise Allbritton learns about the book she exposes it as a fraud and decides to bring a real head hunter back to civilization. So, of course, Paige poses as the primitive man and much comedy results.

HI, GOOD LOOKIN'—Universal: The people in this are very nice people, such as Harriet Hilliard, Eddie Quillan, Betty Kean, Fuzzy Knight and Roscoe Karns, but the story is that silly one about a girl who comes to Hollywood to crash the movies, ends up on a late radio broadcast and clicks. Mixed up in it are a lot of specialty numbers and Ozzie Nelson's band.

✓✓*HITLER GANG, THE*—Paramount: The rise of Adolph Hitler and the men who forced and kept him in power as their Fuehrer is told with such convincing straightforwardness that the film takes on authority from its start, the inception of Nazi hoodlumism. Robert Watson walks off with honors in his role of Hitler, but the entire cast deserves praise.



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NEW YORK.

✓✓*HOME IN INDIANA*—20th Century-Fox: Lon McCallister comes to the home of Walter Brennan, former successful horse breeder, trains a colt to sulky racing and eventually brings Brennan back to prosperity and happiness. Lon's fine performance, the Technicolor beauty and the heart appeal of the story make this a must see. Newcomers June Haver and Jeanne Crain show great promise.

HOT RHYTHM—Monogram: A cute little budget musical with Robert Lowery and Sidney Miller as song writers who try to help singer Dona Drake land a job with an orchestra. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording Dona makes and from then on all sort of complications arise. Tim Ryan is the studio boss.

HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN, THE—Paramount: Franchot Tone deadpans his way through his role of an English conscientious objector who marries Veronica Lake and later discovers that she's a German spy who's married him in order to stay in England and keep on spying. Binnie Barnes and John Sutton strive bravely to make this good entertainment, but it turns out to be dull and unexciting.

IMPOSTER, THE—Universal: Despite the talents of Jean Gabin, Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Ellen Drew and Peter Van Eyck, this turns out to be a bore. The story has convict Gabin escaping from a bombed-out prison in France, working his way to a French seaport and taking a freighter to Dakar, where he eventually becomes regenerated through loyalty to the Free French.

✓*IN OUR TIME*—Warners: The performances of Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid lift this story into a fairly engrossing tale. The first half which tells of their meetings is charminig, but after their marriage that brings on a flood of social and family problems, it goes into the usual fare of war and its effect on the various lives of the characters involved.

✓*KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY* — PCA-UA.: The Stage play has been lifted bodily to the screen and the results are pleasing but puzzling, although Nelson Eddy's arresting presence and his voice keep the whole business intact. Charles Coburn as *Governor Peter Stuyvesant* has been more happily cast in the past but the idea behind the tale is fun and the music's swell. With Constance Dowling.

✓*LADIES COURAGEOUS*—Universal: Glorifying the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, this picture has done all right by the WAFS. Loretta Young is steady and confident as the leader of the women fliers, Ann Gwynne is happily cast as the superstition one, Geraldine Fitzgerald is the publicity seeker, and Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, Lois Collier and June Vincent are all good.

LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE—Republic: A motor accident has provided scientist Erich Von Stroheim with a human brain which he keeps alive in his laboratory. This proves very upsetting to Richard Arlen who gradually comes under the brain's spell and to Vera Hruba Ralston who almost loses her life on account of the brain. It's a pretty good chiller-diller.

✓*LUMBERJACK* — Harry Sherman-UA: *Hopalong Cassidy* really hops along this time in a gallopy little number that generates plenty of fast action. Things really happen when Hoppy and his pals fail to stave off an eloping couple, but when the groom is shot almost immediately and the villains set in to defraud the young widow lots of action results. Ellen Hall is the purty gal.

MEN ON HER MIND—P. R. C.: Edward Norris, Ted North and Alan Edwards are all in love with Mary Beth Hughes, and on the night of her triumph as a radio star they all propose marriage to her. The reasons for her final choice are explained in long flashback sequences of her childhood in an orphanage.

MILLION DOLLAR KID—Monogram: The Dead End Kids, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, and Gabriel Dell are still around and here the hoodlums run around with rich boy Johnny Duncan, and in the course of their misdeeds they save the kid's father from a slugging, expose a phoney French officer, and teach the lad himself the danger of traipsing about in bad company.

MONSTER MAKER, THE — P.R.C.: Another nutty scientist, this time played by J. Carrol Naish who can make people's heads grow big as well as their hands and feet. He inflicts this horror on Ralph Morgan, a pianist, in order to force his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Wanda McKay, to Naish.

MOON OVER LAS VEGAS—Universal: Anne Gwynne and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact they are still in love. After both of them playing hard to get for several reels, they finally end up in a Las Vegas hotel still mad and still unreconciled until a gorilla settles the matter. Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent complicator.

MY BEST GAL—Republic: The routine formula of the talented kids who try to hit Broadway, with most of the action taking place in a drugstore where Jane Withers soda-jerks. When her boy friend Jimmy Lydon is about to go in the Army she attempts to sell the musical he's written and actually puts on a preview of the show in the drugstore.

✓✓*NEGRO SOLDIER, THE*—U.S. War Department. Don't miss this excellent picture made by the War Department under Frank Capra's banner. It shows a Negro congregation listening to the minister who takes as his text the Negro soldier, and shows the part they have played in every war since the Revolution. The picture has a quiet humor and much dignity and makes you proud of being an American.

✓*NINE GIRLS*—Columbia: Nine lovely girls decide to vacation at a mountain lodge with Ann Harding as chaperone. One of the girls, Anita Louise, is murdered, and then comes the fun with detectives William Demarest and Willard Robertson trying to discover which of the girls murdered Anita. The girls include Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks and Jeff Donnell.

ONCE UPON A TIME—Columbia: Fantasy that misses very badly, all about a caterpillar that dances, although you never see it actually dance. But Cary Grant, theatrical producer, does and sees his chance to make a fortune out of the repulsive creature, but Ted Donaldson, the caterpillar's owner, is heartbroken by this. Janet Blair, as his sister, has very little to do.

✓*PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES*—Warners: Fine performances enliven this long-drawn-out story told in innumerable flashbacks. Humphrey Bogart, Helmut Dantine, Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, and George Tobias escape from Devil's Island to fight for the Free French, and their experiences en route to Marseilles form the bulk of the picture. With Sidney Greenstreet, Claude Rains and Victor Francen.

PIN-UP GIRL—20th Century-Fox: Not worthy of Betty Grable is this story that tells of her becoming a stenographer in Washington, stopping off in New York where she wows a night-club audience, meeting up with hero John Harvey, who doesn't recognize her because she's wearing glasses, and the silly stuff goes on from there. Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye are wasted, the Condos Brothers dance well and the Technicolor is very pretty.

✓✓*PURPLE HEART, THE*—20th Century-Fox: A movie shocking to the senses, and one that rocks us into the bitter realization of the true character of our yellow enemy. From the moment our boys, American fliers captured in Japan, walk into the Japanese civil court for trial, the story takes on strength, force and power, due in part to the magnificent performances of Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, and the rest of the cast and to the superb direction and story construction.

ROSIE THE RIVETER—Republic: Jane Frazee and Vera Vague, defense workers, share a room at night, with Frankie Albertson and Frank Jenks of the graveyard shift taking over the room in the daytime. But Jane's fiance, Frank Fenton, doesn't like the idea at all and finally suspects the worst and then Albertson attempts to patch up the quarrel. It's amusing in spots.

✓✓*SEE HERE PRIVATE HARGROVE*—M-G-M: The best seller is amusingly translated to the screen with Robert Walker in the title role and doing a bang-up job as the rookie who never seems to be able to get off his garbage-pail-cleaning detail. Keenan Wynn, his chiseling pal, and Donna Reed, his girl, are both so good; as is Robert Benchley. At last you'll see the funny side of camp life.

✓*SEVEN DAYS ASHORE*—RKO: An unexpectedly good little picture that will give you a pleasant evening's entertainment. Wally Brown and Alan Carney are shipmates, Gordon Oliver provides the romance, Marcy McGuire, Virginia Mayo, Dooley Wilson and Elaine Shepard add to the fun and the songs are very pleasing.

✓*SHINE ON HARVEST MOON*—Warners: Purporting to be the life story of vaudeville's popular Nora Bayes, Anne Sheridan comes to the screen in a story that's no more Bayes than you are, though it's an entertaining musical. Dennis Morgan plays her husband; Magician Jack Carson, Marie Wilson and S. Z. Sakall stick by them through it all, and Irene Manning and Robert Shayne are the heels.

✓✓*SHOW BUSINESS*—RKO: Eddie Cantor wins an amateur night contest and teams up with star George Murphy. Later they join up with sister act Constance Moore and Joan Davis and Murphy marries Constance only to break up over Nancy Kelly. Joan Davis is a riot in her attempts to win Cantor and you'll enjoy every minute of the picture, from its burlesque beginning to Ziegfeld finish.

SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC—Universal: Leon Errol's in a double role again and Eddie Quillan and Anne Rooney are busily engaged in trying to stage a big-time revue, just as though that weren't one of the oldest gags in pictures. The musical numbers are strictly from the breadline despite the efforts of Richard Lane, Betty Kean, Ray Malone and Lillian Cornell.

✓*SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD*—Charles Rogers-UA: A bright new star comes into view in the per-

(*Continued on page* 117)



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THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Good-by, trouble: Van Johnson and June Allyson in "Two Girls And A Sailor"

✓✓ Two Girls And A Sailor (M-G-M)

HAPPY times, happy kids, happy movie and a happy New Year to one and all if this sort of thing keeps up. What a refresher for weary minds and pepless bodies!

Cutie-pie June Allyson and lovely Gloria DeHaven are a team M-G-M can well be proud of. There's something catching about that Allyson kid that has nothing to do with measles or mumps. It's charm and sincerity, both of which June has in abundance. And Gloria isn't too far behind her, at that.

Van Johnson is, of course, perfect as the sailor both girls fall for, not knowing he's their rich and unknown benefactor.

There's Harry James and his orchestra playing as only he and they can; Jose Iturbi at the piano; distinguished Albert Coates, conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, laboring under the delusion Gracie Allen with her index finger is a pianist of note (and that one off-key); Jimmy Durante with everyone finally getting into his act; Carlos Ramirez singing like a he-angel; Lena Horne and Virginia O'Brien each warbling in her own inimitable style; Xavier Cugat and his band giving out with his hip-flinging rhumbas.

And oh yes, back there in the story is a young man we want to mention just to keep you from politely rending us asunder. Tom Drake, the soldier in love with Miss DeHaven, is a hit.

Really we couldn't be more enthusiastic about this movie that earns its right to be labeled "entertainment."

Your Reviewer Says: Maybe you've already noticed we're for it.

✓✓ Summer Storm (Angelus-UA)

YOU won't believe your eyes when you see Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a selfish, seductive temptress who takes what she wants and pays for it dearly.

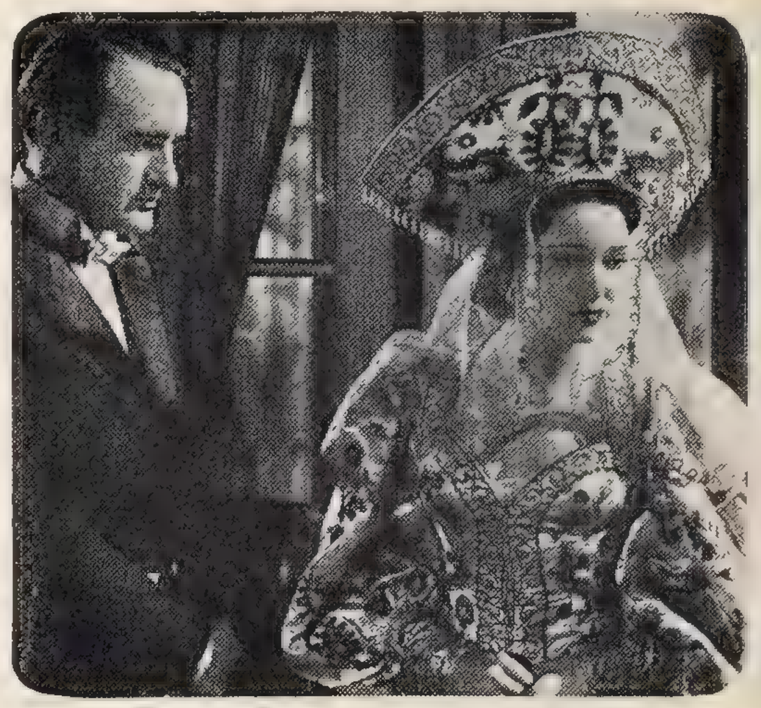
In fact, "Summer Storm" is really a picture heavy-laden with fine performances. In less competent hands the story would have suffered badly, but either there was magic in the direction of Douglas Sirk, or something of the decadent Russia prior to the Revolution found its way into the heart of each player, for seldom have we seen every performer rise to meet the fullest possibilities of his role.

There's George Sanders, for instance. As the judge who succumbs to the illicit love offered by Darnell, he is magnificent. And that strength of performance is aided by the girl who plays his fiancee so understandingly, Anna Lee.

In fact, looking about for a weak link in the chain of performances we find none. Edward Everett Horton as the decadent nobleman should surprise and delight you. Hugo Hass as Darnell's patient, long-suffering husband holds his own in every scene.

But we must issue a warning—those who are seeking lighthearted movies, those who want no part of moods and tempests in films had better march across the way and catch some gayer movie. This is for those who really enjoy losing themselves in the tragedy of others and who prefer quality to quantity.

Your Reviewer Says: Odd and fascinating.



"Different" treatment: George Sanders and Linda Darnell in "Summer Storm"



Barbara Stanwyck, E. G. Robinson and Fred MacMurray in "Double Indemnity"

✓✓ Double Indemnity (Paramount)

PRODUCERS, directors and writers of psychological crime stories should be forced to march into a theater in a body and study this picture which really shows them how.

What a picture! And what a performance from Fred MacMurray who hitherto has always been good without ringing any chimes, as it were.

Ugly, grim, realistic as it is in its sex implications, the monster—for the story itself is an evil monster—takes hold of the onlooker and like a snake with a bird holds him fascinated and spellbound. And yet all the time one little corner of the mind is left free to applaud the intelligence and the brilliant work of writer, director and cast.

He's a likable, good-looking insurance salesman up until the time he meets Barbara Stanwyck and from that moment on MacMurray becomes a murderer.

Oh no, we're not revealing the plot. It's all there from start to finish, the meeting, the physical thing that prompts him to help Barbara murder her husband and defraud his own insurance company.

Stanwyck is marvelous. How that woman can generate so much callous cruelty is beyond us. We can't remember when we've enjoyed Eddie Robinson so much. As the insurance inspector he's real, genuine and appealing. Porter Hall has a nice bit, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Best of its kind.

(*Continued on page 110*)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 116
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 118
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20

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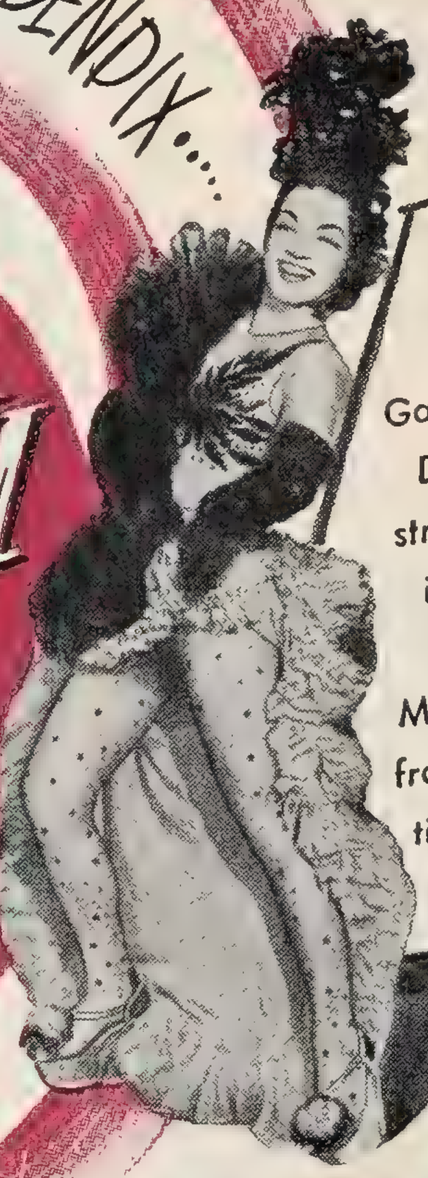


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Suggested by a story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

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PHOTOPLAY'S editors are proud of their readers.

In the days since America went to war, the editors have many times asked for your help—to buy bonds, to become cadet nurses, to enlist, to boycott the black market.

To each request you responded quickly and with the generosity of patriotism. For example, twenty national magazines recently advertised for their readers to join the Cadet Nurse Corps. Of all these, PHOTOPLAY'S readers responded in greater number. Just a few issues before that, PHOTOPLAY asked its readers to become SPARS. In a short period of time, a third as many requests for further information reached the recruiting office of the Coast Guard as there were already SPARS in service.

Now your help is needed again—by the Women's Services—to be a SPAR or a WAVE or a WAC.

Many of you who have wanted to be in uniform have hesitated because you thought you were no longer needed—"the war is so close to being over"—or because you thought your man would disapprove—"he wants me home as I was when he went away"—or because you were apprehensive that you wouldn't qualify—"they only want women who have been to college."

The simple truth is this:

The war *won't* be over, soon or for a long time, if enough young American women do not join the Women's Reserves. Now, more than at any time since the war began, the Army, Navy and Coast Guard need women to join ranks with the men overseas. There are thousands of jobs in this country waiting to be filled by women who want to do their share.

Your man *will* be proud of you in uniform and grateful, when the war is ended and he is home again, that the girl he loves has been a part of his war world and is someone to whom he can reach out in sympathetic understanding.

Anyone with two years' high-school education may be eligible to join any of these branches of the service. The age requirements are as follows: For the SPARS, 20-36; for the WAVES, 20-36; for the WACS, 20-49. To join the SPARS and WAVES, a married woman must have no children under 18; to join the WACS a married woman must have no children under 14.

No special training or ability is necessary or is expected. If you are "just the girl down the street," you are the girl whose help the SPARS, WAVES and WACS are asking.

The pay is excellent—for example if you are a petty officer second class in the SPARS you receive $96 a month, plus your room, board and your allowance for uniforms. Compare this to your present salary from which you must deduct for your rent, your meals and your clothes.

Your training is exciting adventure. Become a SPAR, for instance, and you go to Palm Beach where your home is one of the world's finest hotels and your roommates friendly girls enjoying the same thrills as you.

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Your uniform, whether trim blue or khaki, is ready for you. Won't you try it on today?

The Editors

Please send me information about enlisting in the

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A story from the heart of Greer Garson

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

The happiness Greer knows today gives her the courage to talk, for the first time, of all that went before



Writer of "amusing and witty" letters: Lt. Ney with his amusing and witty wife

IN saying that Greer Garson has never talked of her private life before, particularly of her first marriage which was unhappy and of her second with Richard Ney which has brought her the greatest contentment of her life, I don't want to paint Greer as another aloof Garbo.

No one could have been more indignant than I was when the Hollywood Women's Press Club last year listed Greer among the three most "difficult" feminine stars. I happen to know that hurt her very much.

Greer has never made any pretense of being a woman of mystery. Her sense of humor is too strong. Behind that facade of what many people mistakenly believe to be her "English lady" dignity is a perfectly swell brand of Irish laughter. In a way I have never known a woman who *wanted* to laugh more than Greer. Maybe that is because there have been so many spaces in her life when there was no laughter.

When she first came to Hollywood, and when I first met her, she was far from happy.

Everyone knew, in a vague sort of way, that the tall, green-eyed, flaming-haired actress from London had a husband somewhere in the background from whom she was estranged.

It was a miserable year of waiting, idleness and loneliness. That seems funny to say now—remembering all the fine parts she has had and her present enviable position as M-G-M's "first lady" and perennial Academy Award candidate.

But if Hollywood evinced too little interest in Greer during her first year, it developed too much interest in her sudden and surprising (to the natives) romance and marriage to Richard Ney. (This, of course, *after* her Los Angeles divorce from the husband in England who turned out to be Edward Abbott Snelson.)

The stories that were written never failed to call attention to the fact that Richard played Greer's son in "Mrs. Miniver." The whispers and innuendoes were along the lines of "What in the world can they have in common?"

Greer, being a lady who is an artist at minding her own business, said nothing. In fact, as close as we have been for the past two years and as much time as my favorite doctor and I have spent with Richard and Greer, we had never talked woman-to-woman about her romance until a certain lazy day a few weeks ago when we sat down by the edge of her pool.

An artist would have enjoyed painting Greer in that setting. The iris, in various shades of purple, were in bloom and the huge magnolia trees made a canopy of shade over her bright red hair and green dress.

I had brought along several wonderfully amusing and witty letters Richard had written me to read to Greer and, as she listened, her eyes sparkled with that gleam that means L-o-v-e—with a capital L.

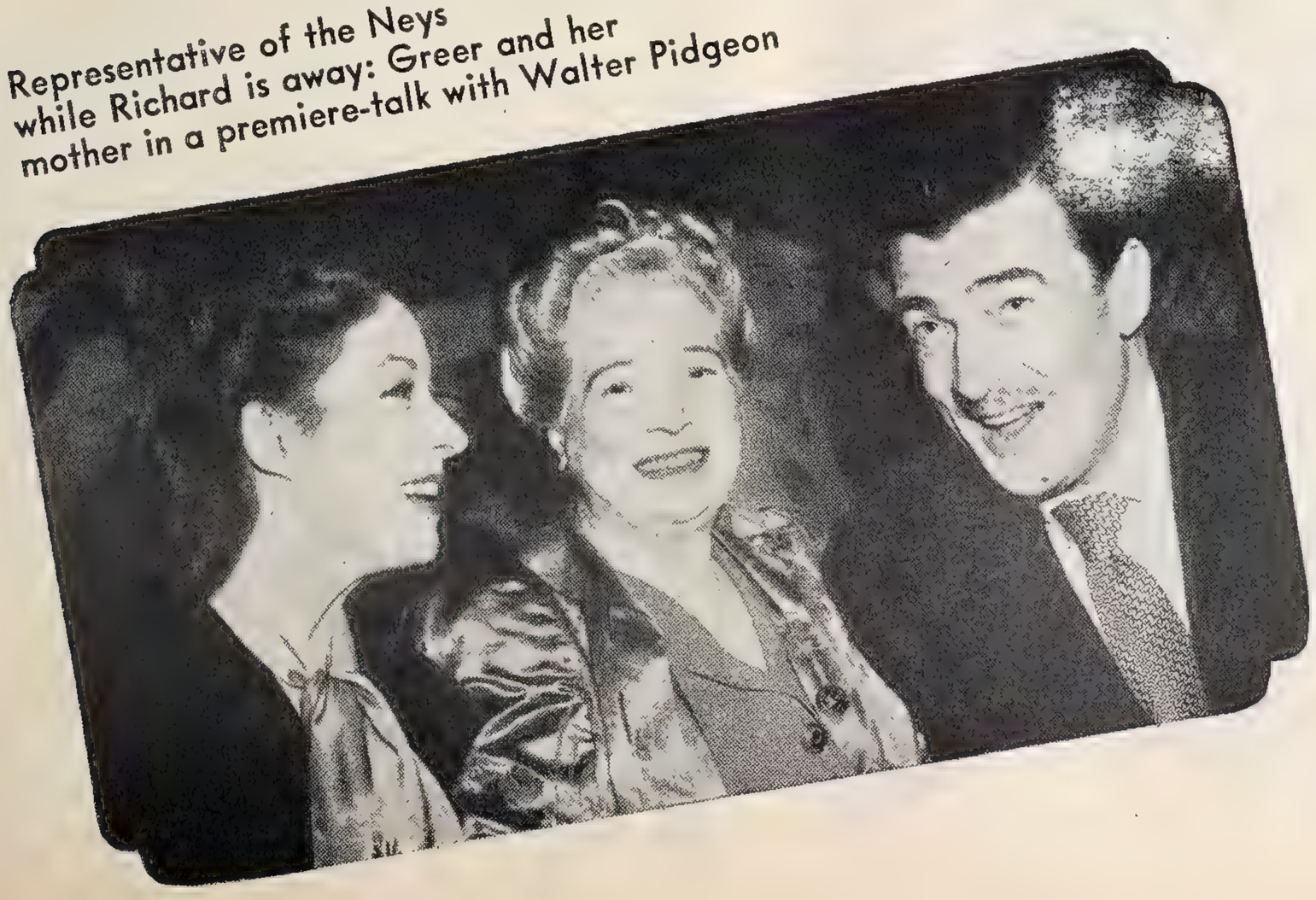
"You know, Louella," she said thoughtfully, "these days since I met and married Richard have been the happiest of my life. I had forgotten to laugh and I was so very lonely until Richard with his sense of the ridiculous made me realize there is fun in the world and that there is something else in life beside hard work."

For a girl as reserved as Greer that was a statement straight from the heart and it encouraged me to ask her a question that might have been on the nervy side if we hadn't been such good friends.

"You and Richard are so different," I said. "How did you happen to fall in love? Was it love at first sight?"

"No," laughed Greer, "I wasn't in the least in love with him at first. I was amused—and frankly somewhat taken aback by his daring. 'That young man,' I thought to myself, 'has too (*Continued on page* 104)

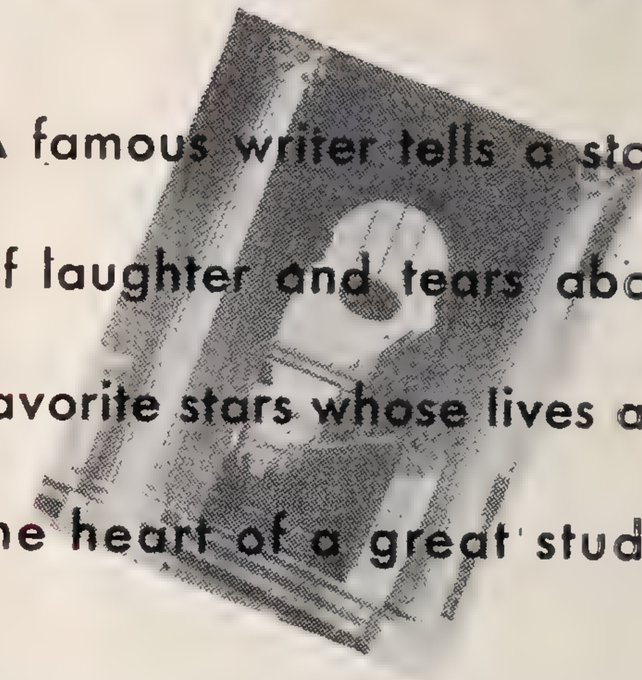
Representative of the Neys while Richard is away: Greer and her mother in a premiere-talk with Walter Pidgeon





THOSE EXCITING





A famous writer tells a story of laughter and tears about favorite stars whose lives are the heart of a great studio

"I WONDER," Marie Dressler said to me rather wistfully, the last time I talked with her, "how long they will remember me? I should like them to remember me just a little, for the times I made them laugh. It's always good to remember laughter."

I hadn't thought much of what she said until the other day, by chance, I noticed in a newspaper that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is celebrating its Twenty-Year Anniversary as a motion-picture company.

Twenty years—it doesn't seem possible. Yet I found myself thinking of all the rich memories that twenty years contain.

I suppose when you're young, you don't realize what memories mean. Yet all the time you're living those active, exciting young years, you're piling up a storehouse of memories that mold you day by day into what you are, because your memories *are* you. Day by day you're making recordings that give you character and that will be companionship and friendship and drama and conversation for you all your life.

Once, when I was about eight years old, my dad stopped at school and picked me up to drive home with him. The air that day was full of bright sunshine and the smell of eucalyptus and pepper trees and as I sat high on the leather seat of the little buggy, behind the bright bay horse, I wished with all my childish heart that the ride could go on forever and ever. How could anything be better than this? Something inside me told me to take hold of the moment with all the strength I had. I will remember this always, I told myself, the way Daddy looks driving the horse, the feel of the wind whipping my pigtails, me sitting way up here higher than anybody else in the world—I will remember it so well that I will always be able to see it and feel and smell and hear it, and so in a way it will go on forever.

It has, too. Whenever I want to, I can take that ride once more. I take it every now and then when I am a little tired or lonely.

So—when I read of that M-G-M Twenty-Year Anniversary, it opened a closet with a lot of records to me.

You must have a lot of them, too, whether you realize it or not just at first. The three young soldiers coming through the woods in that first great film of the last war, "The Big Parade." Remember them? The incredible impact of mystery and passion the first

YEARS

1944



BY
ADELA
ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

time you saw Garbo. History-come-to-life in all its magnificence when Norma Shearer was Marie Antoinette—and the chariot race in "Ben Hur" and the traveling into far countries with "Trader Horn." Remember? The people, too, you've known and loved so that they are part of your friendship life—Andy Hardy, and Dr. Gillespie, and all that glamour ever meant or could mean in the top picture star of all time to date—Joan Crawford. Mrs. Miniver—as familiar to you now as your next-door neighbor, and the voice of a little girl named Judy Garland that has lifted your heart so often and—A Guy Named Joe, who is now almost part of our religion.

But of course because I've been lucky enough to be a visitor on the M-G-M lot for twenty years, I've a lot of personal records, big and little, sad and gay, dramatic and silly that sometimes I play over.

Sometimes I doubt if people understand how big a part of life "the lot" is to a motion-picture star. A second home. How many meals are eaten there, how many days and nights of work, seeing rushes, having fittings, being photographed, attending story conferences, handling mail and business—and how often decisions and love affairs and life and death itself all come to pass on the lot.

When I think of the great white M-G-M lot, sprawling over acres and acres, the clearest vision I have is always of Marie Dressler. Why not? You don't meet very many really great women in a lifetime. The warmth of her comes rushing back, the sturdy strength, the clear sweet humor that was the outward sign of an inward grace, the never-wavering faith she had that Good was mighty and would prevail.

One day when Marie and I were walking along one of the roads between the huge stages, she put her arm around me and said, "I wish I'd had a daughter like you." Well—I can't even write it, after all these years, without choking up. It's given me something to shoot at for a long time.

I can see her now, tramping down to the set for "Min And Bill," or ready to leave for the waterfront as *Tugboat Annie,* or all dressed up in black lace and pearls as the grande dame in "Let Us Be Gay." Fifty years old, when she came to the M-G-M lot, veteran of such triumph and disaster as few people have ever (*Continued on page* 94)

I went

Twelve thrilling weeks—and in them

Editors' Note: *To Paulette Goddard, who recently returned from twelve weeks spent entertaining service men under the most trying conditions in the China-Burma-India theater, go Photoplay's congratulations for a hard job well done.*

At the end of the tour, Miss Goddard returned to Hollywood to marry Capt. Burgess Meredith of the Army.

In addition to this exciting story of her trip, Photoplay has secured for you the exclusive details of her marriage. They are presented on page 62 of this issue.

I HAVE just come home from a three-months journey into the land of death.

I traveled 38,000 miles by plane, visited fifteen countries and had the great honor to be the first civilian American woman to visit the battle areas in the China-India-Burma theater.

I've seen thousands upon thousands of American G.I.'s in the Burmese jungles and the bleak plains of China doing a big job, ignoring appalling hardships and difficulties, in the efficient, purpose-

China: Paulette is escorted to the theater by General Chennault. Her dressing-room motif: A star cut from paper by a local G. I.

Present from General Stilwell: A scroll signed by the General, Chiang Kai-Shek and Paulette. On-looker, at right, Keenan Wynn

to the end of the line

Paulette watched what no American civilian woman had been allowed to see before

BY PAULETTE GODDARD

ful way that is *American.*

I still cannot think about those men, those lonely men — missing their girls and their wives, wanting their homes—without weeping. And I am proud, knowing them, that I am an American too.

People back here at home ask me about their morale. You don't ask men like that about their morale. You take it for granted. The boys are wondering about *our* morale. It is a more legitimate question.

Don't think that I mean by this that the little things we do to make their job easier are not appreciated. Of course they're grateful for the movies and the candy and the food and the beer. I've seen letters worn thin from re-reading, so I know how much they want and appreciate letters from home. And they were touchingly pleased to see our gang —William Gargan and Keenan Wynn, Andy Arcari and me. We were a taste of home.

I asked the Hollywood Victory Committee and U. S. O. Camp Shows to send me to the China-India-Burma theater because I knew that the men there, isolated since the early months of the war, needed entertainment very much.

My fifty-five pounds of luggage consisted almost entirely of short evening dresses, high-heeled shoes and perfume.

I knew I would have to wear slacks—and the men *hate* them—when, complete with parachute and oxygen mask, I was flown from base to base. At 20,000 feet, sometimes over enemy territory, you don't worry about glamour.

But when the show went on I tried to live up to the name the G.I.'s gave me: "Miss Cheese Cake No. 1."

It was the first time I'd ever had the experience of changing into formal "undress" in the freezing cold of an ambulance converted into a dressing room, but the whistles and cheers which followed were more warming than steam heat.

In the wilds, where Army nurses were the only women there before me, the accommodations for ladies were very sketchy. The boys, hoping I wouldn't congeal from the cold before the performance, would roll my "dressing room" to the door of the tent which served as a theater. They couldn't do as much with the plumbing.

I learned to makeshift for showers those three months, believe me, including one time when I bathed, and quite satisfactorily, in cold tea, and another when I washed and rinsed my hair with one basin (price, 300 Chinese dollars) of cold water.

Except for the sequins, I adapted myself to the routine of life the boys now consider completely normal. I ate spam and corn and corned beef hash and beans (C-rations) for breakfast, lunch and dinner and gained six pounds in the process. I found out that some Army cooks can make spam and canned pineapple into gourmet's delights—and others can just open cans.

I slept out of doors, in sleeping bags or in tents—whatever was handy.

I rolled out of my limousine (another ambulance) when we skidded around a muddy curve on the Ledo Road one night and did my show spattered with mud from head to foot.

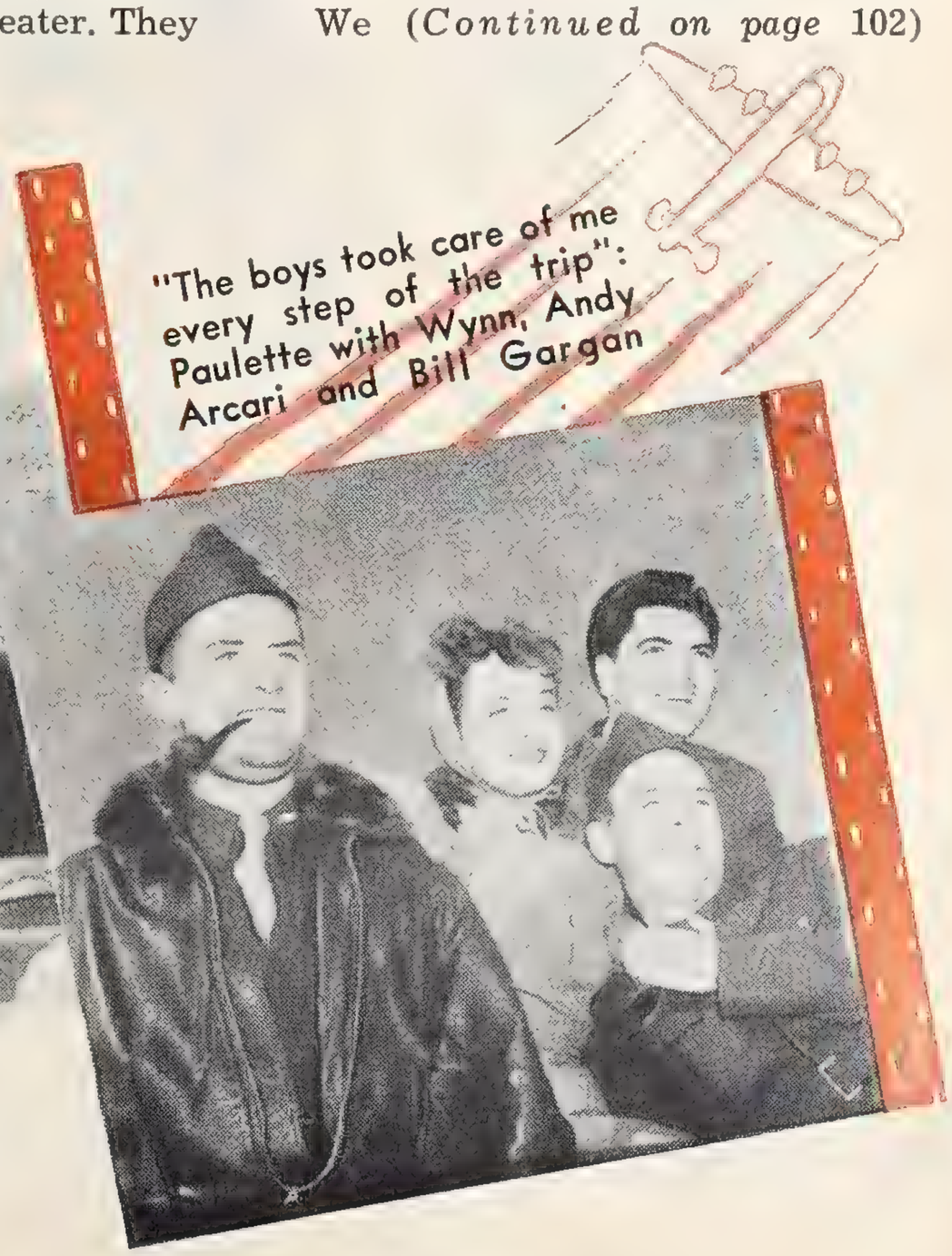
Under such conditions, you get to *know* the guys you're performing for.

We (*Continued on page* 102)

Jap bombing expected—but the show goes on: Paulette plays stooge for Bill Gargan and Keenan in the mind-reading act



"The boys took care of me every step of the trip": Paulette with Wynn, Andy Arcari and Bill Gargan



Photoplay Found My Sister!



A storybook tale comes true! Through this magazine, Virginia Emerson was reunited with her star sister Faye, went to Hollywood, had these exciting experiences

BY VIRGINIA EMERSON

As told to Janet Bentley

IT WAS my girl friend, Gloria Balkema, who first telephoned me the best news I'll ever get all my life. Gloria said that the movie star, Faye Emerson, had written a letter in Photoplay in search of her baby sister, Virginia, whom she hadn't seen in fourteen years.

Faye Emerson! I tried to recall the girl I had seen on the screen in "The Desert Song" and "Between Two Worlds." Could this blonde Hollywood star be my big sister Peggy? I most certainly was Virginia Emerson. I did have a lost older sister. I had been born in Chicago. And this Hollywood Faye Emerson said her sister was named Virginia and born in Chicago.

I work as a cashier in the Bell Telephone offices in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Ever since I was five, the last time I had seen Peggy, I have been brought up by my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Labinski. They are dear, generous people. I would have proudly taken their name, except that my aunt forbade it. Aunt Phyllis would say, "No, Ginger. If you keep on using your own name someday you will discover Peggy."

I couldn't wait in that first excited moment to go out (*Continued on page* 106)

Irene Dunne

Beauty under the August sun: Irene Dunne of "The White Cliffs Of Dover"

Play Truth or Consequences

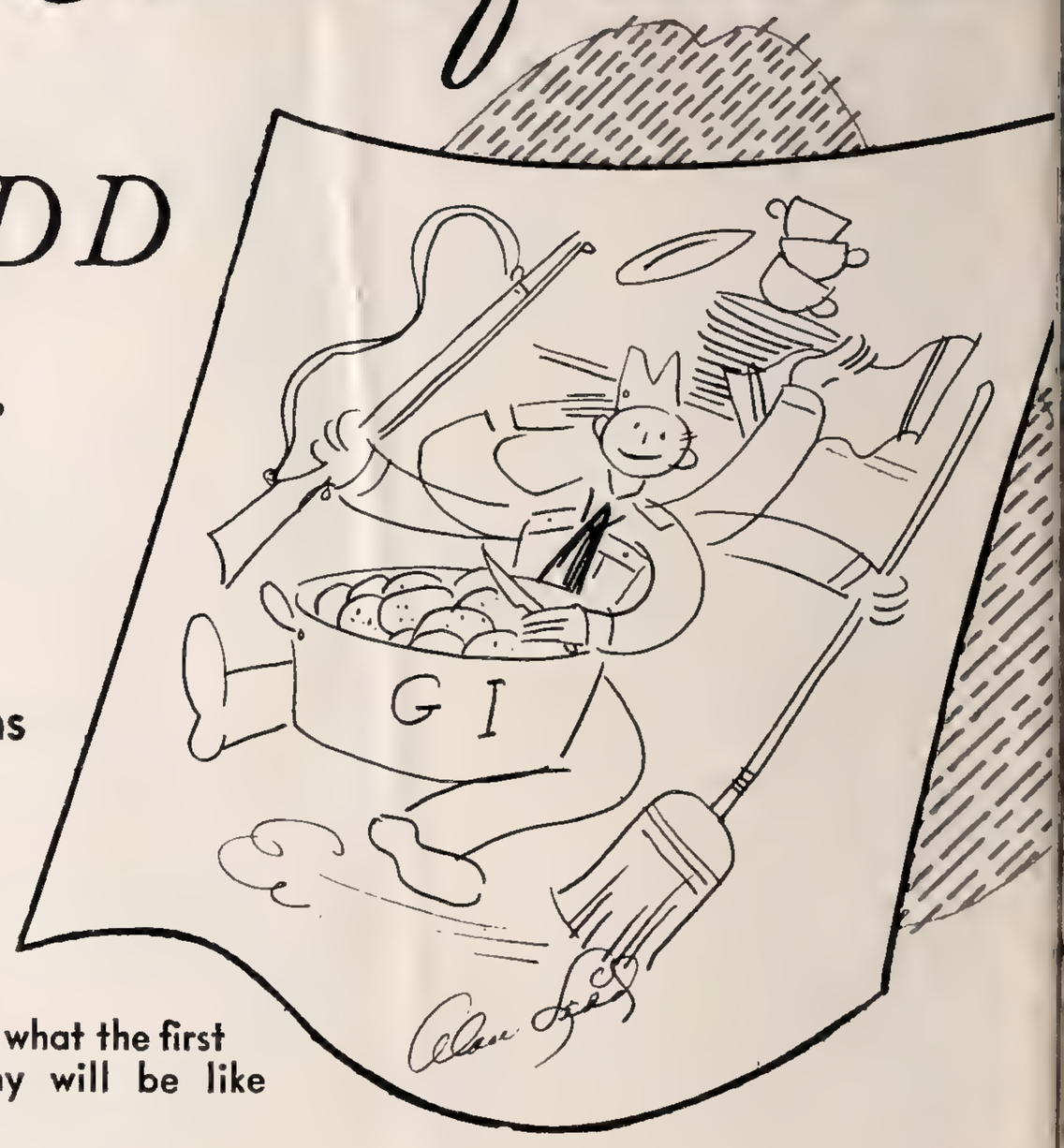
with ALAN LADD

Game Conductor • Kay Proctor

A game guy and a good game!

Ladd either answers some pointed questions

pointedly—or pays off plenty



The general Ladd idea of what the first day back in the Army will be like

1—Q: Are you glad you are being recalled to the Army?
A: Yes, definitely!

2—Q: Why are you again eligible for military service after an honorable discharge?
A: Because I now am physically fit for some kind of duty where I was not before. I expect I will be given limited service this time because some of the physical conditions which caused my discharge still exist.

3—Q: Do you expect Army life to be tougher this time than before?
A: No, why should it? I've been through the mill, know what to expect and how to handle it. The first month in Army life always is a shock, getting adjusted to a new routine, and it may be a little tough this time to make that adjustment again.



Consequence on No. 49: Ladd reveals one of his hidden talents

4—Q: Were you uncomfortable about being out of the Army?
A: Yes, because everyone is in.

5—Q: Did your discharge embarrass you?
A: Yes. As a matter of fact, the reason I didn't want to come out was that there was so much Army stuff about me in print just then—pictures of me in uniform and camp life, etc.—that it naturally made me feel silly.

6—Q: Did you encounter any personal resentment against you while in the Army?
A: Never once, I'm grateful to say. Not one crack ever was made. The fellows all were swell. Of course I got a lot of kidding at first, chiefly because of the uniform they gave me—two pair of blanket pants and a blouse two sizes too small. They said later they did it for a rib, to see how I would take it.

7—Q: Do you anticipate any unpleasantness or cracks when you return?
A: Not if I get the same swell break I got the first time.

8—Q: What topkick do you hope to avoid in the future?
(*Alan chose the consequences—Draw a cartoon of your first day back in the Army.*)



Good egg: Alan pays consequences rather than answer No. 36

9—Q: What did you like most in Army life?
A: The friends I made.

10—Q: What did you like least in Army life?
A: Losing in crap games at noon.

11—Q: What phase of Army life will be most difficult to readjust to?
A: Being regimented, probably. Also being away from Sue and Alana.

12—Q: What provision have you made for Sue and Alana?
A: I have tried to save enough money to take care of them comfortably in my absence.
(*Cont'd on page 78*)



Result of reneging on No. 44: Picture of Alan in commercial films



Victor: Alan Ladd of "And Now Tomorrow," winner of the Color Portrait Poll

Stars

A confidential report on their strictly personal doings when



When he's out of the West Coast limelight Boyer is working for what's near his heart

Fabulous figure when she's in New York is Roz Russell (with husband Fred Brisson)

BY Elsa



SINCE the war the stars have spent less free time in Hollywood than ever before. Many of their holidays, of course, are given to camp shows all over the world, wherever our boys are training or fighting. Other holidays they spend in Mexico, New York, Sun Valley, Washington, on their ranches in the West and on the farms they own up New England way.

The gaiety and make-believe that used to be so joyous in Hollywood scarcely exist any more. The war has changed this too. . . .

I remember, for instance, the never-to-be-forgotten party Gary Cooper gave a few years ago. Everybody was there . . . Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, Fredric and Florence March, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, all the movie tycoons, in fact.

Gary, who adores gags, asked me to think up something to contribute to the fun. I thought up an old French countess.

"Be very nice to the Countess de Castiny," I said to Gary's guests. "She's a grande dame of St. Germaine, very important in Europe."

Polly Moran, a marvelous comedienne, was my countess. I dressed Polly in a white wig, long trailing robes, a dog collar of black velvet and pearls, dangling earrings and long white gloves. She looked down her nose through a lorgnette, spoke with a decided French accent and pretended to scarcely any knowledge of English.

"Why do you have that old dame here to spoil our fun?" demanded the guests.

Polly pretended to overhear this. She looked superciliously through her lorgnette and then, in a flash, tore off her wig, kicked her trailing robes sky-high and berated the incredible and hysterical guests with the tongue of a hundred fishwives. A very bawdy and funny woman, Polly!

I look forward to the day when Hollywood again will go in for this manner of fun. For it will mean the war has ended and Victory has been won. In the meantime the stars spend their holidays and do much of their playing away from their home town.

Previously Hollywood stars on a holiday in New York found this big city uncomfortably like a super frigidaire. Those who said, "I'm going East to see the new plays," spoke only too truly. In many cases the new plays were about all they did see. Unless you count the press and photographers, the restaurants and night clubs and the sales forces in salons like Hattie Carnegie, Lilly Daché and Mainbocher.

It wasn't a question of the Hollywood elite's not being welcome in social circles. The stars simply did not know the right people or have

at Play

they're "just people" away from their Hollywood home



They hold their own outside Hollywood: Brian Aherne, Myrna Loy, L. B. Mayer

Maxwell

any means of getting to them. Lately, in a way, I have acted as a liaison officer between Hollywood and Manhattan and Washington. And loved it!

Now it is a different story. Now, often enough, the stars are social lions and lend tone to some of the most exclusive parties. It is great fun to see men like Herbert Hoover, Eddie Rickenbacker, Henry Luce and big bankers sit, wide-eyed, while Louis B. Mayer tells how he discovered various stars and when Mr. Mayer pauses, to hear these men and their ladies clamor for more . . . It is exciting to watch Irene Dunne obscure the Duchess of Windsor . . . It is unbelievable to find the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room crowded to capacity with palpitating dowagers at a luncheon of the French American Club—because a member named Charles Boyer is speaking that day. But I am getting ahead of my story. . . .

Perhaps one of the greatest social successes away from Hollywood is Annabella, Mrs. Tyrone Power. When Annabella opened in "Jacobowsky And The Colonel," Mrs. John Hay Whitney, formerly Mrs. James Roosevelt, and Mrs. Vincent Astor, top leaders of society, gave the loveliest party for her.

At this party it was most interesting to note the manner in which Hollywood stars gave colorful tone to Eastern society. Among the guests were Kay Francis, just in from overseas, Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, wife of the producer and daughter of Harry Warner, Constance Bennett, at home wherever she travels, Robert Sherwood, of Washington and London now, as he does his brilliant work with the OWI, but essentially of the theater, and Merle Oberon and her husband Sir Alexander Korda. Alex was about to leave for England and Merle had flown on for a last week end with him. Their devotion certainly routed any rumors that they are having difficulties. At luncheon they sat next to each other. And they held hands. They were reminiscent of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks long ago.

I said, "Well, Alex, you are going back to England to do a great job for M-G-M, I hear. And you're to have everything you wish. . . ."

Alex smiled. "Yes," he said, "everything but my greatest possession." As he spoke he put his hand under Merle's chin and kissed her.

When Roz Russell is in New York you are sure to find her at 1-2-3. The boy who plays the piano for Roger Stearns there is an old friend of hers. Originally from Connecticut, she considers catching up with old friends the best part of a holiday jaunt East.

The stars have their favorite haunts in Washington and San Francisco and (*Continued on page* 85)

FOUR ROSES
CHEVROLET
PLANTERS PEANUTS



Merle Oberon: Her N.Y. status checks up with her Hollywood rating

Luson Peters



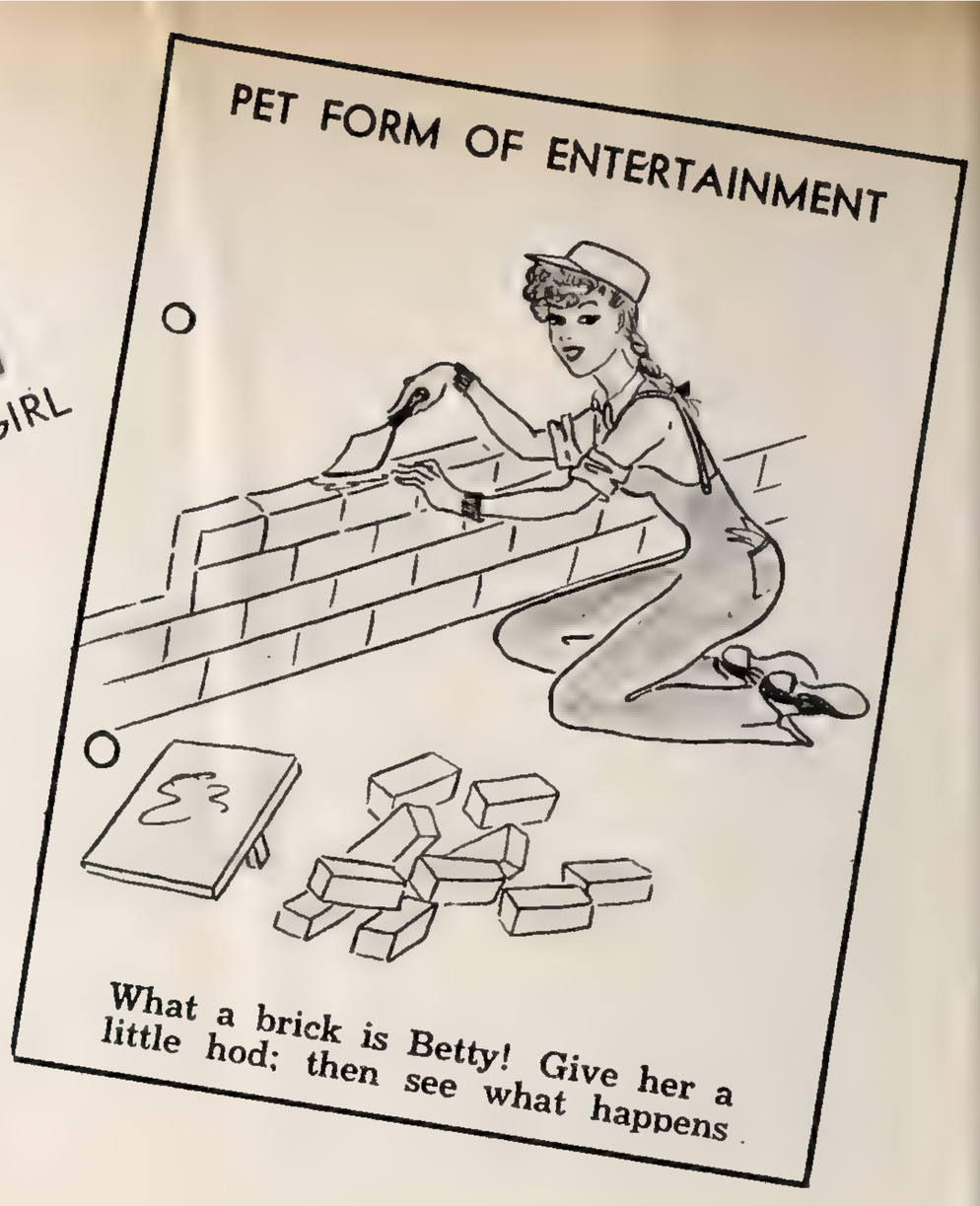
Pert: Susan Peters of "Secret In The Dark"



Perfect: Robert Walker of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"



THE COVER GIRL



What a brick is Betty! Give her a little hod; then see what happens

Adding up oddenda about a "regular guy" — a little girl with a great big sense of fun

Personal history: Grew up among odd jobs in Detroit as Betty June Thornburg until the age of eleven. Then, as Betty Hutton, she plunged into the night-club world as a singer—winding up, via Broadway, as a Hollywood actress.

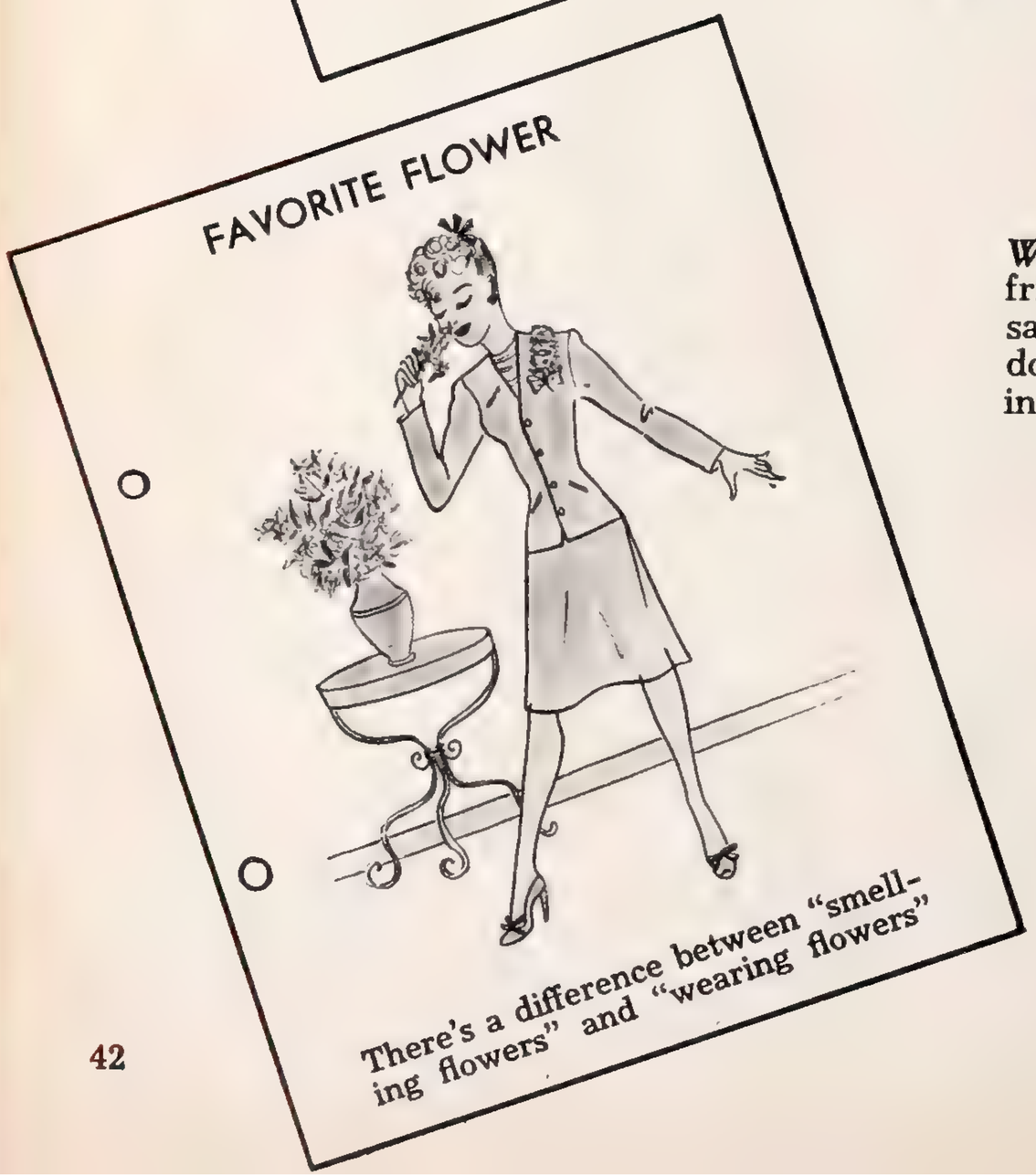
Current beau: Nary a one; Hollywood men are either Too Old or Too Married.

Worst fault: Her gigantic impatience about everything, from waiting for a new dress or a new picture to waiting to fall asleep at night once she's in bed! This is why she always wires, never writes—and why her friends say she's a human edition of the Brooklyn Express!

Pet hates: Dirt in any form, in a room or on a person; artificial people; jewelry, purses and loud clothes—particularly in red.

Most temperamental demand: Three cups of boiling hot coffee in the morning, the minute she opens her eyes.

Favorite clothes: Pajamas, which she owns by the dozens in tailored silk; and furs—she has sables, a silver fox stole.



There's a difference between "smelling flowers" and "wearing flowers"

What she can cook the best: Everything on the menu—but particularly fried chicken. Her secret of success: She rolls each piece of chicken into salt-and-peppered flour, then drops it into a big kettle of deep fat, like doughnuts. Results: Crisp and crusted morsels that make listless eaters into avid ones!

Worst lie she ever told: She's told a million, all on the same feminine subject—her age. Only she lies in reverse—she's boosted her age from the time she was fourteen and hungry, when she got her first steady job singing by saying, "I'm nineteen." (P.S.—She's truly twenty-three by now!)

Favorite flower: Smelling flowers: Orange and grapefruit blossoms. Wearing ones: Orchids—or three white carnations pinned in a row on the breast pocket of a black suit.

What she wants to be doing when fifty: She wants to be a fine dramatic performer on the screen, like Bette Davis—and nighttimes she wants to go to her previews with one husband and four children. Daytimes, she wants to ride horses at a gallop, swim, tennis and paw lovingly over a collection of precious gems and oriental curios.



New broom sweeps clean, provided it's provided with the Hutton hand



Count up to ninety—it's a fair average for "Where did I leave it?"

Happiest moments: When she's cleaning up a mess—such as the time she scrubbed her compartment on a train when the porter wasn't looking. And her weekly assaults on her closet—when she gives away excess clothes and neatly re-sorts the ones remaining.

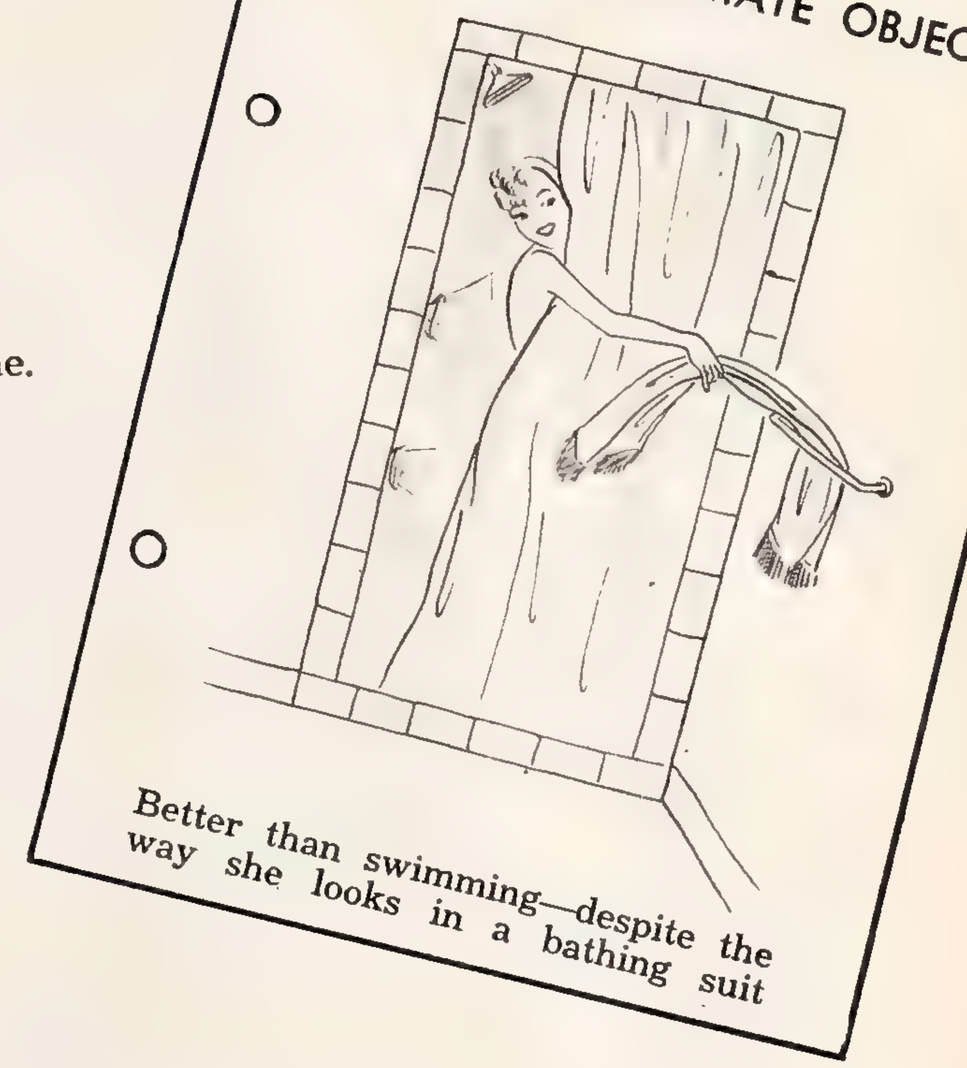
Most careless habit: Losing purses—she's lost ninety in her lifetime.

Favorite role: Texas Guinan in "Incendiary Blonde"—in which, for the first time, she realized her ambition to play a really dramatic part.

Best woman friend: Doris Harris, her hairdresser, who recently joined the WAVES.

Favorite book: "The Fountainhead," which she's read twice and will read a hundred times.

What she wants in a husband: All she wants is everything—some one good-looking but not "pretty," who dresses like a dream and who's tall, well-built and full of fun; but most of all, who's bright! Since she missed so much schooling, she longs to surround herself with brainy people; so he'll have to be an Einstein or he's off the list!



Better than swimming—despite the way she looks in a bathing suit

What she'd be like as a wife: She'd be Mrs. Perfection. Her house would shine with spotlessness and flowers; her cupboards would be sloppy if one pin were out of place; and she'd be the gayest companion in the world. Also, Mr. Husband could search in vain for any leftover letters from her single state—she throws away all letters the minute they're read. She also throws out any presents she doesn't like: To her, only people are important; objects have no connection with the people who gave them.

Habits she's trying to break herself of: Just two tiny ones: Chewing the inside of her cheek and picking off her nail polish the second it's on.

Biggest fight she ever had with anyone: There was nothing quiet about it. Betty was in one corner, band leader Vincent Lopez in the other—when she decided to leave his band in order to try singing on the stage. It was fought in court and in headlines . . . and Betty was the winnah!

Favorite inanimate object: Any shower-bath—where you'll find her seven times a day when she's acting in a picture and four times when she's not. She takes one shower the minute she's up in the morning, the second after lunch, number three just before dinner and the fourth before she gets into bed for the night. With every shower she changes her clothes—making a laundry pile that looks like a family of five's!

Ideal home: She's dreamed of it for years. It will be beautiful in miniature, with lovely early American furniture, a big garden surrounding a swimming pool and a kitchen filled with succulent food. And the living room filled with guests!

Favorite color: Black—which is why she owns twenty black dresses and only two others.

Pet beauty secret: It's to do with her lovely blonde mop of hair—which she washes three times a week. She soaps it thrice, rinses it twice in water and once in vinegar. Then she pours a glass full of (*Continued on page* 109)

Janet Blair



Wear striking coral and mimosa says
Janet Blair, star of Columbia's
"Tonight And Every Night"

Make your future bright!

Do you know which color is the men's favorite?

Here's some new "woman's wiles" that show you how to clean up in the male market!

BY MARY MURDOCK

COLOR PERSONALITY SPECIALIST

IF you want to be a bundle of charm for twenty-four hours a day, check up on your color science. Of course the old blonde and brunette business of pairing you off with your glamour colors still works, but in addition there is a whole new bag of color tricks which you should be getting acquainted with.

You have probably guessed that there is more to color than meets the eye—what woman hasn't! You don't always have a good time in your prettiest dress or draw all the compliments in your new suit. Maybe the boss frowns at you all day and the man in your life just sits and reads when you want to go places.

Colors should, of course, be becoming in the usual way, but lately we have come to realize that they play a definite part in our lives. It is the intelligent use of them that counts. Colors can make us happy, self-reliant and important to a marked degree. They definitely contribute to our business success, our personal achievement and most assuredly to our emotional lives.

Just by way of whetting your appetite—do you know that masculine taste runs toward certain colors? That you can play on the male mood like an accomplished flutist, if you but know your color notes?

Did you dream that fatigue and age have color shadows and you can easily make the mistake of playing them up when you want to appear most beautiful?

Do you know that some colors pick you up at a party, while others look romantic across a restaurant table? In short, do you realize that color is high-powered feminine glamour which you can turn to your own purpose, if you know a few of the tricks?

So that you can get busy with this newest secret and very personal information, here are some color tips as heady as moonlight and as mysterious as a new perfume.

Every woman should have a red dress. All men like red and every woman has fun wearing it. Select the best red for your type, of course.

Blue is man's favorite color—95% of them! Flower-like blues are first favorites, middle blues next, dark blues last. Blue is prettiest matched up, with no accent, long sleeves, close neck—the idea being that too much skin showing makes it less flattering—odd but true.

Aqua is the most universally becoming color. Any age, any type, can wear it perfectly. It accents the soft health pinks, looks young.

Eggshell or cream-white is more flattering than dead white which makes you look toil-worn, even when you're not. Men like women in white—one of those things we are not supposed to understand, just know.

Pastels are romance colors. They are prettiest when dull in texture, cut amply, gracefully. Men propose to girls in pastels.

Have an orchid dress if you are an ash blonde with pale blue or gray eyes. It makes you very feminine and appealing—almost angelic.

All violet tones should be in dull textures. They make your hair and eyes appear lustrous and are prettiest worn out of doors. Men over thirty like violet.

If you are a sunshine and flowers girl like Janet Blair in her coral and mimosa casuals (her picture's on page 44) you just naturally react to flower and sunshine colors. They pick up your mood, radiate it, make you a special kind of person to look at and have around.

Outdoors, you want to be a part of the scene, so borrow from the clear spectrum colors, azure blue, sunshine yellow and radiant pinks. You will look warm and golden in yellows, flower-like in pinks, especially if they are brief and fresh, a gypsy in red, and young in yellow-greens.

Daytime is the wrong time to wear mysterious colors; save those for cosy twosomes in palm-shaded clubs. Out in the sun, be vibrant in your colors, be something to lure the eye, to accelerate the pulse and later in the day you can face about and become a goddess born of moonbeams.

Try cerise with dark blue or black if these everyday colors make you look uninteresting. Cerise accents are very sophisticated—as all French women know.

Cloudy blue is a charmer. It must be full with either folds or ruffles. Never wear it tight unless you are being practical.

If you are plump, obviously healthy or a dark, dark brunette, try yellow—all yellows. It becomes light, rather than color, and sets you off like a jewel—especially at night.

Button yourself up into white wool if you are tiny—either summer or winter, inside or out of doors. The boy friend will adore you. Rough-textured white is most becoming.

Wear a bright dress to the office once a week—on men's authority—no oftener. They like it that way, odd creatures.

But a red hat and coat! Every day isn't too often. It must be that you look adventurous when you come in and as if you were going places when you depart.

Keep men guessing in gray. It borrows, for some mysterious reason, your mood. Make it soft and drapy if you would be wistful; tailored, if you want your date to be proud to escort you down the street. Don't accent gray if you are blonde, chestnut or red head. Try black accents if you are brunette.

The red (*Continued on page* 77)



Man of enthusiasms: Bing Crosby, star of Paramount's "Going My Way"

Hymie Fink

A rare kind of story about a rare kind of guy—Crosby, without whom Hollywood (and you) would miss a lot of fun



Big-scope Crosby enthusiasm: His wife Dixie, Lindsay, Gary and the twins

Going Bing's Way

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

OF all the people in show business probably none is subject to so much misinterpretation and even villification as Bing Crosby. This, despite the indubitable fact of his enormous audience popularity.

The odd thing is that Bing does nothing to dispel the illusions and phony legends which have grown up about him. On the contrary he takes a waggish delight in fostering such popular beliefs that he is lazy, careless, indifferent about his work and insufferably conceited. In a sense he is a two-faced guy. The swagger and smugness of which he is sometimes accused are an odd and perverse taunt to his detractors. There is no visible sign of these traits in the countenance which Bing reserves for his friends.

Bing's friendships are as wide and varied as are his interests. They include jockeys, cowboys, society folk, scientists and Catholic priests. Bing is a prodigious reader and his reading matter takes in everything from the Racing Form to the Encyclopaedia Britannica. He has an amazing faculty for taking on the lingo and color of the people he happens to be associated with. For instance, during the racing season he is up at six every morning watching the horses being exercised at the track, mingling with the jockeys and talking their language. When he visits his newly acquired 10,000 acre cattle ranch in northern Nevada he wears chaps, lets his beard grow and becomes every inch a cowboy. On the golf links his attitude and conversation are that of a professional golfer.

His enterprises invariably grow out of friendships and most of them have their origin on the golf links. Several years ago when he first became interested in horses a racing friend with whom he was playing golf remarked casually, "Bing, why don't you get yourself a race track? You could have a lot of fun." Just as casually Bing replied, "All right, let's do it." The upshot was the beautiful Del Mar track near La Jolla.

Bing never gives orders to his business colleagues or attempts to advise them. When anyone suggests some enterprise which interests him he simply gives them the Go sign and leaves them to carry out the details. His recent venture into the motion-picture producing field was born that way. Golfing with his friend James Edward Grant, the writer, they got to talking about John L. Sullivan. Grant brought up the subject because it happened he had written a story around the great fighter's career.

"Someone ought to make a picture about that fellow," Grant said innocently.

Bing agreed. "Why don't we do it?" he said. "We will form our own company."

That was all there was to it. Grant interested others of Bing's friends in the project, papers were drawn up and Bing Crosby Productions came into being. The first picture will be the story of John L. Sullivan.

This simplicity and casualness in Bing's make-up do not make him a sucker for cranks and schemers. He can spot a chiseller every time and any so-called friend who tries to take advantage of him is promptly dropped from his list. He has an uncanny way of sizing up people and once he puts his trust in them he will go the whole hog provided they don't bother him with business details.

One of Bing's ardent hobbies is the acquisition of a large vocabulary. He loves to fool around with words, not only the dictionary kind but slang and odd expressions. Sometimes he will make up a slang phrase as, for instance, when he was informed recently that a friend of his, a high-ranking Army officer stationed in northern California, was coming down to pay him a visit. "Stand by with a bird," he said to his informant, meaning, "Stock up the ice box and the cellar."

At another time his colored cook came to Mrs. Crosby somewhat bewildered by a note which Bing had left for her in the kitchen. "Father Sharpe and Johnny Burke are coming to dinner tonight. Fish is mandatory." Father Sharpe is a Catholic priest and Johnny Burke, the song writer and pal of Bing's, is a devout Catholic. It was a Friday, and of course fish was in order.

The cook shook her head and said to Mrs. Crosby, "What is this 'fish is mandatory?' I ain't never heard of that food."

One of Bing's outstanding enthusiasms is his family. He has four sons, ranging from Gary, age eleven, down to Linnie, age six, and including the ten-year-old twins. His attitude toward them is not that of a parent but rather the captain of a team. He enters into their games with the zest of an older brother and when he finds it necessary to correct them for any misdemeanors he does it in their own language. When Gary and the twins were younger he would tell them bedtime stories like (*Continued on page* 82)

Just My Bill—



Bill Bendix of Fox's "Greenwich Village" and Levey's "The Hairy Ape"; his big admirer, wife Tess

MOST wives remember clearly and with a nostalgic thrill the occasion on which they met or first saw the man they were to marry. Sometimes I feel a bit cheated, because I can't recall the incident of my first meeting with Bill; because I can't mention a single moment in my life when I didn't know Bill. Bill's family and mine were friends and neighbors in New York. Occasionally Bill's mother took both of us, as babies, for a perambulator stroll through the park. At other times my mother would take charge of the younger generation. Bill insists that, as an infant, I caused him great annoyance by slamming him over the head with my rattle.

I was still quite small when my family moved to New Jersey. This didn't separate me from Bill, however. He used to come down every week end and make my life miserable by chasing me by the hour. I was at that stage through which every girl lives, when I questioned the wisdom of the very angels for having allowed a creature of male sex to be placed upon the earth. Such beings pulled braids, pinched noses and called names.

Often when I knew that Bill was coming for the week end, I shinnied up my favorite tree and remained there, hour upon hour, until I was ordered into the house for meals. Bill caught on to this trick immediately. He used to station himself beneath my hideout and do imitations of Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks. He also was especially good at vaulting the clothesline with the aid of an old tent pole.

I wanted to hate him, but he was so funny that I always found myself laughing. "Come on down," he would urge when I was completely mollified and down I would climb to join him in some fantastic drama that he produced on the spur of the moment.

Always, Bill has been an important part of my life. If I had a dinner party for twenty-four persons and Bill wasn't there, the evening would seem lonely and flat. On the other hand, if Bill is merely asleep on the lounge, the house seems filled, bustling and important.

I'm glad that Bill is so very much a homebody. He likes to have me at the door when he arrives from work in the evening, so I always arrange my appointments so that I'll be there. We make a little ritual of homecoming. The moment that Lorraine, our fourteen-year-old daughter, and I hear Bill drive into the garage, we take a final

Most wives wouldn't talk this way. But then, most wives don't have husbands like Mr. William Bendix!

BY TESS BENDIX



The Bendix comedy takes a private turn: Bill plays up to a home audience; Tess just plays



The house, Bill's present; the cup inscribed "For My Old Man," a gift from Tess to Bill

look at ourselves in the mirror—to be sure that our hair is neat and our noses non-shiny—then run to meet him. We make a fuss over him. We feel that it is his due because, in his way, he goes out every day to fight the world for us. He has given us a beautiful home, pretty clothes and a sheltered life and all he asks in exchange is our devotion. It is a delight to give devotion to my Bill.

BILL is the sort of man who shows me the little courtesies that every wife enjoys. For one thing, he brings my coffee to me each morning. I drink it propped up on pillows that he plumps behind me. It's a cosy convention and we get in some conversation left over from the night before. That's an odd thing about Bill and me: We have never yet run out of things to talk about; we have been known to talk half the night away.

Incidentally, the ritual of coffee in bed for me has a romantic origin. It goes back to the time when we were expecting Lorraine as a first wedding-anniversary present. At that time Bill was coaching a sandlot football team in his spare time, so, of course, Miss Lorraine decided to make her worldly bow on a Saturday. All that morning, while I was walking up and down, up and down, in compliance with the doctor's orders, Bill walked beside me, suffering even more than I was. "Can't I get you something, honey, a glass of water or something?" he kept asking.

"Just go away and let me manage this in my own way," I begged, giving him the best smile I could muster. "I'm quite all right."

When the doctor arrived, I sent Bill out of the room on an errand and asked the doctor how soon the baby would be here. He told me that it wouldn't be long, so I explained that Bill was so tender-hearted that I didn't want him to remain with me. I suggested that the doctor mislead Bill and—with a chuckle—he agreed to co-operate.

He told Bill the youngster wouldn't arrive until late in the evening. "So you go watch your team play football."

When Bill returned at six, the doctor was over in one corner of the room attending to the baby. I was feeling only as a new mother, still groggy but hilarious with joy, can feel. "How are you, honey?" Bill whispered hoarsely as he tiptoed into the room where I lay.

"I'm fine. Who won?" I demanded, grinning at him.

"We won," he answered abstractedly. "Is there anything I can do for you, honey?"

I said in clear and ringing tones that I wanted a ham sandwich. He looked horrified, then, hearing a sound in the corner, he turned around and saw the doctor . . . and our daughter. He tiptoed over, his face plaster-white. He stood there, watching the doctor oil the chubby little body. Slowly, tears began to slide down his cheeks. He watched until he couldn't see through the salt-water blur. then he gave me a funny little salute and left the room.

The next morning he brought my early coffee to me and from that day to this—even when he has been seriously troubled with asthma—he has repeated that thoughtful act. Occasionally, when he has been really ill and I have arisen to take care of him, he has said, "I'll be all right in a day or so, honey, so that I can bring your coffee to you." That's my Bill.

Another of our family routines consists of contributions to the penny bank. Only it isn't a *penny* bank nowadays, nor even a *piggy* bank as it was (*Continued on page* 75)

First reward of the Tierney plan: Gene's husband, Oleg Cassini, gets enthusiastic, goes in for K.P.

My Great Adventure

It all began with a letter—and the end was one that will give every woman who reads this a sense of personal triumph



Scene of the adventure: A four-room white clapboard house at Junction City, Kansas



To market, to market—to buy food that would "answer five questions" and make Gene a talked-about hostess

BY

Gene Kenney

I HAVE a true story to tell. It really starts in May of last year when I was still living as a Hollywood star—when I could still see palm trees out my bedroom window (instead of clothes lines!) and I was still wandering from room to room of a big and beautiful California home (instead of a four-room clapboard cottage in Kansas). The point is, I was about to start off on a big adventure, one that gave me more fun than anything else I've ever done. And now, if all goes according to plan, I'm going to do it over again.

But that's my story and I'd better tell it straight through!

I had finally got everything arranged to leave Hollywood behind me for a year and go join my soldier husband in Kansas, where he was about to start Officers Candidate School at Fort Riley. I was three months along in the role of motherhood and I was determined to be with my husband during the one time I could count on the Army's keeping him in one spot for a while. So I'd rented my house, said goodby to my studio and stowed my collection of suitcases and Butch (our police dog) into my little convertible and I was actually backing out the driveway when the mailman came and shoved my mail at me. Well, in that mail was something that was going to put the adventure (and the fun) into my coming year.

I ripped open an envelope and read this little list:

"1. Pay your taxes.
2. Buy War Bonds.
3. Pay old debts, avoid making new ones.
4. Save your money; keep up your life insurance.
5. Pay only ceiling prices, buy rationed goods only with ration points (not on the black market).
6. Buy only what you really need. Make old things do.
7. Don't ask for higher wages, prices, or salaries."

It had been sent to me by the biggest guy of all—Uncle Sam—and after I read it, I sat there for a long moment with my arm around Butch, just thinking about how really easy it was to follow those seven rules—which would help each of us and the Government too. Then I remember I said aloud to Butch, "Well, I've got some of them done already. I've paid my old bills and my new taxes (which is why we're not stopping at any of the swankier hotels on our way East!) and both Oleg and I are buying War Bonds steadily."

Then I patted him on the head and finally backed out of the driveway and pointed the car toward Fort Riley, Kansas. I pulled up in front of its administration building three days later. I was all ready for my first year away from California and New York—and for my first year *really* working at living cheaply. We simply had to; I wasn't earning any money and we had to stay close to Oleg's Army salary.

What a year it turned out to be! First of all, Oleg drove me, Butch and the car to Junction City, which is a mile and a half from the Fort and where all the young husbands and wives live. It is mostly a main street, with a few stores; and even in April it was beginning to be hot. Also, it was so jammed with Army couples that there wasn't a house to be had. So we spent the first two weeks in an auto court and the next six in a very tiny apartment. Meanwhile, Oleg was working like a dog at Officers School and I was working like a dog on the search for a house. Finally, I regret to state, I got one through a few girlish wiles. I discovered that the owner of several small houses was movie-struck—and from the (*Continued on page* 88)

Photoplay's COMMAND

Here's the lucky six this month!

Favorite stars of service men and women obey their orders; pose as per request for cameraman Hymie Fink



Queen of the glamour girls, to Private Linden's mind, is the brunette Jinx Falkenburg. Just for the fun of it, he wanted to see her in the most unglamorous pose he could think of—scrubbing a kitchen floor! Here's Jinx as a soap-and-water beauty, thanks to Dan



Private Dan Linden, whose APO is San Francisco



Cpl. Carl Koeneman of Randolph Field in Texas

"Glamour girls are fine, but how about a few more pictures of the more realistic type?" asks Cpl. Koeneman. "How about a nice picture of Dorothy Morris in a real down-to-earth setting—a Victory Garden?" No sooner written than done by Dorothy!



Lt. Charles Br
erton, care
Postmaster, N

"What I really want," writes Lt. Brotherton, "is a date with Gloria De Haven. I'd like to take her out to dinner, then to the movies, and perhaps a little bowling after that . . . but I guess I'll just have to be happy with a picture of Gloria all set for the date!"

PERFORMANCE

Special invitation from Photoplay to the men and women in our Allied armed forces: Come on and take part in "Command Performance!" Write the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star doing.

The picture of the star, if available, will be taken by cameraman Hymie Fink and it will be reproduced, with your picture, in Photoplay. The original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you.

Give your rank, name and address, name of your home town—and enclose a picture of yourself. We're sorry that we're unable to return your photograph.



armacist's Mate
lbert E. Parmen-
r of the Navy

Too many pictures of pin-up girls floating around, to Albert's mind. As a relief from all the prettiness he wanted to see the not-so-pretty but oh-so-nice Jimmy Durante pictured buying candy in a lobby of a theater. Here's Jimmy—posing with pleasure for Al



Sp. (M) third class Margaret Murphy of WAVES



Corporal Virginia Mitchell of the WACs



Extra-special on Margaret's list is actor Cary Grant; extra-special on her menu is a strawberry soda. She wanted to see the two combined—so here's Cary Grant drinking a toast to her out in Hollywood with a strawberry soda. Here's Cary —with a bow to a WAVE

"A great morale builder," says Virginia Mitchell of Photoplay's "Command Performance." Here's her order—a picture of her favorite Turhan Bey "showing his beautiful teeth . . . Turhan is my ideal type of a man." Thanks, Virginia, says grinning Turhan



WHO'S NEWS

Diana Lynn

There was a time when Diana Lynn could take the forty-five minute ride home from Paramount Studios and no one noticed her. But that was before "The Major And The Minor," "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek," "And The Angels Sing" and before she became a beautiful round-eyed blonde for "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." Now the whole world is aware that here is a lovely talented young actress. Her real name is Dolly and what a doll she is. Acting is her avocation, but she's a musician by profession, giving recitals like mad and tearing through long Grieg concertos just as if it were chopsticks. In fact, it was when Diana, then thirteen, appeared as accompanist to a friend who was trying out for a role in Paramount's "There's Magic In Music," the studio spotted the cute little trick and signed her pronto for a role. She's been there ever since. Because her mother was busy with piano lessons, Diana attended Miss Grace's Private School for Girls until Paramount signed her. She buys all her own clothes, goes on ice-cream binges when she's sad or glad, has slender white hands unadorned with rings, makes wishes on stars, likes beaus that aren't impressed because she's in movies. She thinks being a native Los Angelean too, too wonderful.

Ted Donaldson

Ted Donaldson, unlike "Alice In Wonderland," never personally met a caterpillar until he came to Hollywood. But *Curly* the dancing caterpillar in "Once Upon A Time" certainly brought him luck, sending him on to "Mr. Winkle Goes To War" and the role of *Neely* in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." Because his parents, Muriel Pollock and Will Donaldson, were composers and music arrangers for radio shows, it was inevitable Ted should begin his career via air by spontaneously joining in the dialogue of a play while accompanying his mother to the studio. "I must have been a dope," he retrospects. Dope or not, he went right on to bigger and better programs interspersed with such stage hits as "Life With Father" and "Sons And Soldiers" with Gregory Peck. Next to Cary Grant, Gregory is his favorite actor. And magic tricks, tying knots in people's napkins with one hand, his favorite hobby. Every glamour girl in town envies Ted that red-gold sunset that tops a snub nose and two very front teeth. Born in New York August twentieth, he attended professional school, transferring out here to studio schools. He's nuts for arithmetic, steak, plaid shirts, baseball and football, only he wishes he knew some guys out here to play with. Anyone know any?

A head-start introduction to four first-raters who have a head-start on stardom

BY SARA HAMILTON

Dane Clark

Dane Clark has stepped through Hollywood's looking-glass as the confused *Pulaski* in "Action In The North Atlantic" and found himself in a bright new world. Playing now with Cary Grant in "Destination Tokyo," he's caught the "home" bug in a little canyon house where he's learning about weeds. If they'd only decide who he is he'd be completely happy. On the New York stage, he was known by his own name Bernard Zaneville. For his first movie role in "The Man On America's Conscience," he became Zane Clark. Warners changed it next to Dane Clark, but when the names were flashed on the screen for "Action" he found himself Dave Clark. Now he isn't sure who he is. Born in New York City, he attended Cornell University and later graduated in law from St. Johns. For the next three years he roamed with the Bohemian amateurs. Dimples he has, curly hair he has, dreamy brown eyes he has, with eyelashes an inch long. Plays handball, squash and tennis and owns a lopsided car even sailors won't ride in. He's married and takes his job seriously. Actors declare he'll be the screen's finest one day—if only Hollywood could decide who he is.



June Allyson

Because a tree, that didn't grow in Brooklyn, fell on her, ..ne Allyson is the M-G-M dancing, singing lambie-pie of ..ch screen musicals as "Best Foot Forward," "Girl Crazy," Meet The People" and "Two Girls (she's one of 'em) And Sailor." The tree, overwhelmed by lightning, fractured June's leg, arm and skull, threatening paralysis. At the insistence of her doctor June took swimming and dancing lessons, proving herself so expert she won the high-school swimming championship and landed a dancing job in the chorus of the New York hits "Very Warm For May" and "Higher And Higher," going on to a specialty in "Panama Hattie" and "Best Foot Forward." M-G-M thinks the natural blonde, twinkly-eyed honey-bunch too, too wonderful and we do too and so does the local lad whose fraternity pin she wears. China pigs are her hobby and she usually has a cold despite endless vitamin pills. She sounds a little like a banjo and her hair won't stay in curl. Dancing she loves but usually ends up with older men who don't. Give her a good morbid book and she's happy. She's clean, sincere, loved by everyone and was born in New York. She's twenty and has never been married. She's waiting for love.



If you were



The people: Dennis Morgan, his wife Lillian, their two-year-old Jim and the pet retriever Bruce

The Valley house: Two-story tan stucco with brown trim, brown roof

—you'd find out all the ins-and-outs of one of the most unusual homes in all of Hollywood

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

IF YOU were a house guest of the Dennis Morgans, you'd think you were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. America in a small and family-cluttered house anywhere in the United States—excepting Hollywood! You'd have all the fun, all the inconvenience and all the family life that Mr. and Mrs. America (and three junior Americas) could give you. For that matter, you'd never have intended to be their house guest. You'd have called their number and Dennis would have roared, "Come out for a meal, friend!" and so you'd have gotten under way. With no pajamas in mind or hand.

To reach their house, you'd drive through the Hollywood hills into San Fernando Valley. Past the little town of Van Nuys, you'd have turned down a quiet country macadam road lined with trees. The steady dry desert heat of the Valley would have your handkerchief glued to your brow by the time you turned in at their brick gateposts —with the brown wooden gate opened wide. You'd drive a hundred feet past a patchy front lawn edged with white Watsonias against a fence and you'd pull up at a two-story tan stucco house with brown trimmings and a brown shingled roof.

Family sounds would drift out to you as you stood on the brick doorstep hopelessly hunting for the doorbell, which is lost in a Virginia creeper —laughter, dishes rattling, a telephone ringing. Then you'd give up and bang the knocker and meanwhile notice the British characteristics of this English country-style house—you'd see holly bushes beside the doorstep and leaded windows looking out at you from the Virginia creeper and lilac bushes and English heather blooming along the flagged walk. But now the front door crashes open and here's Dennis himself—six feet two of him, 195 pounds of him, all grins and blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He looks exactly as if he's going to burst into song, which is how you've seen him recently in every theater in the land—in "Shine

Dennis Morgan's house guest



"Slim, pretty, dark-haired, gracious" is Lillian Morgan, who does all her own laundry and oversees the housekeeping. Small, blond and beloved of his father is Jim

Morgan idea of a perfect day—a bicycle tour to a Valley hideout for a gay picnic

The turkey pen in the back yard: Dennis has fifty chickens, a host of big gobblers

On Harvest Moon," "The Very Thought Of You," "Animal Kingdom" and (soon) in "Christmas In Connecticut."

"Greetings!" he'd boom at you. Then, instantly, the illusion of his romantic singing is shattered. There's the sound of a tornado coming your way —and suddenly the small front hall is crowded with a gang of kids, all skidding to a stop at sight of you. Two of the dirty, noisy throng are neighbor Andy Devine's kids; and Dennis laughingly picks out his own three from the mob . . . Stanley, aged nine; Jim, aged two; and Kristin, his daughter, aged six. They simmer around you long enough to say how-do-you-do—and then boil off into the garden. But if your nerves are jangling, Dennis's are not; this is business-as-usual to him. He pauses only long enough to deposit happy little Jim out on the cement terrace off the living room, which is neatly fenced in to make a child's corral; and then he settles down to talk to you. After you can tear your eyes away from Jim's flattened-out face pressed against the glass staring in at you, you look around the living room, the same room you might find by the hundreds in Iowa, Tennessee, Massachusetts or, for that matter, Wisconsin (wherefrom the Morgans hail).

It's a comfortable, cluttered room. Jim's broken wagon lies on its side on the dark green rug and Kristin's battered doll sprawls passively in a green easy chair. The cream-colored plaster walls have charming etchings and water colors on them, scenes of Paris streets and of lovely cathedrals. "My wife picked 'em all up in Europe for about twenty-five cents apiece," Dennis grins, following your eye. "The most expensive cost forty cents!"

But by this time you're staring at the room's most marked feature—the dark paneled section in one long wall, with the fireplace set into it and bookshelves rising on either side of the hearth. Before the fire are two (*Continued on page* 99)

Wives should never—"



"be too, too convincing," says George Murphy, "in urging the boring guests to stay 'just a little longer.' Where a man would say, 'Oh, must you go?' and rush to open the door, the gentle hostess purrs, 'Oh, don't go yet! It's so early' and she says it so convincingly that the tiresome so-and-sos really believe her. And they sit down again and accept another glass of sherry. When they have finally departed, she complains with a pretty pout, 'I thought they'd *never* go!' The only answer her husband can make is, 'Well, you certainly convinced them that you couldn't bear it if they didn't stay a week.' To which she replies, sleepily, 'Gottabepolite,' which, a mere man supposes, means something or other."



"come down to breakfast," says John Loder, "looking too beautiful. It's altogether too disturbing. Breakfast is a serious affair at best and when a man is grimly concentrating upon the pursuit of his early morning vitamins, he should not have his efforts challenged by anything so diverting. I know that a beautiful woman can't help being beautiful, but she needn't enhance that beauty by coming down to breakfast subtly and skillfully made up. This is the only bone of contention I have with Hedy. If only she'd come down to breakfast with a shiny nose, it might help! But she refuses to have a shiny nose at breakfast, so there's nothing I can do about it. I guess a vitamin deficiency will result!"



"say, vaguely, 'I think so, too, dear,'" says Pat O'Brien, "when you know very well she hasn't been listening to a word you've said. Or, if she has been listening, she doesn't think it's worth arguing about. That makes a man feel silly. If it is a matter of real moment then she should have convictions of her own and should express them. If hers are the same as his he'll feel good about it. If not, they'll have an interesting discussion and after he has convinced her, he'll feel fine. One thing she *shouldn't* have convictions about is the state of her own personal bank balance. The average woman's incompatibility with mathematics has been proven! I must state, emphatically, that my wife Eloise is not guilty on all counts!"



"be allowed to train," says Preston Foster, "the family dog. No woman can like a dog just for being a dog. She wants him to act like a person—to sit up, shake hands, 'pray' in a corner, 'speak.' Then—heaven help the poor pooch!—she talks baby talk to him. She even persuades him that he likes it. He's no fool and when he finds that these humiliations pay off in caramels, bits of cake and other things which are very bad for him, he co-operates with all his doggy might. And what you have, after this has been accomplished, is not a dog at all. He's a cushion-sitting, baby-talk-devouring caramel fiend who forgets to bark at the milkman and forgets to greet the master of the house. He's a pfuff!"

"Husbands should never-"



"object to helping," says Barbara Stanwyck, "a wife change the furniture from here to there. When a woman gets That Look in her eye and speculates, 'Wouldn't it be nice if *that* were over here and this were over *there*?' he shouldn't just give her a bored 'Uh-huh!' and expect her to turn into a furniture mover. He should get up and help shove. What's more, he should admire the effect after the shoving has been accomplished. Otherwise she'll feel frustrated and unhappy and will think he's a brute. Furniture shoving is an important part of homemaking in which he can co-operate and, believe it or not, have fun! Bob knows his and has always been a cheerful furniture-shover."



"give away the products," says Laraine Day, "of the Victory garden before it has been planted! Give the normal man a seed catalogue and a bag of fertilizer and he starts calling up people he hasn't seen for years, booming happily, 'Do you like asparagus, old thing? Well, wait until you see what I'll have for you in a month or so! And new peas? Tomatoes? All you can eat . . . and all summer, too.' All this is expensive . . . not only for the plants, the fertilizer and the muscle liniment . . . but for the prime vegetables he furtively purchases later on when it is time to pay off. He probably lists it in the family budget as 'business incidentals.' But if you are a Victory gardener's wife . . . *you know.*"



"pace up and down," says Linda Darnell, "whistling tunelessly while they are waiting for their wives to finish dressing. They should sit down quietly and contain their souls in patience, or else go and jump in the swimming pool! This pacing and tuneless whistling drive a woman frantic to the point of putting lipstick on her eyelashes and mascara on her lips! What *do* they think they're accomplishing? Do they think they're hurrying us? How would they like it if we wives sang off key at them outside the bathroom door while they were shaving? Maybe it wouldn't be quite so bad if they'd only whistle something recognizable. But they don't. They sound like a flute player who blows hard—and misses the hole!"



"say they can fix things," says Mrs. Paul Henreid, "unless they really can. Nothing can be more trying than the man who avers, loftily, that he can put a new washer in the faucet, or fix the toaster, or stop the front door from sticking. So the kitchen is flooded or the house catches fire or the entire front hall is exposed to whatever weather is going on when he detaches the front door. And you simply cannot prevent one of these 'fixers' from going into his act without causing him acute emotional upsets. 'You don't believe in me!' he reproaches, his big brown eyes all dewy with distress. So you stand by ready to call a plumber or electrician (or fireman) or front-door-fixer when he gets that gleam in his eye."



WHY CAN'T THEY

Touchy Hollywood subject—and a for-the-first-time look at some of the reasons why

YOU open the morning paper—and there it is again!

Another Hollywood couple separating; another Hollywood marriage on the rocks.

They are parting, of course, "good friends." There is no man, says the wife, whom she respects more than she does her husband. The man comes back with a statement to the effect that there is no woman he holds in greater esteem than his wife.

Civilized, isn't it? And so charming. Only they are separating.

Why? Why, if their relationship is so delightful?

A few weeks ago, it was Lana Turner and Steve Crane, Myrna Loy and John Hertz Jr., John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson who parted, not to mention the sudden separation and just as sudden reconciliation (which may or may not last) of Binnie Barnes and Mike Francovitch.

The month before this crop, there was the parting of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Yet she and Dick had seemed ideal for one another. Parted also, almost at the same time, were Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne, who had also seemed perfect for one another, and Joan tells everyone she'd rather have Brian for a friend than any other human on earth.

Only a little before these two ceased being one, there was Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker, such compatible young people, both intent upon careers and each getting them, with two such fine sons, and Jennifer a truly devout in her religion who doesn't believe in divorce. But she's going to get one.

Only a short while before this, there was Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, which you very well know was the Cinderella match of all time; and a shade before their breakup, there was Judy Garland and Dave Rose's, which, with Cpl. Rose's consent, is reaching the divorce stage. And so on and on with Hollywood marriages, as far back as your memory cares to go.

Why can't they stay married, these stars who have everything? Youth; beauty; money; beautiful homes; beautiful children, some natural, some adopted; fame; adulation; romance; clothes; jewels.

Some marry in their own profession, because only professionals can understand one another's problems. (See Ann Sheridan and George Brent.) Others marry nonprofessionals because two careers in one household are impossible. (See Rita Hayworth and Edward Judson.) Some husbands seem to sacrifice their careers to their wives' ambitions. (Remember Bette Davis and Ham Nelson.) Other wives give up their careers for their husbands' happiness. (Note Myrna Loy



STAY MARRIED?

BY "Fearless"

and John Hertz Jr., or Ava Gardner and Mickey Rooney.)

Every time a new breakup comes, Hollywood dusts off its old propaganda line and murmurs, "There really aren't any more divorces here than anywhere else. It just seems so, because the people involved are more spectacular."

Don't you believe it.

There are more. The number of them frightens Hollywood. Hollywood itself is baffled. Hollywood asks, even as you and you, why *can't* they stay married?

Well, here's an example of the strain Hollywood couples are up against. These two delightful people have been married for years and if they ever part Hollywood will really cut its throat, for these two have been gloriously, vitally happy with one another. But could you, Mr. Big Town, have taken this episode as magnificently as did the gentleman involved?

It was Christmas Eve in the star's home, a sentimental time, certainly, and because it was a sentimental time the star had only a couple of close friends present. A great tree, glittering with ornaments, reached to the ceiling of the star's exquisite drawing room and under the tinsel-twined branches lay the presents, scores upon scores of them tumbled together in red, silver and blue-tissued splendor.

The star, a darling if there ever was one, said in a voice tender with affection, "Sweetheart, I must open your present first," and she looked around and did find his gift, and opened it, and it was truly beautiful. It was a bracelet of aquamarines and diamonds and the star said, as loving wives always say, "Oh, darling, you shouldn't have been so extravagant." The husband responded as devoted husbands always do too. He grinned and murmured, "All I want is for you to be happy, dear."

It was one of those wonderful moments life comes up with occasionally and everyone sat and glowed. Then the star reached, without looking, toward another gift. She picked the first package her hand touched, read the tag, announced it was from her agent, and tore off the wrappings. The box bore the name of the same jeweler's where the husband had purchased the bracelet. The party, all agog, said, "You lucky girl, you," and the star, smiling excitedly, opened the box. A rose petal falling in the room a second later would have sounded louder than a P-38 backfiring.

For the package contained the matching necklace to the bracelet. There it lay, in similar beauty, only there was twice as much of it,

twice as many aquamarines, twice as many diamonds of twice as big a size and the price tag had undoubtedly been twice what the husband had sacrificed to pay. What had happened was one of those sheer, awful accidents.

Now the husband is very important in his own line and his salary is tops for that line, but it isn't a match for the star's salary, naturally, since no nonamusement line can pay such fortunes.

The star said, her voice desperate, "Oh, darling, it's not his money. It's what he earns on my money." The husband's face got whiter, because that wasn't quite the thing to have said, either. But he kept on looking at his beautiful wife and she looked straight back at him and the trust in those two faces was inspiring to see. Finally the husband spoke. "I love you, baby." The wife said, "I adore you." And of course it's true. Any woman would adore a guy who could be that much man. But could you have had that much courage?

AND you, the wife who wants to knock your Jack's block off because he simply won't hang up his wet bath towels or put the top back on the tooth-paste tube and who never, never remembers to bring you flowers on your birthday, would you let your husband show off in this silly way?

This star is Mr. Big Hit himself, in his own opinion, and you can't blame him for feeling that way since about half the female population of the world agrees that he is. His wife gave up her career for him so many years ago that nearly everyone, including Mr. B. H., has forgotten she ever had one.

He goes to all the parties and he only takes his wife along just often enough to keep the dames from getting too silly. He says. Generally he is referred to as The Thrill and she is always mentioned as That Awful Woman.

This is why.

It was a typical wartime party, packed with too many women, militarily husbandless, with too much romantic time on their cocktail-holding hands. Mr. B. H. and his wife came to the party. They separated the moment they got inside the door. Mrs. B. H. retired to the corner to talk to an elderly producer's equally elderly wife.

Mr. B. H. wended his sparkling way about the gathering. "Hello, Beautiful," he said mellifluously, bending over a dumpy but important little woman who was very ugly. "Hello, Allure," he whispered to a spinster who was a more frustrated man-chaser than Vera Vague pretends to be on the Bob Hope show. "Hi, Brainy," he said to a young starlet, whose figure is V for Venus and whose thinktank is V for Vacuum. The women all gazed at him, their eyelashes batting like a washline of clothes in a March wind. All the girls had a wonderful time until well after midnight when That Awful Woman sought out her husband in the corner where he and the girl he was sitting with straightened up swiftly.

"Take me home," she ordered. "I'm very tired."

Mr. Big Hit donned his most debonair man-of-the-world look.

"But, darling, it's the shank of the evening."

"It is not and what's more I don't care what hour it is! I demand to be taken home. This instant!"

"Surely, my pet, you wouldn't want to break up this charming party."

"You heard me. Take me home, or I'll make a scene."

They left. What could a man do? Mr. B. H. made this very clear. He gave a charming, deprecating little shrug at his companion of the moment before. He subtly suggested he was shrugging at the whole room and the whole room got it. The moment the door closed behind them, the females as one, hissed, "How can he go on living with That Awful Woman?"

In the limousine as they rolled away, the star said, "Why were you so long in taking me out of there? How many times have I told you that when I'm working I want you to stage that act not later than eleven o'clock?"

Well, the wife, like the rest of the world, loves him, so she apologized for having got interested in her conversation with the producer's wife. But would you play goat so your husband could play wolf?

Or take what really happened, with slight variations, time after time, in one of Hollywood's most recent separations.

The husband is really a card. When he's out. Nobody but he can pay any check. He buys drinks for any crowd. He wisecracks. He leaves ten-dollar tips for twenty-dollar checks and a pack of fifteen-cent cigarettes is good for a fifty-cent tip to any night-club girl who serves them. Ah, yes, a card, until he comes home and starts questioning his stellar wife, who foots fifty percent of the bills, because they had rack of lamb for dinner. That's expensive. You've got to put up a front, he argues, but why do it at home where nobody sees it? Why do they have to have more than one servant in a big house? Why buy clothes at Adrian's? Why send checks to (*Continued on page 92*)

EXCLUSIVE!

—from Paulette Goddard and her husband Captain Burgess Meredith



By RUTH WATERBURY

WHEN on a Sunday afternoon, late in May, Paulette Goddard and Captain Burgess Meredith stood before an Army chaplain in the lovely, peaceful garden of Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick and heard the ancient beautiful words being read that made them man and wife, everybody in Hollywood was astonished—everyone save Paulette and Captain Meredith.

They had been considering the step for four years. It was the third wedding for both of them but the first wedding where either of them had gone through a religious ceremony.

There really wasn't one atom of sense in their marrying. There was only romance, that type of high romance given to those rare people who so manage their lives that the very fact of existence becomes a fine art.

They are both sophisticates and artists at living, Paulette, the careful planner, and Burgess, the essential vagabond. Before their wedding day, war had parted them for a year and a half and war would part them again in thirty more days.

Paulette had her career, a new seven-year-no-options contract with Paramount and a *(Continued on page 72)*



Cottons... cool.... colorful....

Cottoning up to cotton—and to Carole Landis, Twentieth Century-Fox star who wears it here. Soft and beguiling eyelet embroidery with a low ruffled neckline, an enchanting flower arrangement at the shoulder and an oh-so-different hemline that will rate applause in every fashion-wise circle. Wear it to be casually smart, delightfully cool

Photoplay's August Fashions

Just for summer "rustics"—
a printed percale play dress
worn by Carole Landis.
Like all good play suits, it
has a detachable skirt; a
trick shorts-and-shirt outfit
results. For that just-
look note—the ruffle trim
and neckline drawstring

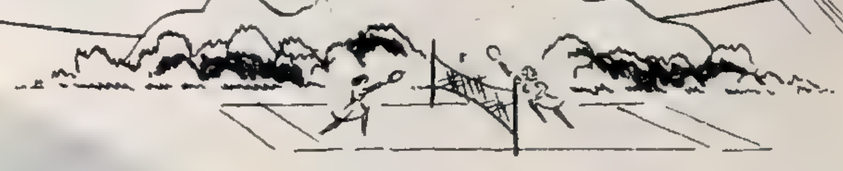
Getting cooler — in a navy and white checked voile dress that goes through summer like a breeze. To make it into a smart street outfit—a little bolero of red linen-weave cotton. The dresses worn on these pages by Miss Landis of Twentieth Century-Fox's "State Fair" are from I. Magnin, Los Angeles



Fair and Cooler

Threesome with a double purpose: To make you look lovelier, feel happier.

Worn by reader Jede Charles



The cooler you are, the smoother you look, even when it's a hard-and-fast game. Choose crisp white rayon sharkskin for sports, with a smoothly tailored blouse that boasts a full turned-down collar, shorts with a new patented fly front; a full "action" skirt

Sizes 10-18. White only. About $9

Smart as it's cool, this sheer black crepe with scalloped sleeves and a scalloped neck inset with a net yoke. Designed to emphasize a tiny waistline, with a pleated skirt to make you poised, gracious

Sizes 9-15. Black only. Under $16

Gay as an old-fashioned flower garden, cool as a mint bed after rain: Ruffles for sleeves, a low-cut sun back, gay pockets and flowered bands that suggest a yoke

Sizes 10-18. With a red or blue background. Under $9

PHOTOPLAY'S *Star-Maker Fashions*

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see page 120

Just My Bill

(*Continued from page* 49) for years. Much has been written about the struggle Bill and I had during our early married life. I don't regret any of it. I won't say that I'd like to live it over again, but those early days were indescribably sweet. And they form a solid foundation of trust and inter-dependence for our marriage.

DURING the early years, Bill had many short-lived and different jobs. The best of the lot was his work as a grocer for a chain enterprise. He made good money, according to pre-depression standards, but we had to be careful, even so. Because both of us are sentimental about Christmas and because we had a great many people whom we wanted to remember at holiday time, we perfected a plan. We bought a fat piggy bank and—all year long—dropped every penny we could spare into it. We learned the first year that the bank held a little over ten dollars.

Two weeks before each Christmas, we would make a ceremony of getting the pennies out with a knife and rolling them into miniature metal sausages. Then we would go to the dime store and buy toiletries, ribbons, sweets, bowls and dozens of other gifts until the list of names that I had prepared was checked off.

We still save coins, but dimes instead of pennies, because the Government needs copper and frowns on penny-hoarding. Also, a coffee tin has taken the place of the piggy which was a casualty when we moved. And when we get enough in dimes, Lorraine gets another War Bond.

Not only is Bill sentimental about giving everyone gifts at Christmas time, he also has rules about the Christmas tree. Last year I thought that just a few bright balls, all of one color, and some bright bows tied above matching Christmas tree lights would be awfully effective.

Well, in the midst of the decorating, Bill arrived. "Gosh, just in time to help," he remarked and set to work. *Everything* in all the boxes we have saved since our first Christmas together went onto that tree. The final touch is always the addition of three pairs of baby shoes. Bill wouldn't consider the tree decorated at all if those shoes were omitted; they are his baby shoes, my baby shoes and Lorraine's.

His task done, Bill stepped back and looked at the tree. "When I look at that tree, all decorated, I remember every Christmas we've ever spent together." That's my Bill.

During the lean days, when rent money was a constant worry, I found a little three-room shanty in back of a commercial building, available at a price we could afford. I knew we simply had to move from our apartment until Bill could get a better paying job, so my mother and I—after long searching—found this place. We were appalled at first sight; the walls were streaked, the woodwork was scarred and the floors were inches deep in grime. So Mother and I cleaned and painted the floor, painted the woodwork and tinted the walls. It still wasn't a palace, but it was clean and neat. I brought Bill to see it. At first he wouldn't even walk down the alley to view it. "I won't have you and Lorraine living in such a place," he said. But I persuaded him to look anyway.

He was surprised at the cleanliness of the shanty, so we moved in. From that day on he began to talk about the house he would someday buy me. When we came to Hollywood we lived in a modest flat for a time, then we moved to our present location. But Bill continued to talk about moving to Bel Air, or out to the Valley.

One night he said, "We could move



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• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR



P M M

pretty soon now. We could buy a big house out toward the beach." I said I wanted to stay right there and buy the house in which we were living. "We can't ever have a swimming pool or a tennis court here," he said. "I want you to have the very nicest home in the world."

"Any house is the nicest in the world as long as you and I are living in it with Lorraine," I said. That pleased him immensely. Although he is always quick to demonstrate how much his family means to him, he always seems to be gloriously surprised and grateful when we let him know how much he means to us.

That naive quality is one of the things that makes Bill a great actor. At least *I* think he is a great actor. I've thought so ever since the days when he used to imitate Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. I'll never forget the time I first saw him on the stage—it was at the premiere of Saroyan's "The Time Of Your Life." I was sitting at the extreme side where one portion of the stage was obscured. I knew from a sudden audience reaction that a new character had appeared and I knew from the surge of laughter that the person must have considerable comic ability. I craned my neck, and there—as the cop—was Bill. Soon I laughed as genuinely as any total stranger. They say that a comedian is seldom funny to his family, so I must be the wife who is the exception.

On New Year's Eve this year, Bill recovering from flu, was still under the doctor's care. The doctor had ordered Bill to stay in bed, so we decided to have our celebration in the bedroom.

We had a wonderful time. Everyone wore crazy hats and blew horns; we had the radio turned on to hear the celebrations all across the country. I glanced at Bill often during the evening and knew he was enjoying himself. He was telling a series of stories, his paper hat on one side of his head and that wonderful face registering a series of emotions proper for the recital. I started to laugh long before Bill had made his point—not because of the story (which, like the experience of most wives, I had heard before), but because Bill, himself, struck me as being wonderfully, gloriously funny.

Lorraine, Bill and I usually attend Hollywood premieres together unless Bill is on location and can't be present. Sometimes he has even missed a sneak of one of his pictures, but I manage to be there so that I can report afterward.

Sometimes I see Bill's pictures over and over again—"Lifeboat" was one that I really enjoyed. I'm looking forward to seeing "The Hairy Ape" and "Greenwich Village" because friends of ours report that Bill has done a fine job in each.

I think one of the happiest moments of my life happened one night recently when we were emerging from a premiere at which bleachers had been erected for the fans. As we passed, one girl—whose voice I heard, but whose face I didn't see—asked, "Who is the girl with Bendix?"

"It's his wife, of course, silly!" came the answer. "I read in a magazine that they're very much in love."

I looked up at Bill and grinned, because I knew he must have overheard that too.

He winked at me. "They've sure got my number," he said softly.

That's my Bill.

THE END



If you're Brunette The summer sun gives you a deep *golden* tan like the lovely, dark-eyed Mrs. Roosevelt's. Your powder must be golden, too—and not too light! "I'm pleased as can be with *Pond's Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel,'*" she says. "The minute I smooth it on, my tan looks fresher and softer—but the powder itself doesn't show a bit!"

If you're Blonde "You'll notice that your summer tan has a nice, fresh, *rosy* tone," says attractive Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney. "—And the usual sun-tan powder is too dark and yellowy. But I've found one shade that blends perfectly with my summer complexion—*Pond's Dreamflower 'Dusk Rose.'* It makes my tan look soft . . . fresher . . . and even smoother!"



Pond's "LIPS" — stays on longer

Five beautifully wearable, flattering shades. Sweet, flower-sprinkled cases—49¢, 10¢.

49¢, 25¢, 10¢

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

stars 2 exquisite shades for summer

★ DARK RACHEL . . . for golden-tan brunettes

★ DUSK ROSE . . . for rosy-tan blondes

The more women at work—the sooner we win!

P
M
M

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company



"... some champagne, Cordon Rouge '29 ... and two porterhouse steaks."

Make Your Future Bright!

(Continued from page 45) that makes your kin look fairer than it usually does is ie one for you. Watch out for the ones iat make you look dark. There are no alf-hearted effects with red—it's all charm no charm with this prima donna.

✔ If you work in an office, surprise your boss and please him, too, by showing o in a green suit with hat to match. The irticular green he likes is Lincoln green same as Robin Hood's men wore in Sher-ood Forest. It is the color of ferns and nyone can wear it.

Speaking of green—according to poets id historians green is the all-time charm id romance color. Maybe because it akes pale skin fairer, accents gold lights the hair and causes roses to bloom in ie sallowest cheeks—with a little help, course.

If you want to build up a reputation r beauty, experiment with turquoise. It best as a jewel, in limited quantities ith dull colors. Use it for a scarf, a ndkerchief, a blouse or a hat. Use the ue variety if you are light, swing toward ie gem-like green shades if you are dark a redhead.

✔ Instead of just one color in your hair bows, try three or more—just a loop end of each. The variety makes your eauty more complex, like a color scheme. merald, cerise and chartreuse are en-anting on a brunette. Violet, blue and ft yellow on a blonde make masculine earts turn a flip-flop.

To be elegant as a duchess at night wear pale color as importantly full in the skirt your figure allows. Wear a glittery hair ornament and a similar touch on your costume. Trail an accenting handkerchief and you've only to wait for the dim-out.

If you do your plotting across an intimate little restaurant table at night wear a color that makes your eyes look dark and deep as wells. Velvet in winter, fresh textures in summer. Try to contrast your restaurant background pleasingly.

✔ If you are shy on weight, color and dramatic accent, try chartreuse for evening. Most women look overdone in it, but for you it will be just right. Remember it is spring's own drama, young, excitingly fresh.

Emerald is a bold, gorgeous color, heavenly for fair brunette or redhead. Anyone can wear it as an accent and men love it.

If you want to be the most admired woman on the beach, try coral, royal blue, grass green or vermillion, with white or eggshell. Sun on these colors turns the trick. They are gay and flaunting.

Surprise your favorite date with a vivid coat-lining which spreads out over the back of your chair like a giant butterfly. Red, of course, if you are chestnut or dark; bright green if you are titian. Against it, you'll be slim, poised and very subtle.

Those fatigue shadows are green, violet or gray, according to your own pigmentation. When you have them, watch your colors. Don't wear a color that accents them unduly; you will have to try to see.

✔ Be smart about your browns. There are two or three good ones for everybody. Choose one, match it perfectly, don't accent it. You can't beat brown for style. Men adore it on a woman.

Watch your voice, your movements and your manners when you wear red. The color is aggressive so *you* dare not be. On the other hand, offset a dull gown by a gay, sparkling mood.

If you are a neutral, don't match yourself up with tan, rose beige or any other neutral colors or you will be lost. Try gray to be conservative, yet important.

Don't wear a heavy color, in a heavy texture, such as wine velvet, if you are small or very thin. Wear a soft fabric, in a dusty color, cut full, instead. You will look exclusive, precious, fashion-wise. To be good-looking in color you must feel you are. It is part of the trick.

✔ If you are plain-looking, or have an annoying feature such as an oversize nose or a crooked mouth, see to it that you turn your defect into an arresting singularity. Choose dramatic accent colors such as emerald, royal blue, cerise or chartreuse and look like a charming adventuress.

Don't wear black if you are ill or tired, especially to a party. You will not have a good time and your escort will not be proud of you. Black swallows you up unless it is sophisticated in both quality and cut. If sheer, have it full and lush. If wool or silk, emphasize the quality and line and restrain the accessories.

Don't wear black at all if you are shy or between forty and sixty—that is, unless you are very witty, have dazzling skin, or both animation and vitality. Do your best and then see if the stag line comes across with the compliments. If not, strike it out. Other women will be wearing it anyway.

THE END



Play Truth or Consequences with Alan Ladd

(*Continued from page* 36)

Then, too, I have fixed up the house so it is fresh and clean and remodeled and in a condition to last until my return.

13—Q: **Do you wear a good-luck charm?**
A: Yes. It's a gold one, fashioned like a "dog-tag" but with a key on the front, which Susie gave me. On one side it says "You have the key" and on the other side it reads "To my Laddie who has my heart. God bless you always. I love you. Susie." She gave it to me after I had given her a little gold heart with a key which was inscribed "To my Susie who has my heart."

14—Q: **For what part of your career is Sue responsible?**
A: All of it! She is the one who had faith in me from the beginning.

15—Q: **Does she coach you at home for your scenes next day?**
A: Never. My job as an actor is my problem.

16—Q: **What do you think is the basis of your appeal for the public?**
A: Heaven knows! But whatever it is, I'm sure lucky—and grateful!

17—Q: **What do you think is your best quality on and off the screen?**
(*Alan chose the consequences. Write a self-descriptive limerick.*)

18—Q: **What subjects have you refused to discuss for publication and why?**
A: Only one, the subject of women. I don't know anything about them.

19—Q: **What are you sensitive about?**
A: My big left ear which always catches the light! I also feel frequently that people don't want me around, which is a hangover, I suppose, from the days I was so broke.

20—Q: **What printed story about yourself upset you?**
A: I've been the luckiest guy in the world and people couldn't have been nicer to me. Only one thing hurt: The accusation that I am overanxious about my health. That isn't true and never has been. Recently I worked on a set with a temperature of 104 degrees without complaining and finally was dragged off to the hospital. That's scarcely the behaviour of a hypochondriac!

21—Q: **Has publicity ever embarrassed you?**
A: Yes, at first. And I still can't understand how unimportant things about me can be of interest or importance to others.

22—Q: **What percentage of your fan mail is from women and what is their average age?**
A: I would say about seventy percent and the average age is around fifteen.

23—Q: **What do you like to hear about yourself?**
A: That I'm a good actor and the kind of guy you like to know.

24—Q: **What makes you burn?**
A: Being misquoted and never being able to beat Kay Kyser at gin rummy. As a result he calls me "Kyser's Pet Pigeon."

25—Q: **Whom in Hollywood do you envy?**
(*Alan chose the consequences. Show us a secret keepsake from your early career.*)

26—Q: **What name did you use when working as a grip at Warners years ago?**
A: My own name, Alan Ladd. The middle name, incidentally, is Walbridge and this is the first time I have admitted it in public!

27—Q: **What were your average earnings as an actor in commercial films?**
A: That was in 1939-1940 and I made about $4000 a year.

28—Q: **What was the best buy you ever made?**
A: Two dollars for our marriage license.

29—Q: **Of what achievement are you proudest?**
A: Being happily married.

30—Q: **What do you want that you have so far failed to achieve?**
A: For a guy who had plenty tough

(*Continued on page* 80)



There was a young actor named Ladd
Who was sad when he should have been glad
The cause of his woe
If you really must know
Is his daughter hasn't yet called him Dad.

Pay-offs on 17 and 25: Alan writes a "self-descriptive limerick"; shows up with a secret keepsake of his early athletic career

. . . next to WAR BONDS
the best loved gift . . . FURS





I remember—do you?

I REMEMBER a struggling young clerk who fell in love . . . and who dreamed of giving his bride diamonds and limousines and fine furs.

I REMEMBER a patient wife who stood by her husband when the going was tough . . . who never complained that other women had more.

I REMEMBER a self-sacrificing mother who gave her children every advantage . . . who laughed and said her new Spring wardrobe was Junior's trip to camp . . . who wore her much-worn clothes cheerfully, proudly, beautifully.

It's been a long time, dearest, too many years of scrimping and saving and doing without.

But this is one anniversary I *can* celebrate the way I want to . . . one dream I *can* make come true . . . with the very fur coat I saw you admire that day we went "window shopping."

And so, my dear . . . with all my love . . . here's your HOLLANDER PERSIAN LAMB!

John

HOLLANDER *Furs*

KEEP THEIR BEAUTY . . . LONGER

HOLLANDER DYED FEATHERLITE PERSIAN

Better stores will be glad to show you this tag on Hollander-dyed Featherlite Persian Lamb

YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM

Speaking of CALF LOVE



What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, *eyes*... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry...and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're *"smooth"* calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give *your* legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed...are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. *Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.*



(*Continued from page 78*)

going in the beginning, I really have everything I want in a material sense. As for myself, I want to earn recognition as an actor as well as a "personality."

31—Q: For what in life are you most sorry?
A: That my mother did not live long enough to enjoy the comforts I could give her now.

32—Q: What do you like best to do?
A: Sit in the yard and soak up sun.

33—Q: What is your conception of what follows this life?
A: A spiritual existence in which we work out the things we didn't work out or sluffed over in this life.

34—Q: What is your personal code?
A: To do unto others as I would be done by; but I sometimes get hurt by it—all people aren't built that way.

35—Q: Whom do you admire most in Hollywood, Sue excepted?
A: Directors Frank Tuttle and Delmer Daves.

36—Q: What actress would you like to make love to on the screen?
(Alan chose the consequences. Pay off that unpaid egg-rolling bet with Sue.)

37—Q: How would you change appearance if you could?
A: I'd add a little height and about twenty pounds.

38—Q: Are you still underweight?
A: Recently I gained five pounds, so now I'm just short fifteen.

39—Q: What is your worst habit?
A: To hear Susie complain about it, it must be the way I put off eating.

40—Q: Can you talk yourself out of jams?
A: Quite nicely—with everyone but Susie. She sticks to the issue!

41—Q: Why are you so clothes-conscious?
A: I'm not anymore; the Army took care of that! In the past, however, I guess it was a natural outgrowth of the days I always wanted good clothes and couldn't have them. A six-dollar Charvet tie always seemed to symbolize success to me, but now plain khaki looks good to me!

42—Q: Why don't you like to smile on the screen?
A: A test director once told me I had a bad smile and I have been self-conscious about it ever since, I guess. At any rate I feel more comfortable playing scenes dead-pan now.

43—Q: What unconscious mannerism do you have?
A: Rubbing my nose just before a "take," they tell me.

44—Q: Who has the most sex appeal in Hollywood?
(Alan chose the consequences. Give us a picture of you when you were working in commercial films.)

45—Q: What do you admire most in a woman?
A: Grooming and freshness first. I also admire honesty and brains.

46—Q: What do you dislike in a woman?
A. Being overly clever and the thing, whatever it is, that makes her unfaithful to a guy in service.

47—Q: In what respect do you think you are a failure?
A: That I am thought of first as a personality and secondly as an actor.

48—Q: Of what are you ashamed?
A: That I sometimes express an opinion without a full knowledge of what I'm talking about.

49—Q: How would you rate your importance to Hollywood?
(Alan chose the consequences. Illustrate one of your hidden talents. [*Dog trainer*].)

50—Q: What has your fame cost you in your personal life?
A: It has cost me nothing, except perhaps a little privacy which is unimportant and has brought me everything—Susie, my home and my happiness.

THREE UP!

Alan Ladd *Bob Walker* *Bing Crosby*

Winners

of last month's Color Portrait Poll
are pictured on pages 37, 41, 46, of this issue
Vote for your favorite star now;
then watch for the portrait in color in Photoplay
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Dorothy Lamour

Starring in Paramount's "AND THE ANGELS SING"

Dorothy Lamour gives you a beauty tip you'll want to follow! "Without daintiness no other charm counts," she tells you, "and a daily Lux Soap bath makes you *sure*. The rich, velvety lather caresses skin so gently, leaves it fresh, really *sweet*. You'll find this ACTIVE-LATHER bath a wonderful pick-up. You step out feeling like a million!" Just try it and see!



FIGHT WASTE

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*



Rates for dates! You'll never notice the man shortage in this nifty little number! Darling suspenders, trimmed with gay, colorful braid! Slim girdle-fit waist...flaring, flattering skirt! Lovely rayon fabric that's truly crush-resistant! Sizes 10 to 16. **$4.98,** plus postage.

Blouse—"Frankly feminine" and as appealing as a shy glance! French-smocked neck; drawstring throat and sleeves! Lush new rayon fabric! White only. Sizes 32 to 38. **$3.98,** plus postage.

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Size: 10 12 14 16 (Circle size wanted)

Please send Blouse, at **$3.98,** plus postage.
Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size wanted)
(Please print name, etc. plainly.)

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____
STATE_____

Going Bing's Way

(*Continued from page* 47) Little Red Riding Hood, only instead of following the old stories he would make his characters talk like prizefighters or wrestlers, inventing and embroidering fantastic incidents as he went along. It was his own method of keeping their interest alive and at the same time indulging his own love for the world of sports.

His don't-give-a-hang attitude probably is a hangover from his early days when he formed the habit of resisting opportunities and dodging success with the zeal of a fugitive rabbit. He spent his youth in a fairly consistent rebellion against anything that could be described even loosely as steady work. He adopted the role of playboy, not because he was inspired by big leaguers like Tommy Manville but as a small-town lad whose intransigeant nature drew him irresistibly toward the pursuit of happiness. The fact that he was forced to pick up a living by doing various chores was a source of constant tribulation to him throughout his schoolboy days.

His adoption of the carefree manner persisted even when he took up the study of law at the Gonzaga University in Spokane, whence his family had removed from Bing's native Tacoma. Apparently at this period he had resigned himself to a workaday fate, though it may be that the prospect was mitigated somewhat by the fact that, having performed luridly as an elocutionist on his school debating team, he saw possibilities of indulging his gifts in the legal profession.

He had no difficulty in changing his mind, however, when he met Al Rinker, a local pianist and band leader, who asked him if he would like to join the outfit as a drummer. Bing immediately bought a set of trap drums on the installment plan and kissed the law good-by.

Thus began a period of some five years in which Bing did about everything but become successful. A similar experience in the careers of other now successful stars would be appropriately described as a "hard pull" or a "long struggle." For Bing it was a pull but it wasn't hard; it was long but not a struggle. He was having a good time cavorting about the country, losing his spare shirt in crap games and otherwise putting a great strain on the patience of Paul Whiteman, his boss.

Crosby and Rinker, the song and piano boys, didn't click when they appeared with Whiteman at the Paramount Theater in New York. It wasn't until they were joined by Harry Barris to form the Rhythm Boys that the act went over. But even at this fortuitous juncture in his career Bing threw bricks at Opportunity when it knocked at his door. It was through Whiteman that the Rhythm Boys got their fling at movie fame when the band came to Hollywood to do "King Of Jazz" at Universal. Bing was to have had a big song number in the picture, but he failed to show up when the scene was shot. An automobile accident, followed by a slight misunderstanding with the police, landed him in jail where he lolled away the time singing songs to the other inmates and otherwise enjoyed himself so much that he neglected to notify Whiteman or the studio of his predicament, with the result that Whiteman, in a last-minute frenzy, hired John Boles to do the song.

THIS incident would probably have put a permanent crimp in any other promising performer, but it had no more effect on Bing than if someone had brushed him lightly in the face with half a grapefruit. He didn't begin to take life seriously until he met and married Dixie Lee. That, following his abdication from Gonzaga, was the second turning point in his career.

The ensuing change was tremendous, but it was internal. Externally, the attitude of abandonment and irresponsibility had fixed itself on him like a Benda mask. That is what fools people about him today.

Newspaper people and photographers are perhaps the most immediate victims of this pose. Anyone who doesn't know Bing finds him a tough nut to crack when it comes to interviews or pictures. His enemies may say what they like about him but they can't accuse him of toadying to the press. An interviewer may drop into his dressing room on the set and come away with an amiable collection of irrelevant answers to his questions. Bing will talk about fishing or horse racing or someone else's pictures but not about himself. He rarely goes to see his own pictures.

An exception to this last statement is "Going My Way." Though Bing would not admit it there is good authority to support the claim that this film not only marks the third turning point in his career but reveals the essential (*Continued on page* 84)



Having a whale of a time: Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra do their million-dollar bits before the microphones, have more fun than the listeners-in



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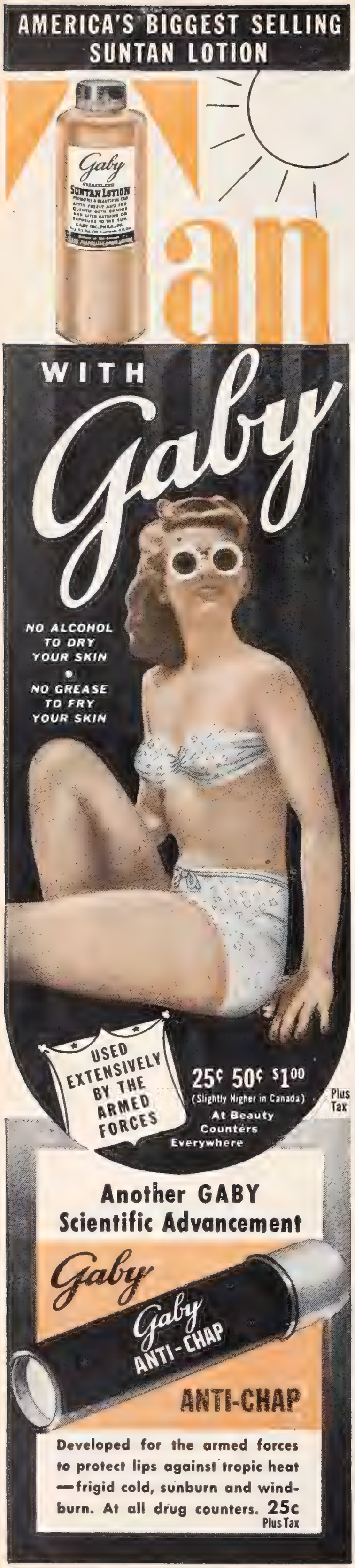
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(*Continued from page* 82) seriousness and artistic integrity underlying his mask.

Back in 1935 Crosby and Leo McCarey met one day at the Lakeside Country Club. Crosby raised his glass and said, "Leo, some day I want to do a picture with you." Leo raised his glass and said, "Bing, it's a deal."

Intermittently since that time, whenever the two met they would solemnly raise their glasses and drink a toast to their picture. Then, almost ten years later, McCarey hit on an idea. He got hold of Bing and said, "How would you like to play a Catholic priest?" and proceeded to outline the story. Bing jumped at it. The deal was on at last.

McCarey says he has never worked with a more earnest or enthusiastic actor.

"The day we started," McCarey told me, "Bing walked onto the set dressed in a long cassock. The hard-boiled stage crew gaped at him as if they expected him to pull some wise-crack. But Bing was quiet and dead serious. I walked over and shook hands with him and we both said, 'Let's go.'

"From that day on," McCarey continued, "Bing was like a young actor in his first important role. He was on the set promptly every morning. He never quit until quitting time. He knew his lines and no time was lost in unnecessary re-takes."

When the picture was in rough form Leo showed it to Bing in the studio projection room. Bing sat silent all through it. There was no doubt, Leo says, but that he was pleased and happy about it. But his only comment at the end was to insist that Barry Fitzgerald, who gives such a magnificent performance as the elder priest, and the other principals should get equal billing with him. Bing absolutely refused to have star billing. "I couldn't be any better than they are," he said.

This indicates Bing's rare ability to take an objective view of himself, which is his lethal defense against the charge that he is arrogant or conceited. Far from being smug, Bing has had a lifelong tendency to underestimate himself. Mark Sandrich, the Paramount producer who has directed several Crosby pictures, tells of a characteristic incident.

IN 1942 Sandrich was given the job of organizing and directing the Victory Caravan, an impressive aggregation of Hollywood stars which toured the country giving performances for the war effort. Crosby joined the show in Chicago where it was booked for one night at the huge Olympic Auditorium before a capacity crowd of 22,000.

Up to that time Bing had never appeared in person before a large audience. When he arrived in Chicago that morning Sandrich asked him how many numbers he had prepared. Bing said three.

"You're crazy," said Sandrich, "they'll demand more than that. Better give them at least five songs."

Bing was dubious. "I think you're wrong," he said. "They won't go for that many." Sandrich finally persuaded him to rehearse two more numbers.

"When he went on the stage before that mob," Sandrich recalls, "he was scared stiff. He got a big hand, though, and that quieted him down. He sang his three numbers and they clamored for more, so he sang the other two. When he finished they wouldn't let him off. They kept yelling for more and finally Al Neuman, the musical director, walked over to the piano and sat down. Bing shrugged his shoulders and grinned. With Al accompanying him, he sang three more songs before they would let him go."

When Bing's house burned down last year he lost, among other things, a collection of his own records. Many people considered this a catastrophe, but Bing seemed much more concerned over the loss of his pipes, of which he had some three hundred. He had managed to rescue some of them but not all. One of his friends was not surprised about Bing's indifference to the loss of the records. He says Bing didn't play them often but when he did, he would listen to his own voice for a few moments, then shake his head and walk away. Incidentally, after the item about the pipes was printed, Bing received some 2,000 replacements from sympathetic fans. Most of these he gave away to service men.

In addition to his frequent appearances at camps and hospitals Crosby is one of the bulwarks of the short wave recordings made by the Army Armed Forces Radio Service for broadcast to the service men overseas. One of the most successful of these was the Command Performance program last winter in which he appeared with Frank Sinatra in a mock rivalry contest. Bing had been approached beforehand and asked how he felt about tilting vocal lances with Frankie. "Go ahead," he said to the script writer, "I'll do anything you tell me to. What have I got to lose?" The result was he took a ribbing from his rival, but the impression among those in the know was that he could have given far better than he took if he hadn't deliberately pulled his verbal punches in the exchange with the Swooner. Bing's attitude is that he has had his breaks so why should he stand in anyone else's way?

This makes him immensely popular with those who work with and for him. A spokesman for the Army broadcasts says Bing never turns down a request for these programs and he gets plenty. Sometimes the boys in the Radio Service feel embarrassed about calling him up so often. When he doesn't hear from them Bing doesn't wait to be called. He just rings them up and says, "When do I go to work?"

One of his strict injunctions concerning these voluntary appearances is that there be no publicity attached to them.

Bing is not looking for credit. He's got plenty of that at the bank.

THE END



This is beauty: Shirley Temple at the Palladium

Stars At Play

(*Continued from page* 39) Mexico and New York, their favorite hotels to stop at, their favorite restaurants for luncheon and dinner and supper.

Greer Garson, for instance, always lives in a suite at the Ritz Tower, high above Park Avenue. There I found her at tea one afternoon not long ago. Seventeen gentlemen of the press—deadlines utterly forgotten—were grouped around her. Being what she is with her white skin, green eyes and flaming hair, Greer never lacks masculine attention. She accepts this very casually indeed. But I suspect she enjoys it mightily nevertheless. For I am convinced the secret of Greer's great charm lies in the fact that she is so utterly the lady on the surface and so completely the woman underneath.

Greer, who dresses very simply, spends little holiday time in dressmaking or hat shops. Actually she rarely wears hats. With hair like hers why should she? She prefers to give her time to matinees and museums, the Museum of Natural History especially.

Evenings find Greer at the opera. Before which and after which she stops at 21 for dinner and supper. Greer is intensely intellectual but she also has a zest for the good things of life, food included.

WHICH brings me to the fascinating story Louis B. Mayer told about discovering Greer Garson. Mr. Mayer, as much in love with his profession as when he began years ago on a shoestring, has great affection for his stars; does everything in the world for them. His stars, in turn, seldom if ever leave him.

"I was in London," Mr. Mayer began his story, "and went with our London chief to a theater in St. James Street. I had been working hard. I was eager to hear some music. When the curtain went up there were only about fifty people in the theater. Shortly, also, it became evident there would be no music.

" 'We have made a mistake,' my London chief whispered. 'Shall we go?'

"I was about to reach for my hat when a girl with red hair came on the stage. 'Who is that?' I asked.

" 'Her name is Greer Garson,' my London chief said. 'I don't know much about her. She hasn't much of a part.' "

Well, Mr. Mayer and his friend saw the play through. Afterwards Mr. Mayer sent back word he would like to meet Miss Garson. She suggested he go to the Savoy Grill where she would join him as soon as she got out of her make-up.

The next day the Metro studios in California received a cable which read, "I have signed up an English girl with red hair, green eyes and pale skin called Greer Garson. Louis B. Mayer."

In vain Mr. Mayer's confreres protested he could not mean what he said. In vain they insisted it was obvious Miss Garson was not photogenic. Mr. Mayer refused to be perturbed. "We'll try her and see," he said, amiably. "I think she is a great actress."

Perhaps he remembered the opposition he had met upon signing other contracts, how everyone had protested Clark Gable never would amount to anything, that his ears were too big, whereupon he had answered, "I kind of like his big ears." How when he signed Myrna Loy they had asked, "But how can you make a star out of a woman who is not beautiful?" and he, feeling in his bones that she was what she became, replied, "Myrna Loy can be a great star. Wait and see!"

Speaking of Myrna, now returned to the studios, she was not very happy dur-



"It's time you knew, Dear!"

When the time comes for little Garments to hear 'the facts of life,' it seems only proper to rely on someone who has—so to speak—been through the wringer.

So if Kitty Kerchief isn't learning the 'facts' about Fels-Naptha Soap, we've missed our guess on wise, old Auntie Slip.

Fels-Naptha Soap *is* a source of long and wear-free life for garments of all kinds. And for all kinds of family wash. This good, mild soap—blended with active naptha—turns out the whitest wash you've ever seen. It saves needless wear on fabrics because it makes harsh rubbing unnecessary.

If you haven't already learned the 'fact' that it's better to wash with Fels-Naptha Soap—it's time *you* knew, too!



Fels-Naptha Soap
-Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





ing her few years' residence in the East. Myrna is a girl from the West. She belongs to Hollywood. And she shows her good sense in going back to the thing she likes to do. Actually the idle splendor she might have enjoyed as Mrs. John Hertz was little to her liking. So she gave much of her time to one of the fifty-three general hospitals the Government maintains at this time to care for our returned soldiers. Doing this work, Myrna became increasingly interested in rehabilitation.

Loretta Young, on the other hand, never is happier than when she is in one of our large cosmopolitan cities. This may be because Loretta is a great social success or it may be why she is a great social success. I think it is both. You find Loretta at the loveliest private parties, frequently with Mrs. Bryan Foy, Walter Chrysler's daughter, who is her good friend.

Loretta and Irene Dunne try to arrange to take their holidays together but rarely succeed. They're the best of friends. Naturally enough, for they are, in many ways, quite similar. Irene has grown up very much the cosmopolite, a chic, beautiful creature with a lovely gaiety whom everybody everywhere is delighted to see.

I always remember a day I invited Irene to lunch with me at the Colony Restaurant, a small, exclusive haunt of the very best epicures. Usually the Colony is not a rendezvous for Hollywood people, with the exception of Joan Bennett and her husband Walter Wanger, Kay Francis, Sylvia Fairbanks, now Lady Stanley, and Maria Montez who was, I imagine, introduced to the delights of this restaurant by her discriminating husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, about whom more in a minute.

The Duchess of Windsor was at luncheon at the Colony that day, holding court at one end of the long room. Irene and I chose a table at the other end. Soon, of course, word got about that Irene was there. I waited, interested and amused, to see which of these two women finally would obscure the other. Irene won in a canter. But she was, bless her, completely oblivious of it.

AS TO Jean Pierre, he enjoyed entree in cities the world over before he ever laid eyes on Hollywood. Celebrated members of social and artistic circles, holidaying in Paris, were his frequent guests. . . .

Several months ago, when Jean Pierre was sailing to join General de Gaulle, I gave him a bottle of old French brandy I had been saving for years. There is so little we can do for men like Jean Pierre —who left his beloved wife, Maria Montez, his rising career and all the gay holidays he might have enjoyed to fight for freedom. And the other day I had a V-mail thank-you letter from him; a letter which I believe his many new friends in America will want to share.

"Dear Elsa," he wrote, "Last night, my comrades and I drank to your health. We opened the bottle of brandy that you gave me and I told them about an American lady who was a great friend of France, and how she fought for de Gaulle in her articles and speeches in a period when it was courageous to do so. They all cheered you and send their love. I joined, at last, that glorious unit, after some missions in the Middle East and to England. It was very interesting. Now we are living in tents and getting ready. The morale is high and we are all united behind de Gaulle. May God speed us to the Champs Elysées! It will be my turn to offer you a glass of champagne to celebrate Victory! Maria told me about the article you so kindly wrote about me and I am still waiting for it, impatiently. The censorship seems to like it so much that it keeps it! Thanks,

anyhow, from all my heart. Give my love to Harry, please. I'll write him soon. Best love, Jean Pierre Aumont."

When Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne were together they spent most of their holidays on their ranch out near the desert where they worked like ranch-hands. But occasionally they headed towards New York. The restaurants and cafes there rarely saw them, however. They were entertained by Brian's friends. Mrs. Charles Marshall, married to the brother of the first Mrs. Marshall Field, gave many beautiful luncheons for them. Joan enjoyed this, as Brian did. But, reluctant to spend much time in the city, she never could wait to get to a little house she leased in the Connecticut hills.

There are, quite frankly, a few Hollywood people who do not care whether or not they have good entree, socially. They're perfectly happy to make El Morocco, 21, the Stork and John-Frederics, Mainbocher and Valentina their boundary line. Others, however, remain on the outside simply because they are shy away from their own orbit and do not know how easy it would be for them to be invited to charming, stimulating parties.

USUALLY Hollywood women make their way more easily than Hollywood men. Charles Boyer is an exception to this rule, however. No one is more adored than the serious and charming Charles. But then he was a citizen of the world, with appreciation for many things before he came to Hollywood. He found his fame first, you know, in Paris, in the plays of that dean of the French theater, Henri Bernstein.

Some weeks ago I had a telegram from Charles, who was in Canada speaking for the fighting French, suggesting that he escort me to the luncheon of the French American Club of which we are both members. Several friends who were with me when this wire arrived simply would not believe I had received a telegram from *The* Boyer. Even their mild hysteria, however, did not prepare me for the crowds who were turned away from this luncheon or all the fainting dowagers through whom Charles and I had to fight our way.

He received thunderous applause but whether for the stirring words he uttered in behalf of his valiant country and countrymen or because he was who he was I do not know. When Charles is not occupied in the studios it is his pleasure to work for the cause to which he has given his heart.

Over luncheon we talked of many things. Speaking of "Gaslight" in which he plays with Ingrid Bergman, he said *"Chère amie,* I am sad when I have to play such a heel as I play in this picture. I hope the public will not believe I am like that."

Over salad I reminded him that he had promised, if his baby was a boy, to call him Charles—for himself and for General de Gaulle. "Well," he said, "I hated the idea of Charles Junior for my son. So I went back a little on my promise and gave him a first name of Michael and a second name of Charles."

He is fearfully proud of Michael Charles, six months old. He insists he is the most charming and intelligent child in the whole world.

These days the stars like to get away from Hollywood when they are between pictures, to work in one way or another for the war, to relax and hibernate on ranch or farm, or to stop in some large city where they are stimulated and refreshed by meeting a variety of interesting people. And wherever they go, now that they have found their way socially, doors swing wide at their approach.

THE END

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There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

P M M



My Great Adventure

(*Continued from page* 51) minute I found that out, I dedicated my day to calling on him, dripping with charm. My final (and successful) diplomatic move was to present him with a cigarette case with a note that said, "From your friend Gene Tierney"—and that did it! A few days later we moved into our new home.

IT WAS a four-room white clapboard house that looked exactly like every other house in the neighborhood—you could only tell them apart once you were inside and looking at the different wallpaper and furnishings. It cost us $50 a month. It had one bath and its rooms were tiny and we adored it. Right away, I set about furnishing it—on no money to speak of. I was determined to follow those seven rules.

And I did. I bought everything at a second-hand furniture store, or at the five-and ten, or else I didn't buy it at all (such as several nail-kegs, white too, with red rims). They made useful and pretty coffee tables and cigarette stands.

Then I turned to curtains. If I hadn't left my sewing machine in Hollywood, I'd have stitched them up myself, too; but not having it, I located a farmer's wife who sewed and had her make white dimity curtains. I tacked a matching white dimity skirt on my dressing table (made of old crates) and decorated it further with a red rose from an old evening dress, pinned squarely over the middle of the skirt. All of this took me two exhausting weeks. By that time we'd bought our second-hand icebox for $7, rented our stove at $3 a month and I'd already found little throw rugs for the bare floors at $5 apiece. All our pictures, bric-a-brac and dishes were from the five-and-ten. I had furnished the whole place for a little over $100 and now we were ready for anything!

Anything turned out to be entertaining, of course, but reasonably, since we were determined to live cheaply. In Junction City, except for home parties, there wasn't much to do. You went to the movies, or you played bridge. So I began being a constant hostess—at a very low cost. My party meals were always the same and I had anywhere from ten to twenty-five guests. I planned the food so that it would answer five questions: (1) Is it nourishing? (2) Is it inexpensive? (3) Is it tasty? (4) Is it enough? (5) Is it low on ration points?

What I served, to answer those five questions, was a spaghetti dish, hot rolls, two vegetables, a mixed-green salad and dessert and coffee. I bought the rolls the morning of the party from a farm woman—in fact, I spent one morning a week bicycling around Junction City, like all the Army wives, just shopping. I went to the Post Exchange for most things, since meats and groceries are cheaper there (you can get a loaf of bread for a penny!); and to a special farmer for eggs and to another one for chickens. I never encountered a black market, may I add; I paid nothing but ceiling prices and I bought rationed goods only with ration points. And I carted everything home in my bicycle basket!

OUR days started terrifically early in Junction City—all of the Army couples' days, for that matter. Our house was on a circular road, with all the other identical houses facing the circle too—and it was very funny to watch those houses coming to life before dawn each day. Our light went on first, at 5 A.M.—because Oleg likes to loiter over his coffee and cigar even though he's loitering over them before daybreak. Then I could see the other little houses light up in the darkness, while other

wives cooked their husbands' breakfasts—and at six-thirty sharp, all the front doors opened and husbands in uniform hurried out of them and off to Fort Riley. Instantly, once the husbands were gone, all the lights turned off again and you could almost hear the united "plop!" as all the wives fell back into bed again for a nap!

Around eight o'clock we'd all be up once more. Ahead of us stretched a long day without our husbands, who didn't get home again until 7:30 at night—and then were too tired to move. But now, if you looked at all our circle of houses, you'd see each front door open a crack, while every wife (in a long housecoat) would whisk dust outside in one stroke and then slam shut the door again. Finally, when we had all swept, dusted and washed the breakfast dishes, we got dressed for the long, hot day ahead of us; and then we met to go marketing together, to do Red Cross work and to eat lunch.

Never, since I was a schoolgirl, have I had a chance to be with girls so much—and I've never enjoyed it more! As the summer grew bakingly hot we all repaired to a swimming pool and lay around it trying to keep cool while we sewed on our baby clothes, for every woman in Junction City (it seemed) was an expectant mother!

And meanwhile it got hotter and yet hotter. My sister Pat came to visit us, but she and Oleg and I finally moved down to the coolness (and the spiders) in the cellar in order to sleep. We spent most of July and August down there come bedtime.

BUT we had fun, and everything pleased me—even my War Wardrobe, as I called it, which was inexpensive to the point of amazement. You see, I began designing some of my own dresses on the side—deciding that my husband was too



Two girls whose names are linked with Harry James: Betty Grable James and their daughter Victoria Elizabeth



"All your Kisses are mine, now"



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busy with military life to design for me at the moment. (He did all the clothes for the picture "I Wanted Wings," you know, and my special clothes for "Shanghai Gesture," just before he entered the Army as a private.) Anyhow, in Junction City I took pencil in hand and sketched several dresses—my pets being a couple of little summer dresses. I bought the material for twenty-one cents a yard at J. C. Penney's—purple gingham for one, green for the other. Then I found me a farmer's-wife dressmaker and for two dollars apiece she sewed me up adorable frocks. The purple one, which had pale blue rickrack sewed around its square neck and no sleeves—*that* one was so good a famous fashion magazine posed me in it! (Cost: Materials, eighty cents; workmanship, two dollars!)

EVENTUALLY six months had rolled around and my date with the stork was crowding me. I was going to Washington, D. C., for my confinement and I didn't expect to return—so, remembering my newly learned lessons in thrift I had an auction of all my furniture!

I held it right in our home one appointed evening, with me as auctioneer. I'd spread word of it around town for some days ahead of time, so a crowd turned out. Much to Oleg's open-mouthed astonishment—we sold our $100 worth of furniture for $200! "But," as I told him, "your wife put in hundreds of dollars worth of work!" "But," as he told me, "is it right to make money when you could give everything away?" "But," as I told him, "they wanted to buy our things—so with my own fingers, I've earned enough to pay my train fare to Washington." Which gave me the last word and I disappeared in the direction of the Capitol, to be near my mother, sister—and my doctor!

There, on October 15, our daughter Daria Loiewski Cassini was born. (Right here, I must take time out to say that my husband's real name is Count Oleg Cassini Loiewski and he is Russian on both sides, although his family was originally Italian about five generations ago. In fact, the town of Cassino where the Allies have been tragically fighting was the estate of the Cassini family. He dropped both his title and his last name when he arrived in America eight years ago, for reasons of simplicity . . . but for reasons of sentiment, we gave little Daria his last name for her middle!)

To get back to Washington again, I stayed there for two months waiting for Daria to get out of her incubator. Then I decided that if she were going to spend Christmas in it, I'd better spend Christmas back in Junction City, where my husband was now a 2nd Lieutenant and an instructor.

So back I came for three more months—but thanks to my auction, I came back to a house furnished only with two beds, a stool, a rocking-chair and the rented stove. I had to use the snow in the back yard for an ice-box and there I stowed Christmas dinner until it was time for cooking. (A roast of beef, because Oleg prefers that to turkey.) I didn't dare buy a lot of new-old furniture and start redecorating again because I didn't know the Army's plans for Oleg so we just camped out indoors for the next three months.

When I left Junction City, I had been there exactly a year. And it had taught me a lot. It had taught me how to have fun on a small budget; and how to cook for the first time in my life—with the aid of the "Boston Cookbook" and "The Joy Of Cooking"; and how to housekeep; and how to buy furniture, paint it, upholster it and hang wallpaper behind it! It had taught me a very great deal. And it has

made me positive of three pieces of advice I'd like to give all American women:

One—see as much of your husband now as you can, because you don't know how long you'll be able to see him. Also, see him under the most simplified conditions of life, for it brings you closer together than you've ever been before.

Two—have babies. Then you *can't* spend money on frivolous things, no matter how hard you try!

Three—try your best to follow the seven rules of fighting rising living costs—for with every one of the rules obeyed, you are aiding your government that much more, ending the war that much sooner, insuring a financially stable future for your babies and bringing your man home that much sooner. By keeping the nation's finances stable, you are personally helping your own future. I have never been more serious about anything in my life.

For, now that I'm back in Hollywood (busy on the set of Fox's "Laura"), I'm still living by my Junction City standards and I'm much happier for doing it. After all, as a star I am greatly affected by inflation; I have a large income and I also have (supposedly) a need to maintain appearances. But where would my income go if I splurged it in the black market, extravagant clothes and expensive living? In the end it would boomerang back on me, in inflated prices—and I'd be paying double for everything and having my personal guilt in bringing on a new depression.

Maybe you think I'm being unduly earnest. Frankly, I couldn't be more earnest. I am determined to re-read those seven rules every day; and to live accordingly.

Yes, I have learned a lot from my stay in Junction City. And the knowledge has made me laugh more than I've ever laughed in my life—and cry a little. It's been a lifetime in a year. And I hope my experiences will help you in yours!

THE END



Right kind of girl, right kind of work: Dorothy McGuire as a Cadet Nurse in "Reward Unlimited." After you see it, you may be a C.N.!

Glamorous

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P M M

Why Can't They Stay Married?

(*Continued from page* 62) Mama? Think, next, about the Rising Young Star, who married the Established Star, who was quite a bit his elder. Marriage was no new thing in her life, but it was in his and he was desperately sincere about it all.

The boy talked about the house he was going to get his famous wife and the fun it would be living on his income. The Established Star said that was adorable of him but foolish, honestly. So after the wedding, they moved into her house. The boy ate at the head of the table where all the other husbands had eaten and swam in the same pool and rode in the same limousines. He found out just the same things the other husbands had discovered, too. He came to know that the Established Star was ten years older than she looked even in a bad light. He found out she was a studio assembly job, bosoms from the wardrobe department, teeth caps from her dentist, hair coloring from Westmore's.

"She looks like a peeled grape when we're alone," the boy confided to his best friend.

Yet he was romantic and he tried to take it easy. He might have gone on, as the other boys have gone on, except that right then the Established Star made a picture that was a cold-storage turkey while he went into a quickie that turned out to be a sleeper and made a million dollars. Then the wife turned out another that was strictly from Dixie and he got himself into another that was a darb.

Their positions reversed. He was the Big Shot now and she was the Has Been. When she filed her divorce people said, "What a dog he is. You'd think he'd remember that she never took a thing from him, not a thing."

Which was true and the boy never told even his best friend about those two years when he thought she had taken away his self-respect.

GENERALLY speaking, though, the stellar girls of Hollywood as a class are the gallant losers and do not explain, even to their closest friends, what went wrong in their marriages. Yet there is one major factor that operates in most cases and that

NEW LOOK

at a

NEW STAR

A spectacular Paul Hesse cover of

JENNIFER JONES

plus

a delightful, charming, news-packed

"Scrap Book On Jennifer Jones"

September Photoplay

the problem of the woman's becoming ore important than the man. The girls o not explain this, perhaps because it akes them sound self-satisfied, but more ten, Fearless believes, because the very xplanation would reflect upon the gentle- an involved. But three such varied types ; Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Sothern and oan Crawford all found their increasing nportance meant disaster in love. No wife as ever more adoring than Barbara Stan- yck with Frank Fay. Ann Sothern waited long time before Roger Pryor got his atrimonial freedom. He was the much ore important of the two when they wed. hen they parted, the balance of power ıd changed entirely. Joan Crawford was first-magnitude star, of course, when she ed Franchot Tone, but they expected anchot would become one, too. As you ıow, he did not at the time. It is highly teresting, too, that subsequently all three rls made their happiest marriages.

All of which may give you an idea of e strange wiles it takes to hold a Holly- ood marriage together and the peculiar- -acting factors that can break it up. And rhaps from these things you will feel at the Turner-Cranes, the Fontaine- nernes, the Jones-Walkers and all the st of them who don't make these com- omises are true idealists. They demand rfection in the marital relationship. They ant marriage exactly so, or not at all.

Maybe they're right. Maybe no loaf is tter than half a loaf. Maybe.

But it can't essentially be too much fun r Myrna Loy to go out with Helmut ntine, who's charming but so much her nior, so foreign to her background and ıo is carrying a torch for his ex-wife sides. And how does Jennifer Jones feel ıen she sits alone with her small sons at ght and sees Bob Walker looking straight t of their faces into hers? Watch Judy rland in a scene when she's relaxed and t acting. That's not happiness in her ngry eyes.

However, it may be silly to worry about rs and why they can't stay married. The int is they do stay married, only they ange the people they are married to. r, as you are all too aware, they remarry nost the moment they are divorced, ain and again.

Besides, no matter how they quarrel ıen married, they always part the best friends!

THE END

TUNE IN

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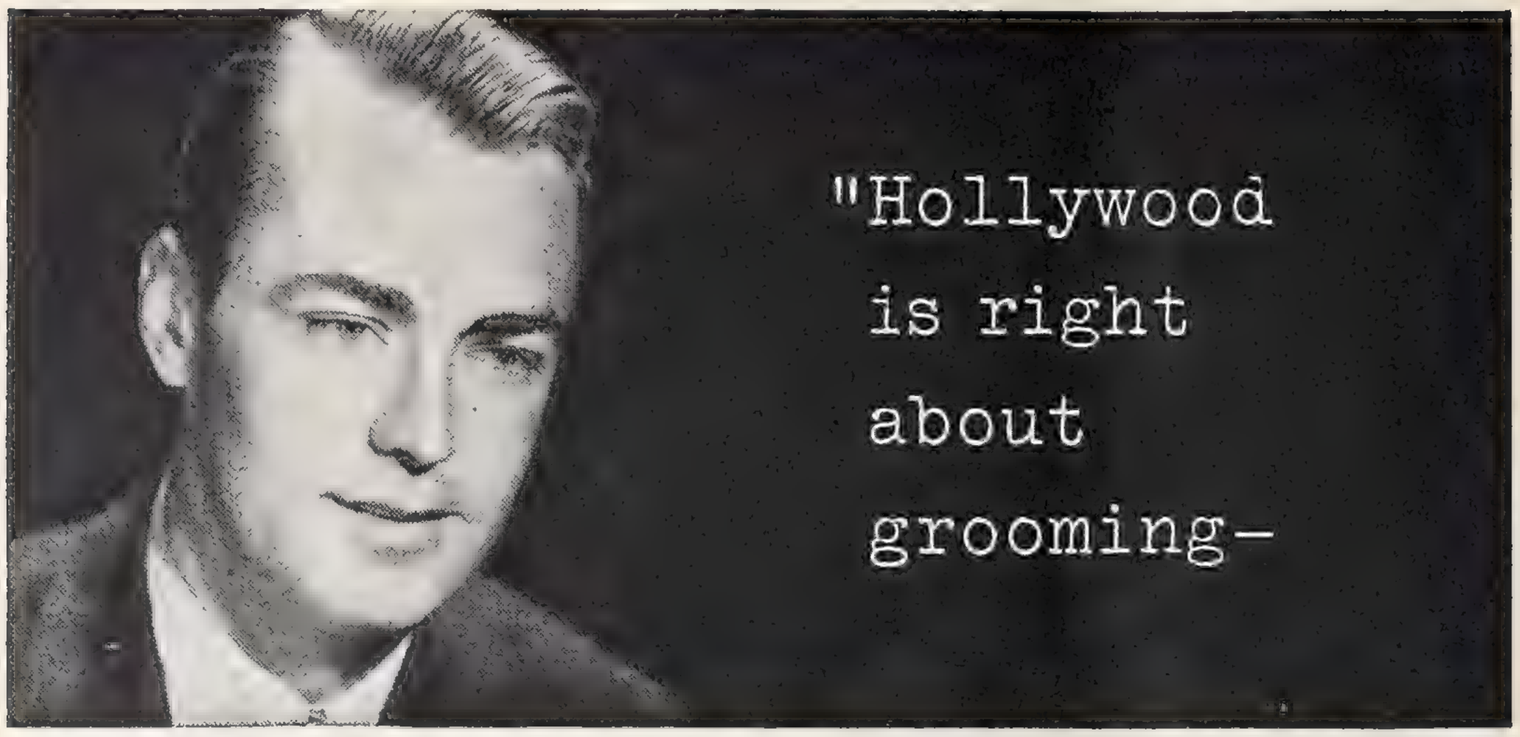
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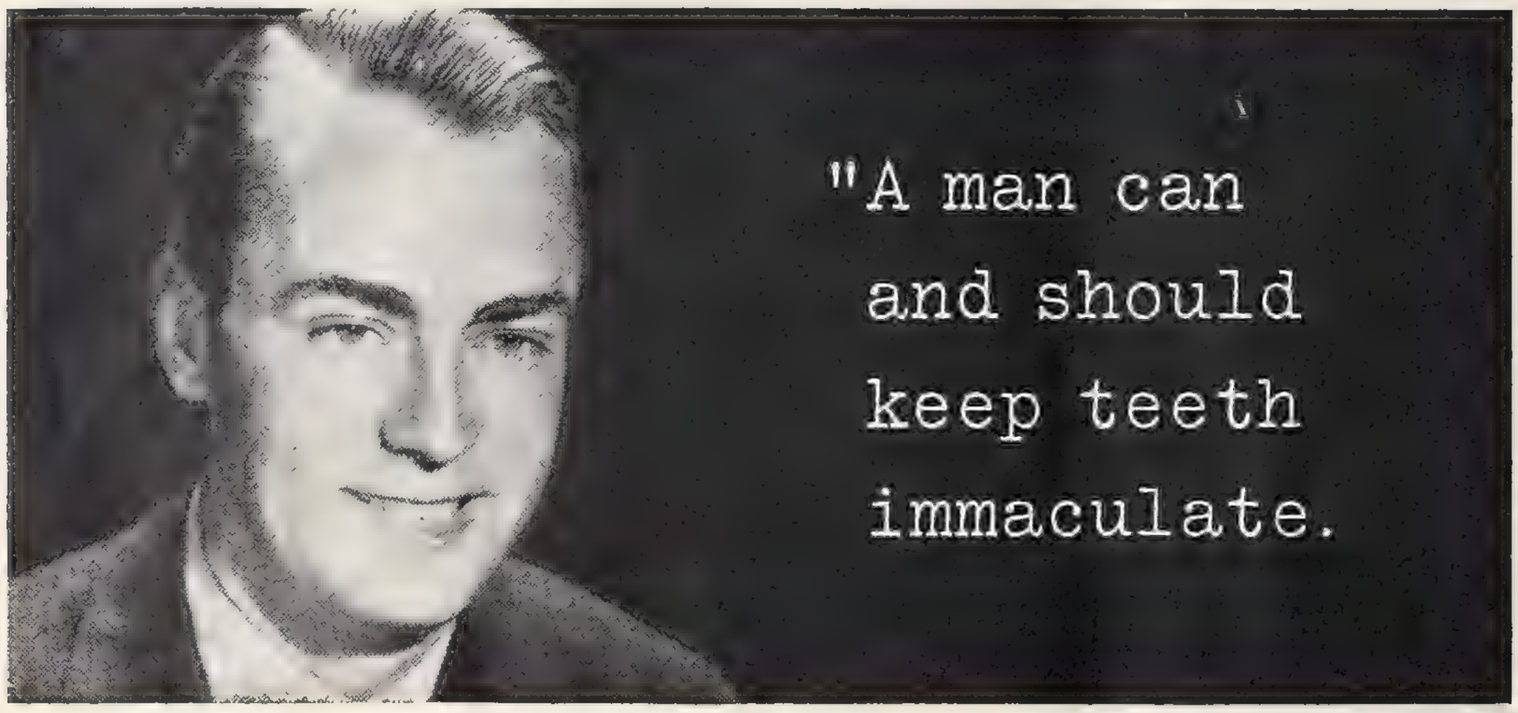
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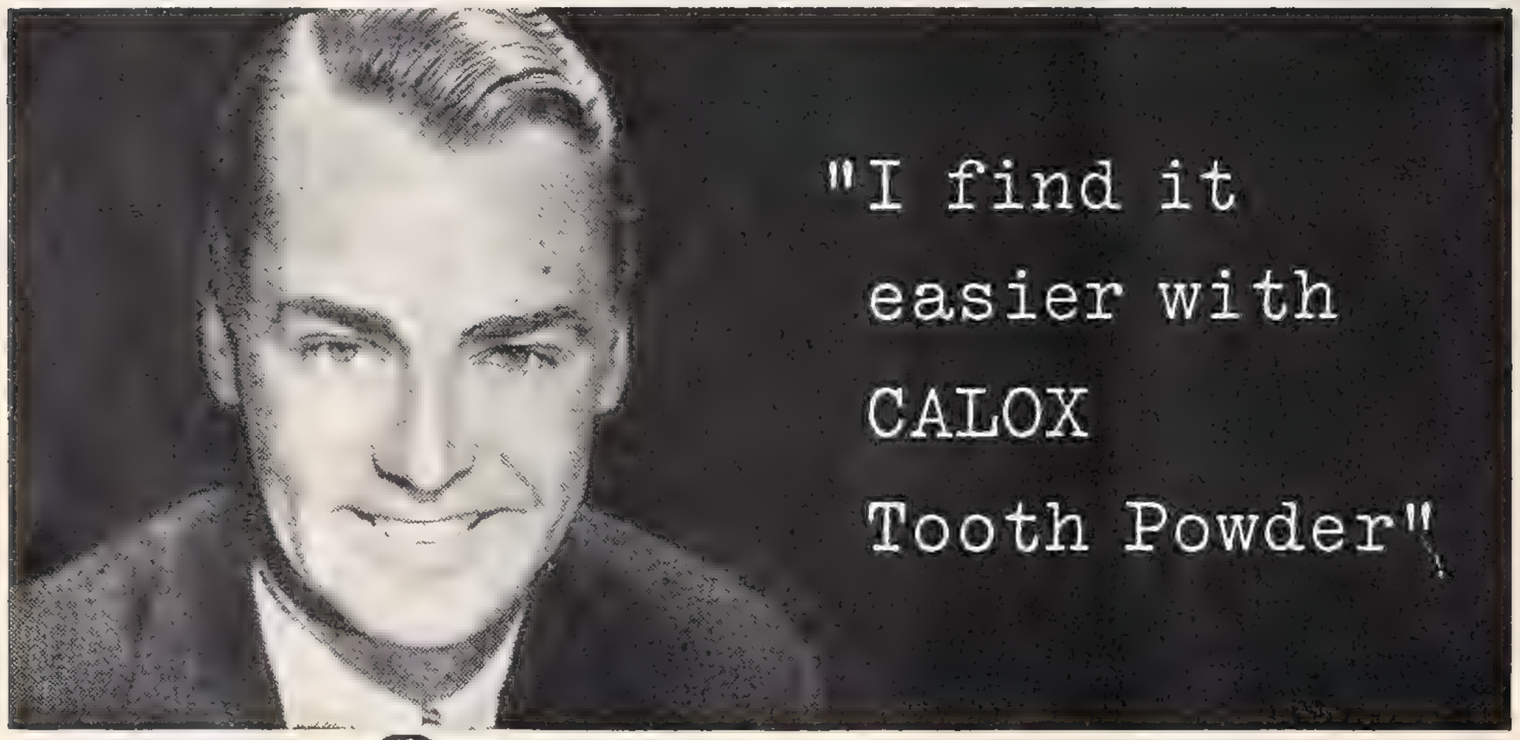
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P M M

Listen to "Stop Or Go," starring JOE E. BROWN—Thursday night, Blue Network.

Those Exciting Years

(*Continued from page* 31) known. Stage star of the early days, broken and beaten in those tough middle years—but never once did she quit fighting. The theory of age was something she wouldn't accept ever. "You ought to get wiser as you get older," she would say, "and wisdom is needed more than anything, isn't it? Give me an understanding heart—that's what Solomon prayed for most. You get more understanding in your heart year by year if you keep it open. Keep an open heart—and growing old will be a joyous growth toward eternity."

Always fighting—for the underdog. Many a time some young unknown actress would hear a knock on her dressing-room door and swinging it open her startled eyes would behold the great Dressler, top star then of them all. Marie fought for them and with them.

There are great names in the motion picture today who owe much to the memory of Dressler—but that's their story, not mine.

Except that I remember once when I heard her say to one of them, "My dear life knocks you to your knees. Of course it does. But after all, that's the position in which we learn to pray, isn't it?"

I've never forgotten that.

NO other star ever had the mysterious magic of Garbo. When she walked off the lot, she seemed to vanish. The strange "I think I go home now," the oft-repeated "I want to be alone"—they were part of motion-picture history. They annoyed a good many people and all Hollywood felt left out in the cold. Nobody knew Garbo—except the people on the lot.

To writers, it was doubly annoying that you couldn't interview Garbo, couldn't find out what she liked best to eat, what kind of a home life she enjoyed, whether she had any friends.

Yet on the M-G-M lot I got my first true glimpses of Garbo—and never lost them. One day I went into the hot-dog wagon on the lot to grab a quick bite to eat. And there was the remote and unapproachable Garbo, with her crew of electricians and grips, sitting on a high stool eating prodigiously, like a hungry schoolboy, roaring and whooping with laughter. Nobody, I thought, could enjoy herself so much about so little—unless she really were very lonely, very shy.

That never to be forgotten day when Garbo and Gilbert played the first love scene in "Flesh And The Devil." That was something to watch. We were seeing something we might never see again—great dramatic love scenes played by two people who had just fallen wildly, passionately in love. And there on the lot was revealed through those very scenes the beginning of the greatest of all Hollywood love stories—Garbo and Gilbert.

Heartbreak, too, I saw there. On the set of a picture called "Resurrection." Jack Gilbert—vivid, flashing, dynamic Gilbert. He had played a scene once—twice—over and over again. Then the director let him go. We walked together to his dressing room and he just sat there. He was a great talker, Jack Gilbert, he loved to talk, he would sit up all night for a good talk, he would talk on any subject in the world. But that day for the first and only time I ever saw him he sat very still.

For he knew then that at the very peak of his fame and fortune talkies had finished him, killed him off in one second. His voice didn't match his personality, his looks, and there in front of our eyes died John Gilbert, the actor and movie star though John Gilbert, the man, lived

t for unhappy frustrated years. The birth of *Andy Hardy*, who has meant much to American audiences, took place the M-G-M lot. In a projection room, all places, when the head of the studio w a picture called "Thoroughbreds Don't y." When the film was over and the hts went up it was a kid named Mickey ooney who played a character bit, hardly ore than a bit, who had caught and held e imagination of the man who directs e destinies of M-G-M, Louis B. Mayer. ey set out to find a role for him—and und *Andy Hardy*.

And then they discovered that in Mickey ooney they had a genius. He was an ful pain in the neck around the studio r a long time. Fresh, know-it-all, uppity. On the lot they whisper that Gable took hand in young Rooney's destiny. But of at I am not sure. Anyhow, he suddenly t his eyes open like a kitten and saw nat a great big world it was, actually, d how much there was he didn't know d one day on the set he spoke respectlly to Sam Wood, one of our great dictors, and the news spread like wildfire. ickey Rooney had said, "Yes, Mr. Wood, see what you mean." And everybody on e lot drew a great breath of relief.

HERE was the day when I saw a dramatic moment for the all-time record—e meeting of the real Father Flanagan Boystown, and Spencer Tracy, who was try to bring Father Flanagan to the reen—and did. They were introduced—d shook hands—and stood looking at ch other and for a moment neither of em had a word to say. Tracy's face was led with a sudden, true humility—and en with the best of them, humility is not actor's virtue. And Father Flanagan oked shy, suddenly, shy and almost overme at thinking that he and his work re to be cried to all the world by this lwart movie star.

"I'll do my best, Father," Tracy said ddenly.

"Well," Father Flanagan said, with a ile, "that's all I was ever able to do." And they smiled at each other, and you w that there was something very much ke about them, actually, and everybody o watched had tears in his eyes.

In twenty years on the M-G-M lot—y, for one thing we saw Joan Crawford ow up. From one of our dancing daughs to a fine woman and a fine actress. e little hoyden who used to dance the ack Bottom in cafes, who was always in me kind of love trouble, who was the ongest personality on the lot, grew into woman of gentleness and culture—and a ilanthropist, right before our eyes. There re the tense days when she and Gable l in love and nobody knew what was ing to happen. Scandals can rock a idio to its very foundations. But they fell t of love again—and everybody went ck to work.

Sometimes, too, I think of a day in Lon aney's dressing room, when he sat there the sergeant's uniform that he wore in at great picture "Tell It To The Marines." member? Watching him, listening to n, I caught something strange. It was experience you never quite had with yone else; there was another dimension a thing when Chaney told it to you. mentioned it and then he told me—I ver quite knew why, for he was a man o told very little about himself and own affairs—that his father and mother d been deaf and dumb. When he was mall boy his mother was ill a great deal d he was the whole world to her. On hands, he told her what was happening, talked to her, but he never felt that was ough. So he began to act out things for r, he made her see and know his school-

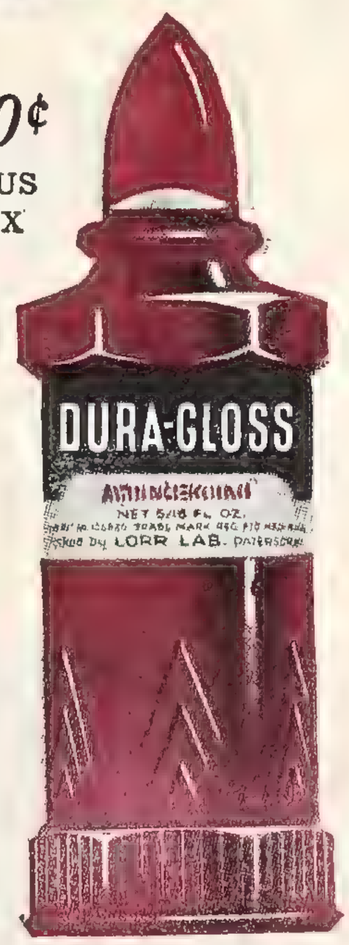


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Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much smoother and younger it makes your skin look. Get the small-size box and try it *today!*

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players"—Monday nights, CBS



mates and his teachers, what they said an how they looked and what they did, h brought her all the gossip of the neighbo hood and when he went downtown to se something in the theater, he brought th whole play home to her and made he laugh and cry.

I knew then that he had learned the tru pantomime that reaches beyond the ordi nary senses and speaks to the heart alon

There had been Jean Harlow, too. Th platinum blonde. The world who kne her through pictures knew a blonde bomb shell, the greatest exponent of sex appea the screen ever saw. But on the lot the knew a quiet girl, with a great need fo spiritual things, a love of music and— remember the first day when she cam back to work after her producer husban died so tragically by his own hand. Th way the studio rallied to her. How Dress ler went and sat on the set—just to b around, a good trouper as audience to good trouper. How Gable nearly brok himself in two playing that first scen with her and when he came off the se muttered, "God, that kid has guts!" An it was a prayer and the highest compli ment the Big Moose knew how to pay.

BUT I think of all the girls who've bee there in twenty years Judy Garlan is the most popular. You'd know that you'd seen the way they babied her, th things that were done for her last yea on the lot when she grew white and thi and peaked after her marriage with Dav Rose. Not a popular marriage—on the lo Nothing against young Dave Rose—prob ably nobody would have been good enoug for their Judy.

They flew the flags at half mast, figura tively, the day a weeping Myrna Loy sai good-by—freckled, redheaded, gay Myrna Going to get married and give up th screen.

Why, at first they didn't believ it. All right for her to get married, bu to leave the screen—and her studio partne Bill Powell? That was like breaking u another kind of a marriage. The lot wa like a family whose daughter is going t get married and go to live thousands o miles away. Everybody felt it. So she go married and went away—but then sh came back and there was rejoicing, almos as much rejoicing as when Irene Dunn moved onto the M-G-M lot for good, afte "A Guy Named Joe."

The glorious day when Norma Sheare married Irving Thalberg, head of produc tion, a young genius whom everybod loved.

The M-G-M studios were riotou that day. A royal wedding of the grea leading star of the day and the slim dar fiery young genius. And when he died s suddenly, their hearts were very sad. Yo see, you live all of life and its many facet in twenty years on a studio lot and tha day I remembered Norma's saying to m once as she got into her big car, "Some times I'm almost afraid. I've been to lucky. I have everything—my husban and a son and daughter and my work— I am afraid sometimes, I wonder if suc happiness is for mere mortals." I wishe then she wouldn't be afraid. "The onl thing we have to fear is fear"—as th President of the United States told us.

Next time you see the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer lion roaring up there at the begin ning of a picture, remember all that ha gone into the twenty years they're cele brating. Pictures have come a long way haven't they—from "The Big Parade" t "The White Cliffs Of Dover"? And behin those twenty years, the work and live and hearts of a lot of people—and som fine memories for all of us.

THE END

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 19) person. My neighbor has a fourteen-year-old boy who has been ill for most of those years. He is now bedridden, but before his illness confined him, he was a steady and enthusiastic movie fan. Now that he can't go to the theaters he writes to his favorites. They all respond with autographed pictures. Alexis Smith, however, went further than that. She wrote to him—not a typewritten, impersonal note—but a long, sympathetic, handwritten letter. She even offered a suggestion that she learned had been of help to others in his condition.

Yes, it was a friendly, gracious letter which made the boy very happy and proved me wrong in my opinion.

Mrs. M. E. Miles,
Spokane, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Riding Orson

I HAVE just seen "Jane Eyre," and, as always, I am by turns delighted and irritated with Orson Welles. He seems to have much and uses little. Seeing one of his pictures is like running a balky horse in a steeplechase: Beautiful riding in the field; then a mincing gait; a shying at obstacles; even a bogging down when you least expect it; but, occasionally, thank heaven, a soaring flight over a hurdle that leaves you breathless! You come away both loving the brute and willing to sell him to the nearest bidder.

Mrs. Merle Pierce,
Indianapolis, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Stinkaroo Buckaroos"

I'M an old cowboy working on a ranch twenty miles from town. I'm a movie fan, but I skip the hare-brained Westerns with their gaudy-garbed actors and worn-out plots. They are about as near real ranch life as a dowager's poodle is to a mongrel sheep dog.

In the movies a rancher's only problem is rustlers. In the cow country, however, you might not see a cattle thief once in ten years. Maybe chasing *Redeye The Runt* and his side-winder pals up Coffin Canyon is more dramatic than hunting a phantom lobo wolf that kills a dozen cows at night, but it's not half so hard or worrisome. Ranchers are beset by drought, water holes drying up, protein feed shortage, disease and other problems; but somehow the movies don't show them.

In the Westerns the same old threadbare theme keeps bang, bang, banging along. Maybe kids like it, but it's nauseating to real cowpunchers.

Dale Stafford,
Midland, Texas

$1.00 PRIZE
Starring the Styles

I WONDER if screen actors realize how much happiness they have caused to all classes of people—and to all ages—by their portrayal of beautiful and suitable clothes which our manufacturers have copied in many fabrics, at prices that are within the reach of every pocketbook.

This has taken the heartbreak out of many lives, for when I look back and remember the home-made fashions of yester-year, it is no wonder that many lives were ruined by the feeling of inferiority and despair that these screwy duds gave to their wearers. The screen has abolished this heartache for us and we are truly thankful to them all.

Mrs. Mabel Lewis,
Harlingen, Tex.



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A Vote for Comedies

YESTERDAY I went out to Blackland Army Air Field in Waco to watch the graduation exercises. When I came home I was so red-eyed it was pitiful and this is why: The soldiers there were very happy, of course, because they had their Lieutenant bars, but there were quite a few who didn't have a sweetheart or mother to pin them on. It looked sad indeed when the soldiers had to pin their buddies' bars on them. I am only eleven years old and you probably think I'm very silly for writing you. But will you please not make so many picture shows that show lonesome soldiers wanting to go home to their homes. Please make pictures with funny acting and sayings so that these soldiers who are far away from home may go to the show and be at ease for two or three hours.

Jane Corbin,
Waco, Tex.

HONORABLE MENTION

HAVE just finished reading your article "The Truth About The Stars In Service." Was angry beyond reason so had to write and tell you what we think of your article and the klieg-light heroes.

We have just returned from combat duty with the Eighth Air Force and have seen only two stars fighting in combat. While over there and fighting for our country and *yours*, we learned just how important or unimportant a medal can be. After seeing hundreds of fellow comrades shot down you come to realize how ridiculous your reference to sacrifices were. Have become irritated since our return about hearing the sacrifices of the movie stars—male and female alike—mostly male. Hollywood stars are just the same as anyone else. They have their jobs in this war—let them do them without thinking about the publicity they will receive.

S/Sgt. T. T. C.
(DFC, A.M., 3 Oak Leaf Clusters)
S/Sgt. R. E. L.
(S.S., DFC, P.H., 3 Oak Leaf Clusters)
Langley Field, Va.

THE epic stand of the Russians in Stalingrad, the legendary Chetniks of Yugoslavia, the complete demolition of Lidice and its population in Czechoslovakia and the heroic struggle of the people of China have been immortalized in remarkable and praiseworthy moving pictures.

But what about Greece? Wasn't the battle of Crete worthy of immortalization? And the epic victories of the Evzones on the snow-covered mountains of Northern Epirus and Albania? And the contribution of the valiant Greek women of Epirus in transporting ammunition to the highest peaks of the Epirotic Mountains? Or isn't this material enough for a real good patriotic moving picture?

C. Papaphotiou,
Providence, R. I.

NEARLY half a century ago I saw the great Buffalo Bill in person with his Wild West Show. I was only a small boy but it is one of the best remembered events of my life. Today I again saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West—this time in the final sequences of the Twentieth Century-Fox picture. Believe me, the make-up and costuming of Joel McCrea as Buffalo Bill and the scenes from the show were so true-to-life that it was like turning the pages of history back to that day of long ago. What more could I ask to confirm my conviction that good movies are a mighty educational force?

Paul B. Nees,
Kansas City, Mo.

If You Were Dennis Morgan's House Guest

(*Continued from page* 57) maroon-covered love seats, facing each other over a coffee table; and after you'd taken in the maroon-flowered drapes and the big radio and a picture of Dennis grinning at you from the wall and one big yellow sofa—you've examined the room as if you were a furniture assessor. It looks like home and you settle down happily in it. And then your hostess comes in—and you know why it's a home.

Lillian Morgan is dressed in a wool sports skirt and a jacket and comfortable shoes. She's about thirty-one and she's slim, pretty, dark-haired and gracious. She's also a little tired—as well she might be; she does all the laundry for her tumultuous family and oversees the housekeeping. But she doesn't seem to mind, it's part of life—and after dinner she'll pep up again.

IT seems only a second later that you, Dennis, Lillian, Stanley, Kristin and Jim (in a high chair) are all pulled up to the white lace table cloth in the dining room, putting away a hefty enough meat-and-potatoes meal to please any lumberjack . . . which, indeed, was Dennis's occupation in his youth. Dennis eats his average two helpings of pot roast, scalloped potatoes, spinach, tomato salad (out of their own garden), coffee and dessert. Meanwhile you've noticed the small dining room, which is strictly utilitarian. There's a rust rug on the floor and rust-yellow-and-brown English print drapes at the window. The wallpaper has a tan scenic pattern with trees and the old dining set and small sideboard are burnished cherry wood. "My great-grandmother's," Lillian explains.

The minute dinner is finished, she herds the kids upstairs—and their "goodnights" are still echoing on the living-room air when several voices call "Good evening!" from the front door . . . and the special Morgan friends have arrived for a talk-and-music fest. Andy Devine and his wife are first—Andy lives right next door and knows all the news of Van Nuys because of his important position in the community; he's Mayor. Right behind him are the Jack Carsons and the Robert Shaynes. And the minute Lillian is downstairs again everyone repairs to a small room right off

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the living room. Dennis calls it a "den," but it's really a catch-all.

It has a small pine bar and its pine-paneled walls are hung with four of Dennis's many shotguns (he hunts everything, every season—mostly making trips to Klamath Falls, Oregon). Mixed in with the guns are a collection of pictures—two of college-play casts with both Lillian and Dennis in them; several of Dennis with his children; and one framed announcement from the Governor of New Mexico proclaiming Dennis a Colonel on his staff. (Snaffled up during the time Dennis was making "The Desert Song" in New Mexico.) But your eye lingers longest on a great stuffed fish on the wall—a "muskie" caught in Wisconsin. And the guests' eyes—and elbows—linger longest on the upright piano in one corner. A second later, they're off on a typical evening.

Maybe they all sing together—every kind of song from "I've Been Working On The Railroad" to "Martha" and "Take It Easy." Then, suddenly, they each begin singing different parts of "The Chocolate Soldier" or "Show Boat" or "Porgy And Bess"—or perhaps they all swarm back into the living room to put on symphonic records. And maybe four of them will play bridge, while the others sit shouting over the music about politics and the war.

IN any event, the house is almost bouncing with music and voices and you wonder how the children upstairs can sleep so sweetly through it. By the time the evening is over, you're ready to join them, however; you haven't sung so much or talked so much in years. You straggle upstairs with the Morgan parents, muttering sleepily, "Where's the guest room?"

Whereupon they both laugh heartily. "No such thing in this house!" they say—and they usher you into their own room. It's a medium-sized square room papered in a cool green ivy-vine pattern on a white background; but what fascinates you about the room is that it boasts *two* double beds! "We both like 'em, but we like 'em alone," they explain at once, laughing at your popping eyes. "And you have to admit, they're double twins!" By which they mean that the beds are identical cherry-wood, with identical tan-and-brown tufted spreads. They stand on a tannish rag rug and so do three other pieces of furniture—an old mahogany dressing table, a mahogany desk and a cedar chest. The room boasts only one picture—a big color portrait of Dennis and Ann Sheridan seated in a carriage from "Shine On Harvest Moon."

IT'S only after you've taken in the whole room that you learn the guest-scheme: If you're a woman-guest in the Morgan household, you get Dennis's double bed, while he moves in with one of the children; if you're a man-guest, Lillian does the moving. But any consternation you feel vanishes at their casual attitude toward the whole thing . . . and soon you're asleep in the deep quiet of the Valley night.

But not for long or late! Around dawn you hear an ear-splitting series of roosters' crows that seem to come from beside your bed. They really ring from the end of the garden; but you're hardly over that shock when Dennis's fifty chickens begin clucking, his turkeys gobbling—and then Kristin and Stanley are awake across the hall and chatting happily together while they dress. Then you hear them clatter down the stairs to breakfast at Ida's hands and almost immediately Andy Devine's car starts in the garage next door and comes over to the Morgan gate, where the two Morgan children get in with the two Devine children—and are whisked off to school with Mrs. Devine at the wheel.

Then you doze, contentedly. You hardly notice it when Dennis moves quietly through the room and into his and Lillian's bathroom—but then there's the mingled roar of the shower and Dennis's voice, raised in song. Maybe this morning he gives you a medley of "Blue Heaven," "Trees," and "I'll Get By" . . . and he is hardly quiet again before you hear little Jim's voice calling "Dad-dee!" and his small pajama-clad figure pelts through your room to pound on the bathroom door. Then Dennis opens it, his hair wet and ruffled. He's dressed in a sports shirt and slacks and he swoops the squealing Jim high into the air. Another Morgan day has begun; and you lie back in your pillows and heartily enjoy it while Dennis and Jim romp all over the room and finally down the stairs to breakfast.

YOU dress quickly to follow. Downstairs (if it's a non-acting day for Dennis), you find him finishing his egg, toast and solitary cup of coffee behind the newspaper and before you're half through your own breakfast you can hear him in the "den," one-fingering the piano and going carefully through his vocalizing exercises. You leave him to his two-hour schedule and stroll out on the back cement terrace, waving at Jim who's rushing around in his fenced-in enclosure on one half of it. The other half is filled with brown garden furniture—brown, as you've guessed by this time, is Dennis's favorite color in the house or in clothes. Beyond stretches his acre of back garden, which is a California version of a Wisconsin farm.

First there's a wide strip of lawn with a rusty iron triangle on it for the children's swing and rings; then a strip of lovely flower gardens, filled mainly with roses; then a hardy strip of vegetable garden—with a big strawberry patch in the rear.

Fruit and nut trees keep the garden cool and on either side are the turkey pen (with two once-wild mallards sitting tamely on their eggs among the turkeys; they flew in a year ago and settled down!), the chicken pen, the dog-run for the big black Labrador retriever Bruce and the garage, with Dennis's motorcycle and green roadster inside it and the family station wagon. Right behind the garage is Lillian's special brown clapboard laundry house. It has an electric washing machine and mangle and also a complete storeroom and freezer for the oversupply of vegetables raised by the gardner, white-haired Lee.

In the afternoon, Dennis drags you off to the Lakeside Country Club for golf; and that night you might go with him and Lillian to a movie at a near-by Valley theater. And so you learn the Morgan personal history. You learn that they bought this eight-year-old house and its acre-and-a-half of land two years ago; and that they've been in California for eight years now; and that eventually they hope to be back home in Wisconsin, on a farm. You learn that Dennis and Lillian were high-school sweethearts in Marshfield, Wisconsin—only in those days she was a girl named Lillian Vedder and he was the leading football, baseball, basketball and track star, whose name was Stanley Morner. You know that his father was a lumberman and banker; and that Dennis and Lillian were married ten years ago, after they'd attended Carroll College together and after he'd got a toe-hold in radio singing in Chicago. You know that he's thirty-three now and that his idea of a perfect day is to get on a bicycle with Kristin sitting on a special seat behind him and Stanley pedaling on another bicycle beside him—and go off to a "hide-out" in the Valley somewhere to eat sandwiches and shoot B-B guns at tin cans.

You know that Sunday is a ritual—with the children hearing a series of comic strips on the radio and reading another series on the floor with their father; and then the whole family, slicked and freshly dressed, drive in to Hollywood to attend services at the First Presbyterian Church and to stop off at the Lakeside Country Club on their way home for lunch. You know that Dennis reads every night before he goes to sleep—definitely unfluffy reading, like the history of Currier and Ives and the latest biography on Oliver Wendell Holmes. You know that often he and Andy Devine go off on joint trips on their motorcycles; and that his great dream is to build a steam bath on his property so that he can take steam baths as often as he wants, which is hourly! You know that every concert or football game that comes to Los Angeles has Dennis sitting out front.

You know that he's very proud of his barbecued chicken, lamb and beef cooked over charcoal and steaming wine, in a weather-beaten barrel on the back lawn; and that he considers himself very lucky to have the Mayor as one next-door neighbor and as the other the leading Van Nuys grocer—who brings home last-minute groceries to pass through the Morgan hedge at the drop of a telephone dial. And you know that tiny Jim and big Dennis have a lifelong friendship—and that you've formed the same lengthy kind for this typical American family which happens to be growing up just outside of Hollywood!

In fact, if your visit didn't mean that you were putting either Dennis or Lillian out of bed, you'd stay until you could conduct Stanley, Kristin and Jim to the voting polls—which is a good many years hence!

THE END

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I Went to the End of the Line

(*Continued from page* 33) appeared before all kinds of troops—American, English, Sikh, Chinese, Indian. We found nobody laughed louder at the English jokes in our routine than the British. We found the Chinese and Americans, working side by side building airports in the still feudal interior of China, becoming pals. They work together and die together—and one day they're going to demand a better world together. We mustn't forget that: The Chinese and Americans like one another, trust one another, and they're going to stick together whatever happens.

The Chinese made up nicknames for me too. I was "Miss Precious Cargo" and "American Girl of Electric Form." They always smile, and I love them.

I PERFORMED in one tent pitched in a field which only a short time before had been a battleground. There were still dead Japs out there. We could tell by the prevalent smell of death.

Another time I performed in a revetment, a camouflaged shelter for planes, with a Ping-pong table for a stage. This air-force base had been bombed the day before and was alerted. The pilots and crews were under orders to stand by their planes. They couldn't come to the show. So the show went to the revetment.

You'd think performances under those conditions—in the presence of fear and death—would be pretty macabre affairs. But the laughs were heartier and the whistles more enthusiastic "up front" than in the base camps.

Those boys have been at the job too long. They can't waste time being afraid.

I was afraid, more than once.

Once was when we were standing by to fly over "the hump," the highest peak in the Himalayas. It is the only way to travel from Assam to China so long as the Japs hold the Burma Road and our flyers made the hop every day—but it is a hazardous flight. I was to be the first civilian woman to make the trip and the weather was nasty.

It was so freezing cold that my woolen undies and socks and sweaters might have been lace; I was tied up in a parachute which made me practically immobile; with my one free hand I clutched the oxygen mask to my face and tried to breathe. I was physically completely occupied and much too busy to be frightened.

I REMEMBER landing, still frozen, at one of those marvel air bases of the Chinese theater which have been made entirely by hand and are as remarkable as the pyramids. I remember hot coffee and doughnuts and a cheerful reception. But all I wanted, at that moment, was sleep. My own exhaustion, after one "hump hop," filled me with respect for the flight nurses who make the trip day after day, not hanging onto parachute and oxygen mask, but caring for wounded Chinese soldiers.

On another flight, our plane was lost for three hours in a storm. Keenan Wynn, who is a flyer himself, knew what was going on and told us all later that he was terrified. I didn't have enough sense to be frightened until the plane went into a sudden 1800 foot drop, bounced me to the ceiling of the cabin and knocked me out cold. I was glad when that one was over.

We felt like daredevils.

But the pilots think nothing of fifteen-

hour nonstop combat missions!

I had thought life for the G.I. was grim in Burma. In China I found out what "grim" means. Every box of supplies for the American and Chinese forces in China must be flown in. And that means precious ammunition as well as food.

There, in the midst of civilian poverty the like of which the Americans have never seen, they fight the war with the bare necessities. Guns, and enough food to live. There isn't a phonograph record in the entire Chinese theater. Boys who haven't been home in two years asked me wistfully, "What's on the Hit Parade?" Andy Arcari's accordion was greeted with wild enthusiasm. Those kids were as hungry for music as they were for ice cream.

THE leaders in this area live as simply as their men. In General Stilwell's headquarters—which was five miles from the fighting front and where I managed to go only by the most shameless coaxing—I sat on a horizontal bamboo pole to eat luncheon with the man in command of all Chinese and American troops in the area.

"I practically bribed the boys to bring me this far," I told the General. "I want to see the real front. Please, let them take me up in a jeep."

"Young lady," said the General, "you've gone far enough."

I visited General Chennault in his headquarters, too, and found the only luxuries there a frigidaire (pre-war) and a huge photograph of himself with the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang. There were flowers in an earthern bowl—which must have been rarer by far to the General than to me. But that chivalrous gentleman gave them to me to wear in my hair.

When I left China for India on the beginning of my long journey home, I was tired. Physically and emotionally tired. The Flight Surgeon of the Area took one look at me when we landed in Delhi and grounded me for a week's rest.

"Miss Goddard," he told officials, "is suffering from pilot's fatigue."

Delhi is one of the "gravy" spots and it was good to have a bath again, to listen to music, to sleep between clean sheets.

But baths and music and clean sheets will seem better when all the boys who are still "up front"' taking it can have them too. *All* the boys, our own and the British and the Chinese.

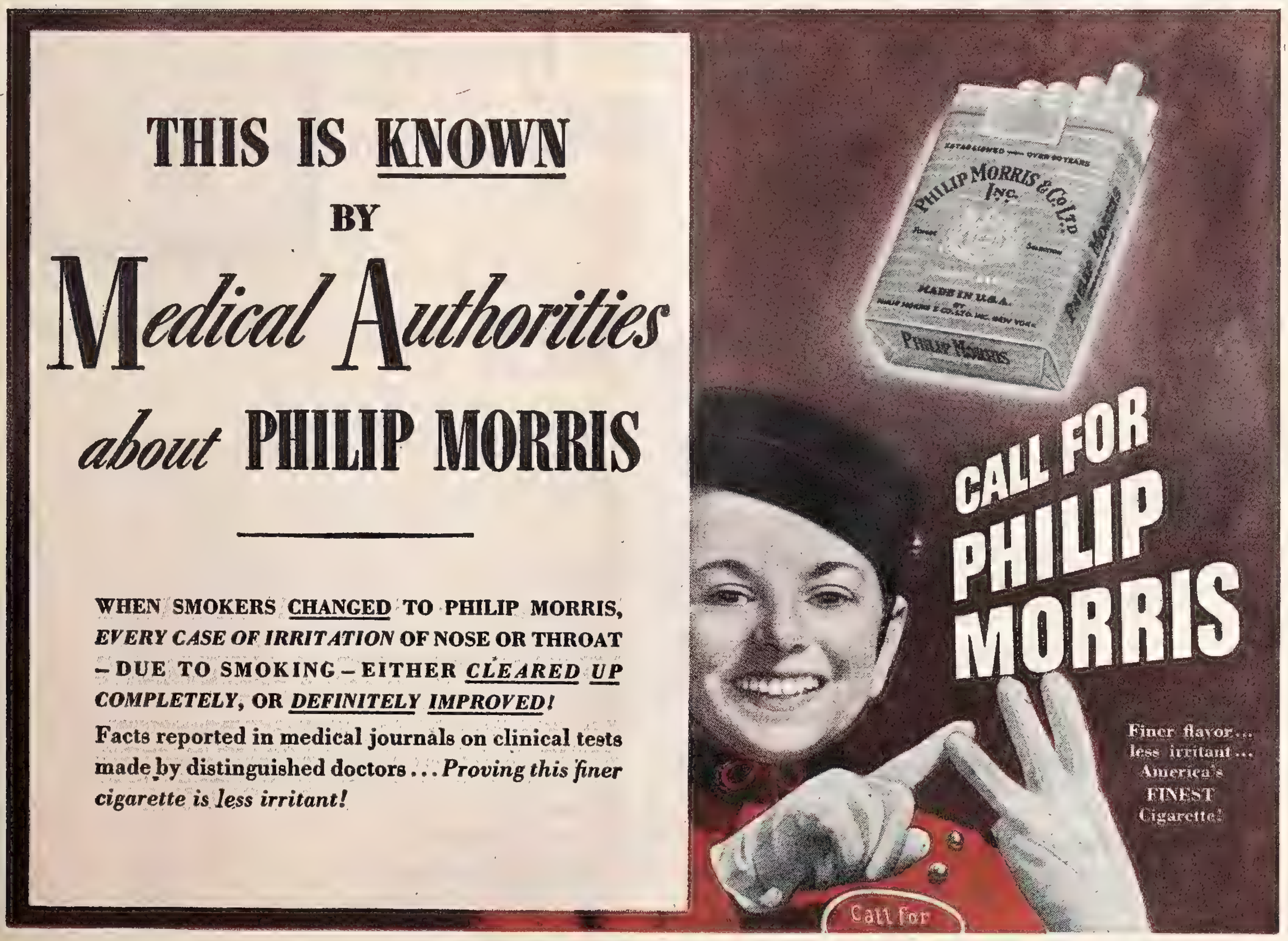
In the meantime, they're not squawking. Their morale is great. They're working and fighting and *feeling*. Those boys in the faraway places at the end of the line feel pretty deeply, I think, that they are fighting for something more than just to win a war. They're fighting for a world that will be better than it's been up to now. They've seen poverty of the kind that smells, and smells bad. They've compared the world around them with some of the seamier sides of things we've had here at home. And they're going to be awful sore, I can promise, if after all the hell they've gone through, all the world stays the same—the world at home, and the world out there.

If that happens, their morale, if you want to call it that, isn't going to be good at all. Not at all. It's going to be bad, and I mean bad. Cigarettes and movies and beer won't work, if that happens.

No, when you come right down to it, you find you aren't wondering so much how their morale is now as how it's going to be when it's over. And if it turns out to be bad when it's over, then a lot of people are going to have a lot to worry about—all over the world.

THE END





A Story from the Heart of Greer Garson

(*Continued from page* 29) many opinions, too much assurance and his remarks are on the impudent side.'

"Then," Greer went on, "we played our first important scene together in 'Mrs. Miniver.' I remember being deeply impressed with his sincerity and his ability as an actor.

"Between shots we talked a great deal that day and I found him extraordinarily intelligent. But, best of all, he was such grand fun. You know, Louella, it is impossible to be around Richard without laughing."

IT was easy for me to agree with that, for I really miss the tall, handsome boy in the Navy uniform who is the life of all the gay little dinner parties we have had at their Bel Air home. Richard has a devastating sense of humor and when he is with Greer I have heard her giggle with the abandon of a schoolgirl.

But Greer was not laughing now. There was a look of deep thoughtfulness on her face when she said: "You know, to love and to be loved is the greatest thing in the world. It is what every woman wants in her heart. I was alone so long—and so very lonely. A successful career is not everything in the world. But to have success—and a husband with Richard's qualities—then I feel I am, indeed, a fortunate woman. I believe the happiness we have found has even made me well and strong again and given me back my health."

Greer seldom talks about the bleak days when her health was so miserable she feared she might become a hopeless paralytic. Her doctors later told her it was nerves brought on by her unfortunate early marriage and the restlessness that consumed her that first year in Hollywood.

Even now she does not speak easily of that first marriage and I was flattered by her frankness in the first remarks she has ever made about her former husband.

She said: "We were miserably unhappy. He wanted me to go to India and I wanted to remain in London and continue my career as an actress. He was a very brilliant man, one of the best amateur pianists in England and a fine writer. He was a judge—or did you know? We had been brought up together and in many ways we liked the same things. But it takes more than several congenial tastes for happiness."

Greer's divorce was the first in her family and until the English divorce laws were amended she could not get her freedom in England. It was not until she came to California that she filed suit and Judge Snelson then filed his suit in London charging desertion.

But that is all behind her now and, knowing Greer, I believe she wants it to stay buried. That is because she is a happy woman now—and like all happy women she lives in the present and not the past.

"IF YOU first thought that Richard was a very impertinent young man," I asked her, "when did you change your mind about him?"

She replied, "After I came to know him. I found him to be so gallant, so thoughtful about little things. Soon after we met, I remember he took me to the ballet. To my surprise he said, 'We are wasting a lot of time, you know. I am going to marry you.' I just laughed. I didn't want to marry anyone—not after my first experience.

"And then we seemed to be spending more and more time together. Our falling in love didn't happen in a day, a week or a month. I admired his brilliant mind. I found him excellent company and for the first time in so long I was laughing and having fun. Perhaps it seems like a little thing—but I admire a man with good manners. Richard is so thoroughly a gentleman.

"He was every bit as gallant with Nina, my mother, as he was with me. I think I could have fallen in love with him for being so very sweet to her. Both of us respond to his nonsense—like children.

"Another thing—Richard is proud of me but I know he isn't one bit impressed with my success. When I made an appearance on his ship he introduced me with, 'May I present the well known and popular star, Miss Greer Garson, who sometimes travels incognito as Mrs. Richard Ney.' I'm just as proud of him. I know that when the war is over and he is no longer in the Navy that he will either return to the stage or do something worth while with his writing. He sketches well, too."

The continued harping on the difference in their ages annoys Richard far more than it does Greer. There is really so little difference between them. Richard will soon be thirty and he was married before he met Greer. If he is only twenty-three, as one writer said, then he must have been married at the age of thirteen, for it was ten years ago that he married a well-known artist.

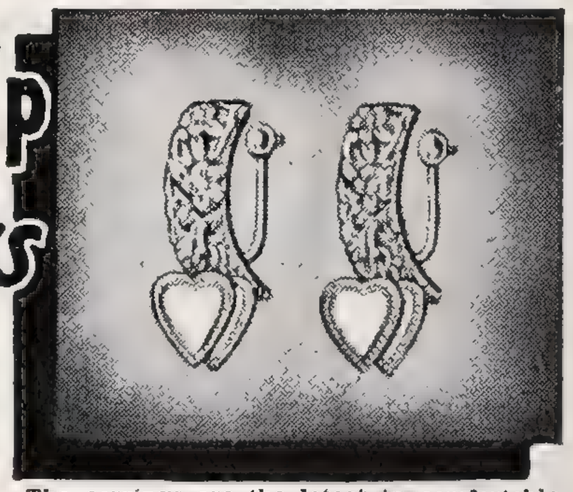
There is one point continually cropping up, however, that Greer would like to set straight. She is often referred to as "English" and while it is true she was raised in England, her father came from the

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Orkney Islands, near Scotland, and Nina was born in the North of Ireland. Greer, therefore, is really Scotch and Irish. Like most of the Irish—and Scotch—she has very definite ideas. She has particularly definite ideas about women with careers who marry.

"A man can be sure a woman who is successful and has her own money isn't marrying him for material comfort. She marries because she loves him. Women now have their place in the world as well as men and just the same chance to make good."

In spite of those sturdy feministic words, Greer is essentially a "home" woman. She swears she gets that from Nina and, after being a guest many times in their lovely house, I am inclined to agree with her.

THE home where the young Neys and Nina live is a delight—so comfortable and done with such excellent taste that you get the feeling that it is where their hearts are—and not just something "done" by an interior decorator.

Both Greer and Richard proudly tell you that Nina did the house. She collected chairs, sofas, desks, tables and pictures, adding them to the antiques that belonged to her family. Greer, however, did the powder room which has a circus motif—the wallpaper painted with trapeze performers, "barkers," lions and tigers. She laughed, "I never saw a circus until Richard took me and I adored it. So I wanted at least one room done with my favorite circus suggestions." There are some very fine paintings lining the walls, some old masters, some of the contemporary modern school. Richard's beloved classical records are all there—exactly as he leaves them. He loves good music.

"In fact," laughed Greer, "the very first time I visited his bachelor apartment before we were married he invited me to hear his records. Oh—everything was perfectly proper—he left the door open!"

The thing I have noticed particularly between Richard and Greer when they are together is the complete lack of tension. No matter what little annoyance crops up, they take it completely in stride.

I remember the last time Richard was home on leave, Doctor Martin and I were dining with them. Greer had asked that we arrive for dinner at 6:30 because she had promised Celestine and Joseph (the butler and his wife) that they might have the evening off to see "Random Harvest."

Much to *my* annoyance, my favorite medic was an hour and a half late. I had insisted on going ahead with dinner without him and it was my private opinion that it would serve him jolly well right if he didn't get anything to eat! Greer had come home exhausted from a long session in "Mrs. Parkington." But if I was peeved—our hosts were not.

Greer went out to the kitchen, herself, and completely reheated an excellent meal and Richard, very elegant in his Navy uniform, served it with flourishes. Any other stellar Hollywood couple might have been royally annoyed. The Neys made a game out of the whole thing.

I think more than anything else in the world, Greer would like to have a baby—or several children. She told me, this day, just before I left her by the swimming pool, "Above all things—I hope we will be blessed with children.

"I shall never feel my career is my whole existence. I don't want to work all my life. I want time to travel with Richard, to read with him and to know fully the happiness he has brought into my life—more than I have ever had."

And my hope for Greer and Richard is a future that will bring them all the grand things they so richly deserve.

THE END

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No dancing tonight, or any night . . . lately. What had happened to change her adoring, fun-loving husband into this cold, indifferent stranger?

* * *

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Photoplay Found my Sister!

(*Continued from page* 34) and get my own copy of Photoplay. I made Gloria read me every word of the letter. Every fact was correct. My father's name is Lawrence L. Emerson. My mother was named Victoria. When my parents separated, I moved with my mother to Grand Rapids. When she died, I went to live with my aunt and uncle. All we knew about my father was that he had gone West. Peggy and my brother, Herff, had also gone West with their own mother.

Now while, like every other American girl of nineteen, I go to shows, I'm not really a true movie fan. But Gloria Balkema is. She has even been to Hollywood once and played in a couple of pictures. Of course, she was terribly excited when she telephoned me. All the girls in the office were excited, too. But what did I do? I cried.

My boss, who is the nicest boss any girl could have, called my aunt and uncle and, although I didn't know it, called the newspapers, too. He gave me the afternoon off and I dashed home. Imagine how I felt to find our house overflowing with reporters and news photographers. I tried to answer their questions, but I honestly didn't know what I was doing.

I sent a telegram, as Peggy's letter asked, to her at Warner Brothers studio in Hollywood. Then I sat down and wrote her a long air-mail letter, telling her all the things I remembered about her, how nice she had been to me when I must have been an awful little nuisance. I recalled the gifts she had given me, dolls and toys and purses. Finally I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I was waiting to hear from Peggy.

How was I to know that she would get more than 400 telegrams from 400 other "sisters" and that mine was somewhere in the middle of the pile? Of course, she knew when she came to mine that I was the real one, but the delay meant I didn't get her wire until after I had read next morning's papers. Right in my home-town papers there were the stories, mine about her, and hers, from Hollywood, about me!

BUT that was only the beginning. One of Photoplay's representatives got in touch with me and said the magazine was going to pay my way out to the Coast to see Peggy. My aunt was to go with me, too; so my uncle decided to take his vacation and go along with us.

My uncle's boss gave him three weeks off, and mine gave me four, and just the moment Photoplay said the railroad tickets had been secured—and you know what a job that is these days—away we rushed, first to Chicago, and then out on one of those luxurious, streamlined trains to Hollywood.

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Louella O. Parsons

In September Photoplay

Peggy was waiting for me at the station. I recognized her the moment I saw her, and the first thing I noticed about her was her sweet smile. We flew into each other's arms, while cameras flashed. Peggy is seven years older than I am, but I'm five inches taller and it was so funny to have to remember that when the cameras pointed at us. Driving out to Peggy's house, I realized, just by the little things she said, what a lovely and very real person she was and how sincere she felt about all this.

We didn't go out that first evening. I know we must have eaten dinner, for I love food too much to ever skip a meal—in fact, Peggy says I eat too much—but I honestly can't remember that first dinner. I know we finally got undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep. We had too much ground to cover and we talked until four o'clock in the morning. Peggy had to go to the studio next day to make poster stills so a little after eight we headed out to Burbank and Warner Brothers. I tagged Peggy—I simply can't think of her as Faye—into the make-up department and nearly tripped when I saw Bette Davis sitting there. Peggy took me over and introduced me. Bette seemed so little sitting there and I simply towered over her. I thought then of Bette what I later thought of every Hollywood celebrity I met, they are all so real. I expected them to be phony and use elegant voices and all that, but not one of them did. At the same time, they were more attractive, every one of them, than I expected.

Peggy took me around the lot later and I met Eleanor Parker, Paul Henreid, Eve Arden and John Ridgely. I have to confess those men didn't do a thing to my pulse, but maybe that's because I am in love. But then, on our way home, Peggy took me into the famous Romanoff's and I met Prince Mike and I really thought him quite a person. He kissed my hand and was most entertaining. We went to a restaurant called the Tail of the Cock for dinner and then back to Peggy's.

It turned out the next day that Peggy didn't have to work so she said we were going down to San Diego to see our brother, Herff.

Herff works for the Ryan Aircraft Company down there and nothing would do but Peggy and I had to stay there for two whole days. They took me everywhere where they had grown up together in the years I had been separated from them. Herff has an attractive house and a darling wife and an adorable baby.

After that, it all got so crowded that I can't remember the separate days. Peggy took me everywhere. I went to the Tropics, where you eat outdoors, for one dinner. I went to the opening of Errol Flynn's art gallery and met Mr. Flynn and had the first champagne cocktail I ever tasted there. I didn't like it, but I did like the strawberries it had in it.

One afternoon we went swimming at the Santa Monica Beach Club, which was wonderful, and another evening we dined at a fascinating place called the Beachcombers. That same night we went to the famous Mocambo and Peggy arranged for Helmut Dantine to be my date. He's a marvelous dancer. Lana Turner was there that evening, with pink flowers in her hair and she really is just as beautiful as people say she is.

Every day, during the day, I'd go to the studio with my sister. All on one set—the picture was "The Doughgirls"—I met Ann Sheridan, Alexis Smith and her fiance, Craig Stevens, Jane Wyman and Jack Carson.

I can certainly see why Ann Sheridan is popular with men. She is so beautiful and at the same time natural and unspoiled. Anyone could see that Alexis



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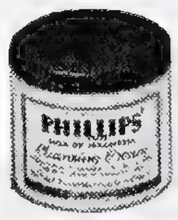
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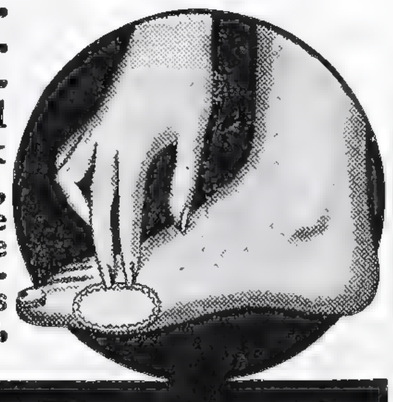




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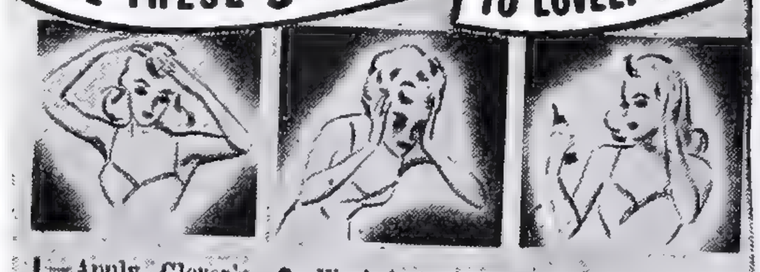
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Smith and Craig Stevens were very much in love. He's much handsomer off screen than he is on.

Jane Wyman is a lovely person and her clothes are so good-looking. Jack Carson is much handsomer than I had expected, too, and very polite.

BUT the thing I liked best out of the whole trip, outside of being with Peggy and Herff, was visiting Joan Crawford's house.

You see, as I said before, I'm in love. My fiance is Sergeant Carl L. Nelson of the Army Air Corps. He's still in this country but we expect he'll be overseas very soon. We're not thinking of that very much. The things that are in our minds are the same things that are in the thoughts of millions of other engaged couples our age. We're thinking of our marriage and the home that we'll have when he comes back.

Miss Crawford couldn't have been nicer. She took me all through her lovely place, right from her blue, white and plum-colored drawing room, to her music room, her wonderful dining room, her upstairs dressing room and upstairs sitting room, her husband's room and her own, and even into the nursery where her two children were sleeping.

I know I can never have anything like that, but it was a pleasure to see white carpets on floors and organdie curtains with deep embroidered ruffles and maybe I can adapt some of those ideas to my house someday.

But do you know that at the end of those two weeks, I was actually homesick? We had had a wonderful time, but it was good, too, to be going home, back to our house and my job and my friends and to letters from my very own sergeant. It was thrilling to have found my sister once more and my older brother. Yet I yearned for the background where I'd grown up.

I admire and love Peggy deeply. She has beauty and humor and brains and such self-control.

Yet I wish she were going to have the kind of life I know I'm going to have. I wish she were going to marry and have a home and lots of children. I just couldn't feel, from what I saw of Hollywood, that careers give any woman as much happiness as do a home and children.

But one thing will never happen. Peggy and I will never again lose each other now that Photoplay has brought us together again! Our letters will prevent that happening, going back and forth between us, like shuttles weaving the pattern of our love and devotion for one another.

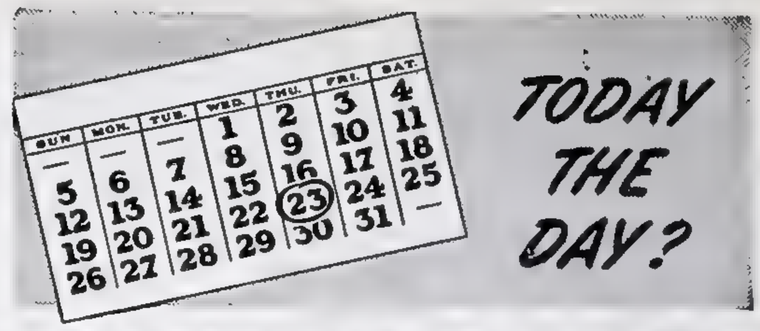
THE END

FOR LOVE OR MONEY?

Why do the Hollywood stars work—for love of their profession or just for the dollar-sign results?

"Fearless"

gives you the inside story (and names names!) In September Photoplay

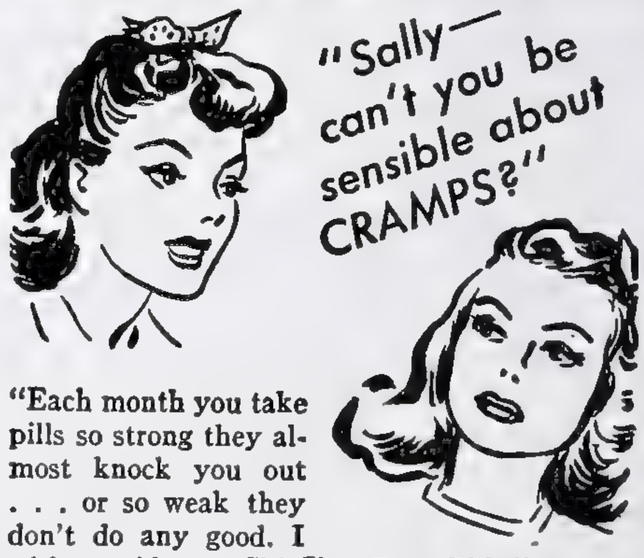


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CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Scrapbook on Betty Hutton

(*Continued from page* 43) water-and-perfume over it—and smells like a flower garden wherever she goes

Proudest achievement: Changing from the badly dressed showgirl who came to Hollywood three years ago—into the chic, smart young woman she is today. All her clothes are custom-made and she only enters a store for shoes and underwear.

What bores her the most: Sitting under the hair-drier—with her feet stamping in impatience!

Pet superstition: Always walking on the same side of a lamp post that her companion chooses. If they separate, you can hear her frenzied shriek of "Bread-and-butter!" for a mile!

Most humiliating moment: When, at the beginning of her career in New York, she had to borrow the money for a return home to Detroit from a strange music publisher—and listen to him tell her at the same time, "Give up your career because you have no talent!"

Most depressing duty: To reduce. Her method is, "Don't eat!" and she hardly does; her diet being as follows:

Breakfast: Grapefruit and coffee.
Lunch: Eggs.
Dinner: Steak.

Greatest thrill: Her first opening in New York City at the Casa Manana night club. She was sixteen years old and wearing her only outfit—a green taffeta skirt with a white silk blouse; she sang "Dipsy Doodle," "Where's My Little Dog Gone?," "Old Man Mose" and "A-Tisket, A Tasket."

Greatest virtues: Her bubbling personality, her fierce protection of down-and-out friends (because of her own down-and-out experiences), her generosity with money and clothes and her fine talent as an actress.

Greatest annoyance from the public: Whenever an audience acts cold or rude to a performer—herself or anyone else.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That she is not yet grown-up! But in two or three years she'll be Betty the Adult—and even more remarkable than she is today!

Most sordid adventure: The seven weeks when she and her mother camped out in a swank suite at the Astor Hotel in New York City—washing and ironing their clothes at night so the maid wouldn't know; and cooking stews and soup in their rooms with five lids on the pot and towels pressed against the crack under the door.

Bravest moment: When she went to the manager of the Astor at the end of seven weeks and confessed she couldn't pay a penny of their gigantic bill. (He received this bad news as if it were a fortune—he begged her to pack and move at her leisure and pay him back at the same. All of which she did!)

Ex-boy friends: Huntington Hartford, the heir to the A & P Store fortunes, and Perc Westmore, the make-up man to whom she was once engaged. But her best ex-male-friend (not beau) is Louis Sobel, the New York columnist, who guided her for years through a sea of celebrities and night clubs.

Pet form of entertainment: Collecting a handful of friends at her home for dinner and discussion—or doing manual labor for her friends. (She once laid 2,000 bricks for a friend's terrace on her day of rest!)

THE END







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YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓✓✓ Gaslight (M-G-M)

THE performance of Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in one of the best psychological thrillers of the year has left us hoarse with shouted salvos to M-G-M for the casting and directing of this stage play. If anything, the picture is an improvement over the play—for many sequences, especially the early ones, have been added to the movie, which greatly clarifies the story.

We doubt if there is an actress in Hollywood who can capture not only the appearance but the spirit of youth as does Bergman in these early scenes. Her gradual disintegration of soul, mind and spirit under the subtle and calculated scheming of Boyer is something to behold. Boyer, the cruel and the ruthless, proves himself an around-the-clock actor.

As the cockney maid, Angela Lansbury makes a gem of her less important role. In less competent hands the role could easily have submerged itself into nothing. Lansbury gives it a cold unsympathetic deadliness that incongruously enough becomes comical at times.

Joseph Cotten is, alas, given too little to do. We feel a much less competent actor should have been given his role and Cotten saved for better things.

The atmosphere of Twentieth Century London, the very feel of the times creep round like the fog and the mist of mid-Victorian thinking. This is due in great part to the masterful direction of George Cukor and the production artistry of Arthur Hornblow Jr.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for those who appreciate intelligent, adult entertainment.

✓✓ Christmas Holiday (Universal)

FRANKLY we're puzzled and would much rather hear your reaction to "Christmas Holiday" than present our own, for it's a story of much strangeness and such a peculiar departure for its star Deanna Durbin. One is constantly aware of a feeling of disappointment and yet (and here's the catch) one finds oneself thinking about it next day and even the day or three days after. It's that kind of thing, you see.

So much depends upon audiences. Will they or rather can they accept Durbin as the wife of a murderer, a third-rate night-club singer, a woman who has neither home nor station in society? We doubt it, frankly.

For one thing the character isn't drawn or etched strongly enough. Nor is it entirely believable that a girl marries a self-confessed weakling and then blindly ignores his night philanderings, his weak excuses, until murder is suddenly upon her, a murder committed by her own husband because he's weak. And because she hasn't had the foresight to help and strengthen him, his mother turns her out when the husband goes to prison. Her excuse for the night-club job is that she, too, must suffer in this, her own prison.

Gene Kelly as the killer is terrific, one can almost feel the horrid weakness of his personality, can feel it apprehensively even before it becomes a part of the story. If anything, we're afraid Mr. Kelly walked off with the story that was meant for Miss Durbin, whose heavy, almost exotic, make-up, even in the courtship scenes, was puzzling and needless, to say the least.

Dean Harens, the young lieutenant to whom Deanna tells her story, registers as a definite screen personality. He's



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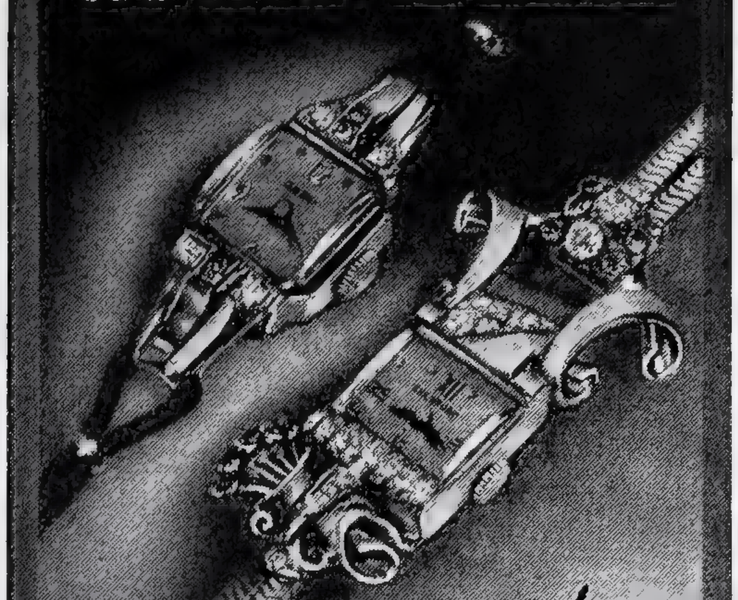
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handsome, young and so very sincere.

Miss Durbin shows great possibilities as a dramatic actress but is somehow out of her forte in this type of story. Her singing of two songs is sublimated to the story.

Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother, Richard Whorf as the newspaper reporter and Gladys George as the night-club hostess are so good.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy on the mind.

✓✓ The Eve Of St. Mark (20th Century-Fox)

"EVE Of St. Mark" is like a few bars of beautiful music heard in the night and then gone. Beautiful, yet incomplete, the story is a poignant one, full of the tragedy and helplessness of men caught in a whirlwind of hell not of their own making and yet one they must exist through until the end.

Taken from the Maxwell Anderson play, the story tells of those lads who were drafted before Pearl Harbor, their life in camp and then the sudden plunge into war on some forsaken island in the far-off Pacific, their decision to remain—a mere handful of them—and fight it out no matter how malaria-ridden or soul-sick they may be.

As the boy from the farm, Bill Eythe literally makes his soldier come to life on the screen. Every thought and action of the boys find life through Bill's interpretation. Here's a coming actor if ever there was one.

Michael O'Shea, the toughie from Brooklyn, and Vincent Price, the disillusioned Southerner, are outstanding among the soldiers. Ruth Nelson and Ray Collins, Bill's parents, are just right.

Anne Baxter is the neighbor girl whom Eythe loves and is so quietly splendid. Miss Baxter, a charming actress, almost underplays her role. The love scenes between her and Eythe are realistically tender.

The native girl who nurses the boys through malaria, the "ruttin'" talking sergeant (played by George Mathews), Joann Dolan and Toni Favor as *Lill* and *Sal*, are standouts.

We feel the strength of this story is endangered by its uncertain finish. Hollywood, it seems, is afraid to strike with strong bold strokes; but the film's message, that our boys over there are men and heroes every one, is still not impaired.

Your Reviewer Says: An emotional experience.

✓✓ Hail, The Conquering Hero (Paramount)

PRESTON STURGES, the director you remember for "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek," has taken the hero of that tale, Mr. Eddie Bracken, and given him in this story a humanness, a quality of sincerity, that are so wonderful in their strength and weakness, they find a ready and appreciative response in the understanding of every other human being. Here is a true-to-life character with all the human elements intact and minus the Hollywood hooey. And what's more, the story, while not great or even notable, is warm and homey, too.

It tells us that Eddie's father had been a Marine in World War I and all his life Eddie has longed to emulate his hero dad. So along comes W. W. II and Eddie joins the Marines and is on his way toward being a hero, too, when (oh, the irony of it) chronic hay fever gets him discharged. Ashamed to go home, he pretends to his

It's a woman's privilege to change her mind



. . . so I changed to FIBS* the tampon that's *easier to use!*



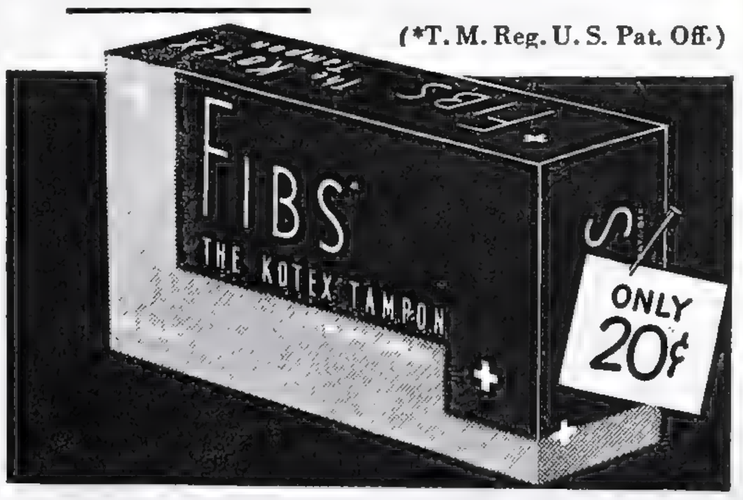
I never dreamed there could be such a *difference* in tampons . . . that a tampon could be so *easy to use*—til I tried Fibs, the Kotex* Tampon for internal sanitary protection!

Compare Fibs with any leading brand and you'll see that Fibs alone have *rounded ends* . . . smooth, gently tapered ends to make insertion easy. Compare the just-right size of Fibs: not too big, not too tiny.

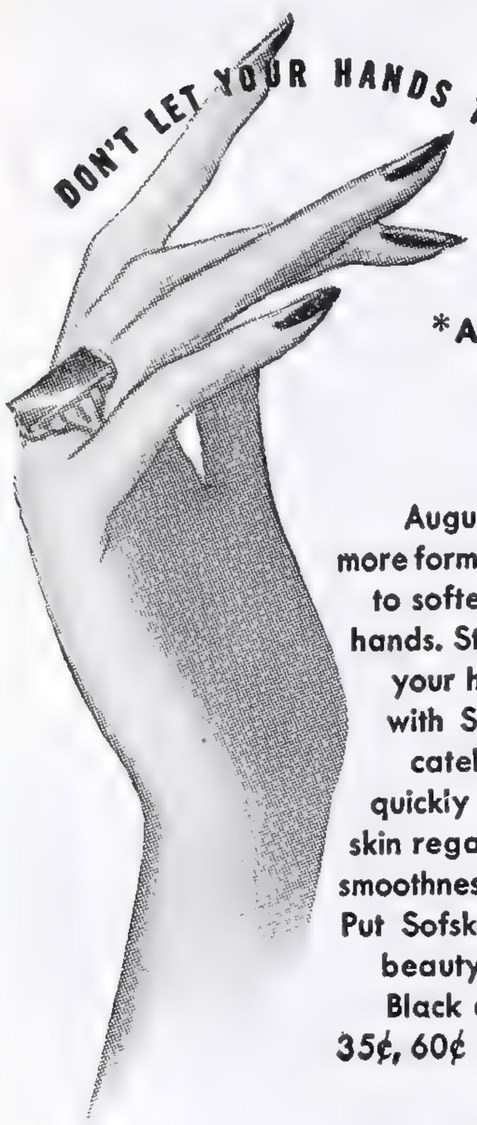
And only Fibs, of all tampons, are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety in internal protection!

Yes, if you're tampon-minded—try Fibs. See for yourself why so many women are changing to the tampon that's extra safe . . . more comfortable . . . easier to use!

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



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Don Juan MILLION DOLLAR Lipstick STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELIER—LONGER

mother, Georgia Caine, that he's overseas doing his bit instead of sneezing his head off in a San Diego defense plant. Letters sent to a buddy overseas and remailed do the trick.

Then one night in a San Diego bar Eddie meets Sgt. Bill Demarest, Freddie Steele and other Marines home from the South Pacific and to them he tells his tale of woe. Deeply touched, they persuade Eddie to redon his uniform, go home with them, tell his mother that now that he's done his bit he's out of the Corps and go back to his civvies with no one the wiser. Apprehensively, Eddie agrees, only it doesn't work out. A reception committee meets the conquering hero at the train and, despite his pleading, he's forced to run for Mayor.

How he suffers! And how he loves Ella Raines, the girl he wrote to forget him. Well, anyway, just when neither you nor Eddie can bear it any more he manfully mounts the platform for his campaign speech and tells all. And guess what? They're all so impressed with his honesty they want him for Mayor anyway.

Miss Raines is lovely and Bill Edwards, the boy to whom she becomes engaged when Eddie turns her down, looks like a comer to us.

Raymond Walburn, Elizabeth Patterson, in fact all of whom are peachy, plain old peachy.

Your Reviewer Says: Our idea of warm-hearted entertainment.

✓✓ The Hairy Ape (Jules Levey-U.A.)

WHAT is left of the original Eugene O'Neill tale is so good it grips the imagination and won't be shaken off. You can write in the missing lines yourself if you're so minded and enjoy a really fine horror film of pride, sex and retribution.

Bill Bendix comes into his own as a dramatic actor playing a ship's bullying coal stoker who meets a ruthlessness to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. "Don't you touch me, you ape, you hairy ape," she screams at Bendix and thereby creates the psychological situation that can be solved only when the two meet again.

John Loder is charming but miscast as the second engineer who also falls under Susan's spell. We didn't care at all for Dorothy Comingore as Susan's friend. Anyway it's Bendix about whom the action centers and it's Bendix you'll remember.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty and the beast all over again.

✓✓ Between Two Worlds (Warners)

REMEMBER "Outward Bound," that unforgettable picture of dead souls on their journey to another world?

This, my friends, is that story brought up to date, intact with the problems of these unhappy times. Frankly, we prefer the original story with one or two exceptions—the complete naturalness of Sydney Greenstreet as the *Examiner* and the performance of John Garfield as the unhappy newspaper correspondent who lost his way in life only to find it again in death. Nor can we overlook the beautiful performance of newcomer Eleanor Parker as the young girl who commits suicide in order to join her husband in death.

Much of the suspense of the story is lost, too, in acquainting the audience right off with the fact that the characters are all quite, quite dead despite the fact that

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they, themselves, are unaware of it.

Edmund Gwenn, destined forever to carry passengers between this world and the next because he took his own life on earth, George Tobias of the merchant marine, Faye Emerson as the showgirl, George Coulouris as the boorish and unhappy millionaire, Dennis King as the priest, Sara Allgood as the sacrificing mother, Isobel Elsom, the dowager, and her subdued husband Gilbert Emery, are all passengers on the phantom ship.

A more beautiful story would be hard to find. Combined with the intelligent direction of Edward Blatt and the performances of its superb cast, it remains one of the outstanding pictures of the month.

Your Reviewer Says: Enthralling.

Allergic To Love (Universal)

IF Martha O'Driscoll had been permitted, in the script, of course, to kiss Noah Beery Jr. before their wedding, we would have been spared a lot of nonsense and Martha a lot of agony. But no, the story has it that Martha must wait until she's married to Beery and then, lo and get hold, as Archie says, she discovers she's allergic to her own husband. Even in South America, she sneezes every time he comes near and so violently their mutual friend David Bruce must cart her off to the hospital. Pronounced cured, she finally rejoins her palpitating groom only to start sneezing again. Now can you imagine goings-on like that?

Anyway, Martha's cute and it finally ends well, but not before Mr. Beery almost blows a fuse.

Your Reviewer Says: And no kleenex!

Man From Frisco (Republic)

NATURALLY no mention is made throughout this film of America's speed-king ship builder, Henry Kaiser, but if Republic didn't use him as a pattern for this story of how pre-fabricated ships are whipped up by assembly line methods, you tell me of whom they were thinking.

Michael O'Shea plays the ship builder who meets opposition at every turn but plunges ahead in his methods until tragedy all but stops him. We guess he's all right in the role, but the story is so hamstrung everyone and everything is out of balance.

Anne Shirley plays the girl who first opposes O'Shea and then encourages him. Gene Lockhart is just as Lockhartish as usual. There are some nice contributions to the film by Tommy Bond, Dan Duryea, Ray Walker and Stephanie Bachelor but on the whole it's a pretty dull tribute.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't say "Frisco"; it makes them mad up there.

The Mummy's Ghost (Universal)

IF you exercise your right at the polls as a good citizen, you can force Congress or someone to pass a law against these things and get Lon Chaney out of his ridiculous mummy wrappings, send Ramsay Ames and John Carradine off to more sensible films and rescue Robert Lowery from seeming such a goose. So let's do our duty, citizens, and rid ourselves of these dead-as-a-doornail Egyptian things forever and ever.

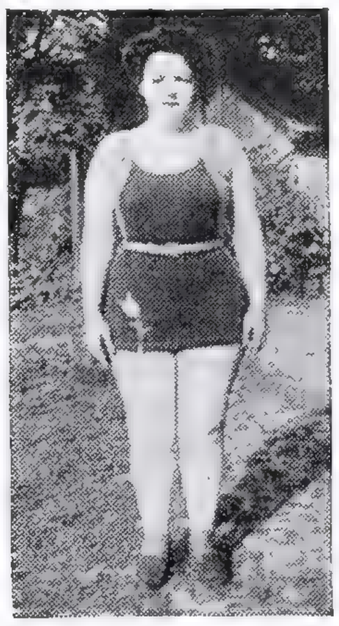
Your Reviewer Says: Does your cigarette taste differently lately?

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THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.

✓ Pardon My Rhythm (Universal)

GLORIA JEAN is quite a young lady now and very pretty she is. The story she graces is kind of pretty, too, and tells about a hepcat drummer, one Mel Torme (rhymes with stormy) who is almost lured away from a juvenile band just when they're about to win a radio contest. The lurer is lovely Marjorie Weaver who attempts to steal Torme for Bob Crosby's orchestra, but Gloria Jean thwarts that little scheme with one of her own and, of course, Torme sticks to the kid band and—well, you tell me who wins the contest.

This Torme lad is a wild man with the drumsticks and has a certain pleasing naturalness that's sure to keep him hopping from picture to picture.

Patric Knowles is so handsome and Evelyn Ankers so easy on the eyes. Crosby's music is good, too, and Gloria Jean's singing is mighty fine listening.

Your Reviewer Says: Sort of cozy, you know.

Ladies Of Washington (20th Century-Fox)

THIS is a picture made by young players. Sheila Ryan is best as the fickle adventuress who uses a young doctor, Robert Bailey, who has fallen for her trickery, to help another of her victims, Anthony Quinn. Quinn, it seems, has been shot in the very act of spying, the old nasty. Trudy Marshall and Ronald Graham carry the romantic leads and do very well, we thought. But the best character of all is far far from young—John Philliber who plays "Mother Henry," proprietor of a boarding house for girls. This Philliber is an old doll baby and no mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Parade of youth that gets nowhere.

Make Your Own Bed (Warners)

OH, to do this to that wonderful actor Jack Carson! But even so, corn and all he still proves that no matter how hard they try, they just can't get him down. As a romantic lead in those love scenes with Jane Wyman, who is pretty cute herself, that Carson boy has something even Boyer hasn't got.

The story deals with the old servant problem. Alan Hale and his wife Irene Manning don't have any, so in desperation Hale hires Carson, a detective, and his girl friend, Wyman, to act as butler and maid, by pretending his life is endangered by Nazi spies. It is, too, only he's too dumb to know it and so is Carson.

The spies, as well as George Tobias and Robert Shayne, are all over the place with Ricardo Cortez stepping in for a surprise finish. But really, friends, this is one of those things we'd like to forget so, if you don't mind, we'll just not speak of it again.

Your Reviewer Says: And don't let me hear you mention it, either.

✓ Roger Touhy—Gangster (20th Century-Fox)

CERTAINLY nothing much is gained in presenting the life story of Touhy, an ex-Capone mobster who was sent to prison for kidnapping, escaped—and was finally trapped by the FBI.

Preston Foster lends a lot of punch and force to his playing of Touhy. We like Victor McLaglen as his henchman, too. Others of the gang include Horace MacMahon, Frank Jenks, Anthony Quinn and George E. Stone. Trudy Marshall and Lois Andrews are like the little Hindu



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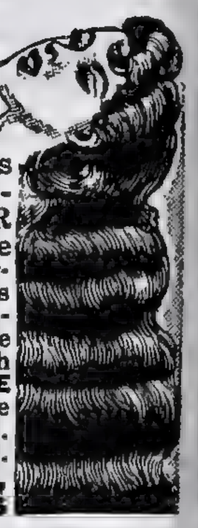
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who did the best he kin do, but none of it, in our honest opinion, was worth it.

Your Reviewer Says: Crime only pays at the box office.

✓ Yellow Rose Of Texas (Republic)

ROY ROGERS still wears his chaps and sombrero in this one, but he's hardly the out-West, riding-hell-bent-for-leather kind of cowboy with stage coaches and Injuns of ye olden times. Instead, he's a cowboy who joins a showboat troupe and courts the leading lady, Dale Evans, in order that she may lead him to her father who has escaped jail where he's been held for stealing express company property.

There's a lot of fancy singing with Rogers and Miss Evans giving out with the old high C's and low C's. We think it's a pretty good show and marvel at the improvement in Roy's work.

Your Reviewer Says: A western star turns sleuth.

South Of Dixie (Universal)

EITHER our cotton-landed gentry of the old South will be enormously amused at Hollywood's lack of tact or madder than a wet hen; we rather think it may be the latter.

For instance, we have press agent Jerome Cowan having his client David Bruce, a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs, pretending to be a member of an old Southern family in order to profit through movies. With Cowan and Ann Gwynne, who coached him in his "you alls," they invade Dixie where David gets all embroiled with Ella Mae Morse, juke singer and daughter of an old Southern Colonel. Besides members of the cast, absolute strangers to the story wander in to sing their heads off.

Your Reviewer Says: Pahdon me, suh, is this de Chattanooga choo choo goin' no'th?

✓✓ The Memphis Belle (War Department—Paramount)

ON her twenty-sixth mission, the flying fortress "The Memphis Belle" flew from somewhere in England to drop her bomb load over Wilhelmshaven, Germany. This is the story of that mission, the exciting and awe-inspiring and sometimes heart-breaking story of the job being done by our 8th Army Air Force.

We're with the crew from the moment the briefing officer's chart reveals to them their target for the day, to the moment of shattered, bloody, triumphal return. And we're with the men on the ground whose eyes are on the sky silently welcoming them back and silently, with no comment, checking off the planes and men that won't get back at all. This is the absorbed, intent picture of men at grim work, with neither time nor energy to waste.

Your Reviewer Says: Go see it, and learn what it really means to "sweat it out."

Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More (Monogram)

SIMONE SIMON, a defense worker, persuades William Terry, off to join the Marines, to rent her his apartment. Mr. Terry agrees but is so overcome by Miss Simon's charms he forgets to tell her he's also given keys to various of his friends, who keep dropping in unexpectedly on



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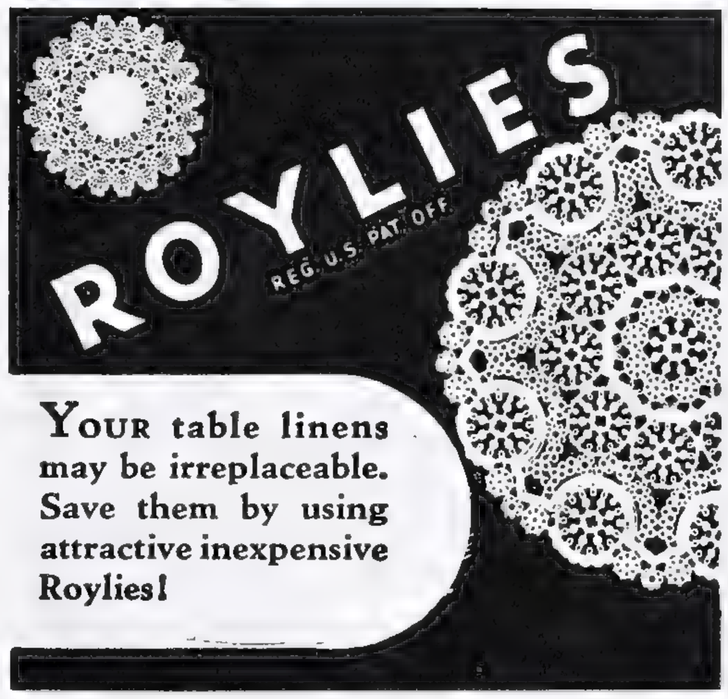
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poor Simone. The most attractive of the droppers-in is handsome James Ellison, a sailor, and when things get just too complicated for words, nice words that is, the whole shebang lets fly and they all end up before a judge.

There's a little unbilled gremlin in it, too, as well as Minna Gombel, Chick Chandler and Alan Dinehart.

Your Reviewer Says: We hope Johnny stays away.

Waterfront (PRC)

HERE comes those nawsty Nazi spies gain. One in the person of that elongated stringbean, Mr. John Carradine, who shoots everyone dead, bang, bang, trying to recover a stolen code book. J. Carrol Naish, among others, gets his'n (that will teach him to keep out of messes like this), with Terry French getting the old blameroo, for a spell at least. Far better had they taken the guys responsible for this little ipecac and let them have it, but good. That's what we say. What do you say?

Your Reviewer Says: You said it!

Best Pictures of the Month

Gaslight

Double Indemnity

Between Two Worlds

Two Girls And A Sailor

Summer Storm

The Memphis Belle

Best Performances

Ingrid Bergman in "Gaslight"

Charles Boyer in "Gaslight"

Angela Lansbury in "Gaslight"

William Eythe in "The Eve Of St. Mark"

Fred MacMurray in "Double Indemnity"

Barbara Stanwyck in "Double Indemnity"

John Garfield in "Between Two Worlds"

Sydney Greenstreet in "Between Two Worlds"

Eleanor Parker in "Between Two Worlds"

Van Johnson in "Two Girls And A Sailor"

June Allyson in "Two Girls And A Sailor"

Linda Darnell in "Summer Storm"

George Sanders in "Summer Storm"

Eddie Bracken in "Hail, The Conquering Hero"



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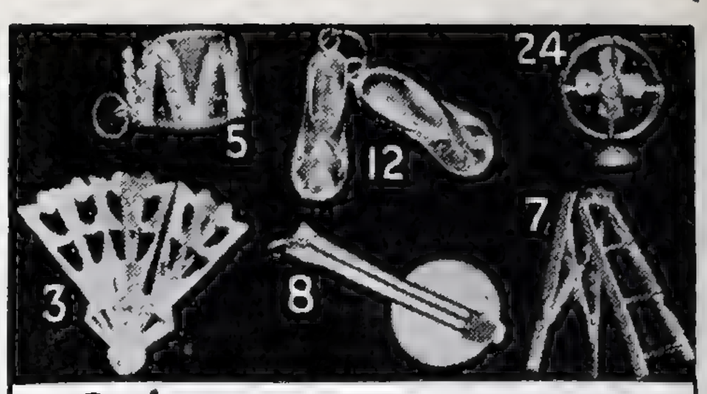
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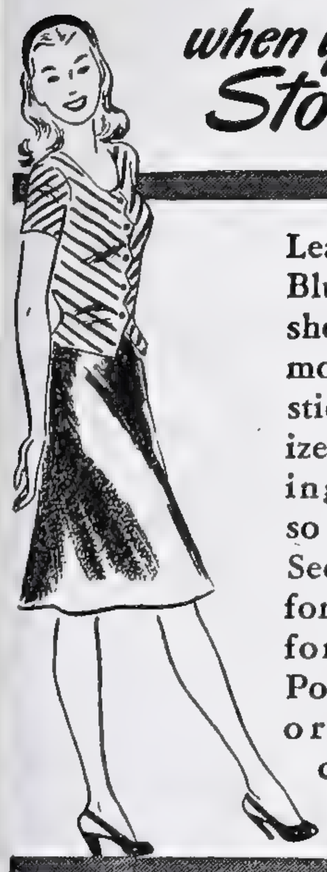


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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 23)

son of little Jane Powell, who sings charmingly in this unbelievable little story of harvesting nomads. Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields put over some laughs; the Condos Brothers dance and Bonita Granville and Jackie Moran carry the romantic leads.

✓✓*STORY OF DR. WASSELL, THE*—Paramount: A fitting tribute to a great and simple man is this story of Dr. Wassell played so well by Gary Cooper. The story of how, when the Japs took Java, Wassell disobeyed orders and remained behind to save his handful of wounded sailors and how he managed to get them off the island is a thrilling and moving one. Laraine Day is the nurse he meets in China and loves.

TAMPICO—20th Century-Fox: Edward G. Robinson is a tough old sea dog who rescues shipwrecked Lynn Bari and marries her. But when his ship is torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore he suspects his bride of espionage. Victor McLaglen, his pal and second officer, aids and abets his belief, so he denounces his bride. From then on things take an unexpected turn.

THIS IS THE LIFE—Universal: Susanna Foster decides she's too grown up for Donald O'Connor, so she brushes him off in favor of Patric Knowles. When Donald discovers Louise Allbritton, ex-wife of Knowles, still loves him and he her, Donald manages to get the estranged pair reunited and Susie back in his heart. Peggy Ryan is around with her usual animation.

TROCADERO—Republic: When Rosemary Lane and her brother, Johnny Downs, inherit a night club, Rosemary foregoes college to run the cafe, while Johnny goes on to college and falls in love with a society girl. Dick Purcell is the band leader with whom Rosemary romances. It's packed with musical numbers, with everybody in it singing and dancing all over the place.

✓*UNCERTAIN GLORY*—Warners: There are several good moments in this story of a French criminal, played unconvincingly by Errol Flynn, who is permitted by his relentless captor, Paul Lukas, to offer himself up as a saboteur in order to save the lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis, but there are an awful lot of very weak moments in between.

✓*UP IN MABEL'S ROOM*—U.A.: A gay, senseless little comedy all about how Dennis O'Keefe has given Gail Patrick a silk slip with his signature on it. This preys on his mind and, at a week-end party, he induces Mischa Auer to get back that slip. Dennis' bride, Marjorie Reynolds, and Gail's fiance, Lee Bowman, get all involved with the peculiar goings on. At times it's terribly funny.

VOODOO MAN, THE—Monogram: Poor Bela Lugosi is a mad doctor again, who attempts to bring back his young wife, Ellen Hall, a zombie, to real life by capturing young girls and, by voodoo, transferring their will and spirits to the zombie wife. Wanda McKay and Louise Currie are his pretty victims.

WEEKEND PASS—Universal: Noah Beery, Jr., shipyard worker, is given a week-end pass and dreams of a soft bed and a hot tub. Instead along comes Martha O'Driscoll running away from a grandfather who insists she become a WAVE when she wants to be a WAC. Poor Beery is dragged into the fracas time after time, never quite getting back to his bed and his bath.

WEIRD WOMAN—Universal: Well, it seems Lon Chaney is a college professor who returns from the South Seas with his bride, Nan Wynn, who has been reared in native superstition by a jungle tribe, whereupon the librarian Evelyn Ankers lets go with a mess of poison jealousy that drives everyone half silly. With Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Russell and Elizabeth Risdon.

WHISTLER THE—Darmour-Columbia: Richard Dix, believing he has let his wife die, decides to die himself; so, through a go-between, he hires J. Carroll Naish to rub him out. Then Dix discovers his wife is still alive but he can't get to Naish to tell him he's changed his mind about dying, so he's on one awful spot. Both Dix and Naish are very good.

✓✓*WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, THE*—M-G-M: Never has Irene Dunne given a finer performance than as the American girl who goes to England for two weeks' visit and remains a lifetime, nor has Alan Marshall ever been better than as the Englishman who marries Irene, and loses his life in World War I. Roddy McDowell is their son who grows up to enter World War II. The picture has charm, dignity and great heart appeal.

YOU CAN'T RATION LOVE—Paramount: Coeds start a system of rationing males by placing point values on the hard-to-get-beaux. Bill Edwards is way up in points but singer Johnnie Johnston is very low until Betty Rhodes develops him into a wow. Marie Wilson and Johnnie "Scat" Davis try for a few laughs and get them.



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Casts of Current Pictures

ALLERGIC TO LOVE—Universal: *Kip Henderson* Noah Beery Jr.; *Patricia Bradley,* Martha O'Driscoll; *Dr. J. Roger Mace,* David Bruce; *Steward Ives III,* Franklin Pangborn; *Max,* Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom; *Charlie,* Fuzzy Knight; *Dr. McLaughlin,* John Hamilton, *Louie,* Henry Armetta; *Cuthbert,* Grady Sutton; *Mrs. Bradley,* Olive Blakeney; *Mr. Bradley,* Paul Stanton; *Mr. Henderson,* William Davidson.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS—Warners: *Tom Prior,* John Garfield; *Henry,* Paul Henreid; *Thompson,* Sydney Greenstreet; *Ann,* Eleanor Parker; *Scrubby,* Edmund Gwenn; *Pete Music,* George Tobias; *Lingley,* George Coulouris; *Maxine,* Faye Emerson; *Mrs. Midget,* Sara Allgood; *Rev. William Duke,* Dennis King; *Mrs. Cliveden-Banks,* Isobel Elsom; *Cliveden-Banks,* Gilbert Emery; *Dispatcher,* Lester Matthews; *Clerk,* Pat O'Moore.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY—Universal: *Jackie La-Monte,* Deanna Durbin; *Abigail Manette,* Deanna Durbin; *Robert Manette,* Gene Kelly; *Charles Mason,* Dean Harens; *Mrs. Manette,* Gale Sondergaard; *Simon Fenimore,* Richard Whorf; *Valerie De Merode,* Gladys George.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—Paramount: *Walter Neff,* Fred MacMurray; *Phyllis Dietrichson,* Barbara Stanwyck; *Barton Keyes,* Edward G. Robinson; *Mr. Jackson,* Porter Hall; *Lola Dietrichson,* Jean Heather; *Nino Zacchetti,* Byron Barr; *Mr. Norton,* Richard Gaines; *Joe Pete,* John Philliber; *Mr. Dietrichson,* Tom Powers; *Sam Gorlopis,* Fortunio Bonanova; *Nettie,* Betty Farrington.

EVE OF ST. MARK, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Janet Feller,* Anne Baxter; *Pvt. Quizz West,* William Eythe; *Pvt. Thomas Mulveray,* Michael O'Shea; *Pvt. Francis Marion,* Vincent Price; *Nell West,* Ruth Nelson; *Deckman West,* Ray Collins; *Pvt. Glinka,* Stanley Prager; *Pvt. Shevlin,* Henry Morgan; *Cpl. Tate,* Robert Bailey; *Lill Bird,* Joann Dolan; *Sal Bird,* Toni Favor; *Sgt. Ruby,* George Mathews; *Pvt. Carter,* John Archer; *Sgt. Kriven,* Murray Alper; *Zip West,* Dickie Moore; *Pepita,* Joven E. Rola; *Chaplain,* Harry Shannon; *The Captain,* Roger Clark; *Neil West,* Jimmy Clark.

GASLIGHT—M-G-M: *Gregory Anton,* Charles Boyer; *Paula Alquist,* Ingrid Bergman; *Brian Cameron,* Joseph Cotten; *Miss Thwaites,* Dame May Whitty; *Nancy,* Angela Lansbury; *Elizabeth,* Barbara Everest; *Maestro Guardi,* Emil Rameau; *General Huddleston,* Edmund Breon; *Mr. Mufflin,* Halliwell Hobbes; *Williams,* Tom Stevenson; *Lady Dalroy,* Heather Thatcher; *Lord Dalroy,* Lawrence Grossmith; *Pianist,* Jakob Gimpel.

HAIL, THE CONQUERING HERO—Paramount: *Woodrow,* Eddie Bracken; *Libby,* Ella Raines; *Mr. Noble,* Raymond Walburn; *Sergeant,* William Demarest; *Chairman of Reception Committee,* Franklin Pangborn; *Libby's Aunt,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Mrs. Truesmith,* Georgia Caine; *Bugsy,* Freddie Steele; *Forrest Noble,* Bill Edwards; *Doc Bissell,* Harry Hayden; *Judge Dennis,* Jimmy Conlin; *Corporal,* Jimmy Dundee; *Political Boss,* Alan Bridge; *Mrs. Noble,* Esther Howard; *Marine Colonel,* Robert Warwick; *Juke,* Len Hendry; *Jonesy,* James Damore; *Bill,* Stephen Gregory; *Progressive Band Leader,* Victor Potel; *Alfie, Jr. Band Leader,* Merrill Rodin; *Regular Band Leader,* Jack Norton; *American Legion Band Leader,* Johnny Sinclair.

HAIRY APE, THE—UA-Levey: *Hank,* William Bendix; *Mildred,* Susan Hayward; *Lazar,* John Loder; *Helen,* Dorothy Comingore; *Paddy,* Roman Bohnen; *Long,* Tom Fadden; *MacDougald,* Alan Napier; *Gantry,* Charles Cane; *Aldo,* Raphael Storm; *Portuguese Proprietor,* Charles La Torre; *Concertina Player,* Don Zolaya; *Waitress,* Mary Zavian; *Police Captain,* George Sorrell; *Doctor,* Paul Weigel; *Musician,* Egon Brecher; *Refugee Wife,* Geseia Werbsek; *Young Girl,* Carmen Rachel; *Water Tender,* Jonathan Lee; *Third Engineer,* Dick Baldwin; *Head Guard,* Ralph Dunn; *Lieutenant,* William Halligan; *Doorman,* Tommy Hughes; *Bartender,* Bob Perry; *Maid,* Ruth Robinson; *Hotel Clerk,* Rod De Medici.

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LADIES OF WASHINGTON—20th Century-Fox: *Carol,* Trudy Marshall; *Dr. Mayberry,* Ronald Graham; *Michael,* Anthony Quinn; *Jerry,* Sheila Ryan; *Stephen,* Robert Bailey; *Helen,* Beverly Whitney; *Adelaide,* Jackie Paley; *Investigator,* Carleton Young; *Mother Henry,* John Philliber; *Vicky,* Robin Raymond; *Amy,* Doris Merrick; *Betty,* Barbara Booth; *Frieda,* Jo-Carroll Dennison; *Marjorie,* Lillian Porter; *Lt. Lake,* Harry Shannon; *Nellie,* Ruby Dandrigde; *Inspector Saunders,* Charles D. Brown; *Mr. Crane,* Pierre Watkin; *Mrs. Crane,* Nella Walker; *Dorothy,* Inna Gest; *Nurse,* Rosalind, Keith; *Susan,* Edna Mae Jones.

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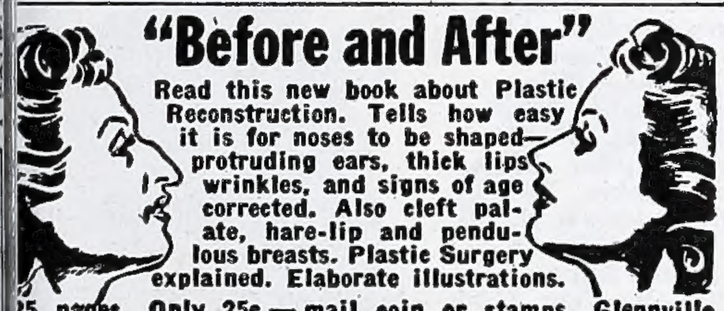
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MAN FROM FRISCO—Republic: *Matt Braddock,* Michael O'Shea; *Diana Kennedy,* Anne Shirley; *Johnny Rogers,* Ray Walker; *Joel Kennedy,* Gene Lockhart; *Russ Kennedy,* Tommy Bond; *Jim Benson,* Dan Duryea; *Martha Kennedy,* Ann Shoemaker; *Ruth Warnecke,* Stephanie Bachelor; *Bruce McRae,* Robert Warwick; *Maritime Commissioner,* Forbes Murray.

MUMMY'S GHOST, THE—Universal: *Kharis,* Lon Chaney; *Amina Mansouri,* Ramsay Ames; *Tom Hervey,* Robert Lowery; *Youssef Bey,* John Carradine; *Sheriff Elwood,* Harry Shannon; *Inspector Walgreen,* Barton Maclane; *Dr. Ayad,* Lester Sharpe; *Coroner,* Emmet Vogan; *Prof. Norman,* Frank Reicher; *Miss McLean,* Martha MacVicar; *1st Deputy,* Jack Rockwell; *2nd Deputy,* Jack C. Smith; *Harrison,* Steve Barclay; *High Priest,* George Zucco; *Mrs. Norman,* Claire Whitney; *Mrs. Blake,* Dorothy Vaughn.

PARDON MY RHYTHM—Universal: *Jinx Page,* Gloria Jean; *Tony Page,* Patric Knowles; *Julia Munson,* Evelyn Ankers; *Dixie Moore,* Marjorie Weaver; *Doodles Weaver,* Patsy O'Connor; *Michael O'Bannon,* Walter Catlett; *Ricky O'Bannon,* Mel Torme; *Mrs. Doan,* Ethel Griffies; *Announcer,* Jack Slattery; Bob Crosby and his orchestra, Saul Grauman and his musical Stairatone.

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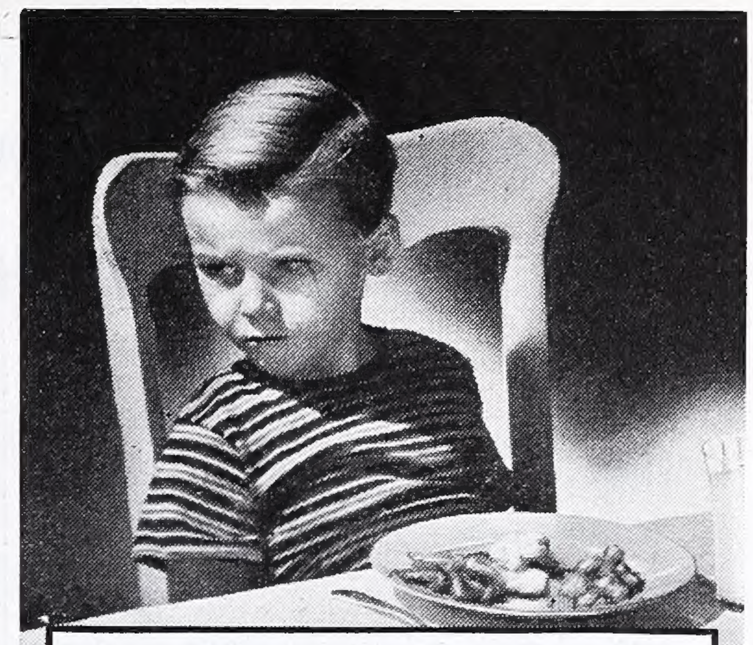
SOUTH OF DIXIE—Universal: *Danny Lee,* David Bruce; *"Brains" Watson,* Jerome Cowan; *Dixie Hollister,* Anne Gwynne; *Annabelle,* Marie Harmon; *Colonel Hatcher,* George Cleveland; *Jay Hatcher,* Eddie Acuff; *Ernest Hatcher,* Joe Sawyer; *Colonel Morgan,* Samuel Hinds; *Barbara Ann,* Ella Mae Morse; *Chloe,* Louise Beavers; Specialty number by Bobby Brooks.

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YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS—Republic: *Roy,* Roy Rogers; *Trigger,* by himself; *Betty Weston,* Dale Evans; *Teddy Bear,* William Haade; *Captain Joe,* George Cleveland; *Charlie Goss,* Weldon Heyburn; *Ferguson,* Hal Taliaferro; *Sheriff Allen,* Tom London; *Sam Weston,* Harry Shannon; *Indian Pete,* Dick Botiller; *Pinto,* Brown "Jug" Reynolds; *and the Sons of the Pioneers:* Bob Nolan, Tim Spencer, Hugh Farr, Karl Farr, Ken Carson, Shug Fisher, Grant Withers, Fred Toones.



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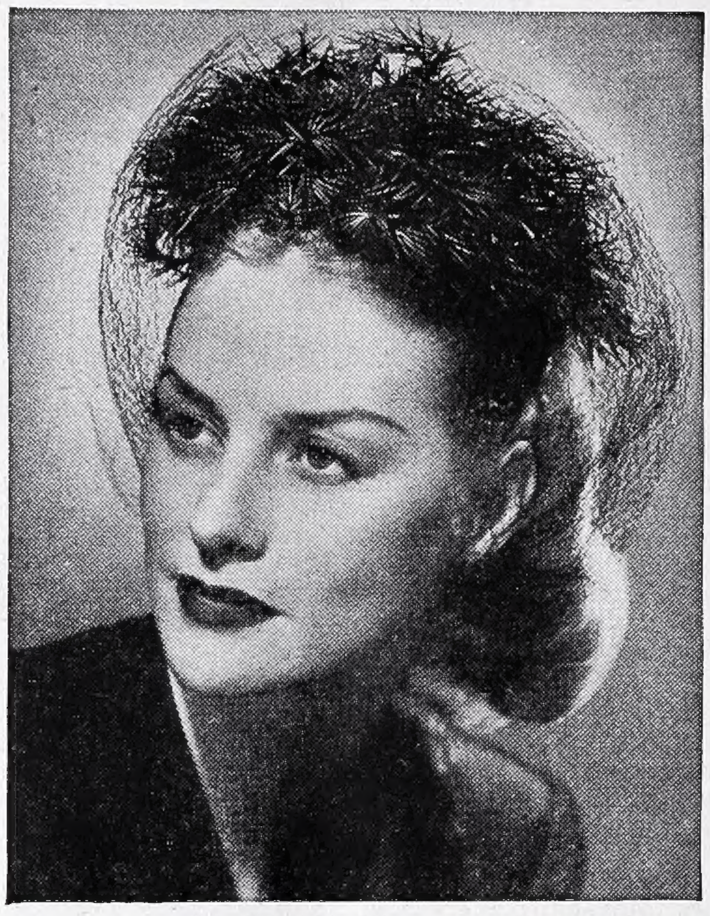
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WHY SHOULDN'T YOU, too, enjoy the freedom of Holly-Pax, the tiny tampon with *controlled expansion?* It's the only tampon *spun* from uncut surgical cotton. Purposely designed to require no applicator. So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it. Amazingly absorbent! Use Holly-Pax next time —you'll use it every time! 12 for 20c; purse size, 10c; economy package, 48 for 59c. At sanitary goods counters.

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Send for FREE booklet, "New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene"

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The Fashions Shown on Page 66 Are Available in the Following Stores

I White Play Dress and Shorts

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Pickett's
Dayton, Ohio—Elder & Johnston Co.
Hamilton, Ohio—Robinson-Schwenn Store
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz Bros.
Lansing, Mich.—J. W. Knapp Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeifer Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's-Wilshire Store
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn.—Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Seattle, Wash.—Best's Apparel, Inc.
Waco, Texas—Goldstein-Migel Co.

II Sheer Black Dress

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Co.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Houston, Texas—Palais Royal
Kansas City, Mo.—Adler's
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Thomas W. Garland, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.—H. Liebes & Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.

III Sun Back Pinafore

Peck & Peck Stores in the following cities:
Boston, Mass.
Chicago, Ill.
Clayton, Mo.
Cleveland, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
East Orange, N. J.
Evanston, Ill.
Greenwich, Conn.
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Hartford, Conn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New York, N. Y.
Northampton, Mass.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Providence, R. I.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach Co.

★

"BETTER THAN FINE GOLD" is a good name!

So spoke the wise men of old. And so speak America's most responsible men of business today.

★

The simple right to use their own names on their own products is the very basis for their pride in their workmanship, in their skill and in their quality materials.

★

Brand names protect the buyer! Beware of the nameless product!

★

Special Part Time Work for WOMEN!....

Earn Extra Money

-AND IN ADDITION GET ALL YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE!



A one-piece dress in the smart two-tone styling. The rayon crepe blouse is fashioned cardigan style, and the checked rayon jersey skirt is gathered full with rows of shirring. Black or brown, details in green. Style 314

CAN you use extra money for doing special, easy, part-time work? Then write at once for this amazing opportunity. No money is required and you don't need any experience. Because the demand for Fashion Frocks is constantly increasing, we need more ambitious women for demonstrating and taking orders for these lovely dresses at remarkably low prices. We have thousands of women everywhere enjoying this special work and earning $15, $18, $20 and $25 weekly for just a few hour's work. In addition they receive their own dresses free. Now, this opportunity is yours. Just mail the coupon for complete details. There is no obligation.

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Fall Dresses as low as $2.98 many

START AT HOME—All you have to do is to show the attractive and interesting portfolio of gorgeous dresses to friends and neighbors. The smart and exclusive Fashion Frock styles, the beautiful fabrics, and the surprising values will prove so irresistible these women will gladly order. We deliver and collect. You get paid at once.

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Through our national advertising, Fashion Frocks are known to and recognized by millions of women as the finest quality, popular priced dresses. Because of the smart styling and excellent value they have the approval of leading fashion editors and other style authorities. And many prominent screen actresses—women recognized as good dressers—wear Fashion Frocks. Thus when you represent Fashion Frocks you sell dresses that are not only well known but also eagerly desired.

EVERYTHING FURNISHED FREE!

The elaborate portfolio—together with our special plans to help you make a brilliant success—are sent you without cost. We will show you how other women succeed and how you can, too, and enjoy a regular income for part-time work, as much as $25.00 weekly, and besides get your own stylish dresses and other pretty clothes free of cost. Just mail coupon for all the details There's no obligation.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Desk 82039, Cincinnati, Ohio

Our 36½ Year in Business



This distinctively tailored wool jersey jumper, with its contrasting long-sleeved crepe blouse, is a "must" in any fashion-wise woman's wardrobe. We suggest a red blouse with a black jumper or an eggshell blouse with a red jumper. Style 315

Flawless tailoring and ingenious details are combined in this wool-with-rayon classic. Saddle stitched edges highlight the interesting bodice details, and the trouser tucks in the skirt are new and smart. Comes in aqua or rose. Style 303

JUST MAIL COUPON

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk 82039, Cincinnati, O.

● *Yes, I want to earn extra money in my spare time and get my own dresses Free Send me the details I am not obligated.*

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Address _____

City _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____

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